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CAREER OF A JOURNALIST

WILLIAM SALISBURY

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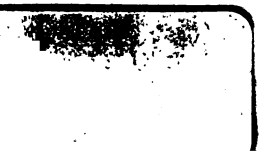

THE CAREER OF A JOURNALIST

"I prefer the unconventional myself, as a rule," I said, moving nearer *Page 223*

THE CAREER

OF A

JOURNALIST

BY

WILLIAM SALISBURY

DRAWINGS BY
O. THEODORE JACKMAN

NEW YORK
B. W. DODGE & COMPANY
1908

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TO MY

BEAUTIFUL AND WELL BELOVED SISTER

Martha Kelly Andrus

WHO DESERVES FAR BETTER AT MY HANDS

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

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PAGE

SUDDENLY THE MARSHAL RAISED HIS REVOLVER AND FIRED 45

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

My chief purpose in writing "The Career of a Journalist" was to tell a dramatic life-story in a manner more entertaining than tragic. Some reviewers have appreciated this fact, and this has greatly gratified me. The St. Louis *Mirror* calls the book "a 'Mysteries of the Court of London' and 'Letters of Junius' combined, dealing with moderns," and adds:

> "And yet there is no rancor or vindictiveness in the author's work. He seems to be one who seeks merely to tell an interesting tale concerning the inside of a great institution—making exoteric the esoteric. And he succeeds."

But many other reviewers dwell at too great length upon the book's exposé of the sordid business policies of certain newspapers, a feature which is only incidental to the story. The generalizations of the last chapter, interpreted too broadly, may have helped to give an erroneous view.

Not all of the papers with which I was connected were dominated by sordid motives. The *Record-Herald,* which figures in several chapters, has done much to promote civic betterment in Chicago. It is also the only newspaper of note whose Washington correspondent regularly signs his dispatches, thus indicating that he writes his own

opinions. And it is the *Record-Herald* that is behind this correspondent, Mr. Walter Wellman, in his search for the North Pole. The *World,* which figures in the New York chapter, took the lead in exposing the great frauds of the insurance companies, forcing the "conservative" papers to print the facts. And the *World* is usually to be found disinterestedly fighting for the common good.

My book *is,* however, a protest against the hopelessness of individuality in most newspaper work, and the almost utter disregard of the opinions or feelings of those who write and edit the news by the men who dominate the papers through the business office, or by the chief editors whom they appoint. This business-office domination, I realize, is more often the result of evolution than of chosen policy. But it is this which makes journalism in America so nearly a mental serfdom. It becomes such a fixed habit of mind to write news or opinions as directed, that seldom does an employé even think of doing anything else. The most astonishing thing about this book to many reviewers was that any one who had ever been a writer for newspapers should presume to express his real views upon any vital matter.

Originality and initiative are frowned upon. Thus, when of my own accord I traveled all the way to Cuba and interviewed President Palma, the managing editor of the paper on which I was employed did not even say "Thanks" in rejecting the interview, although a magazine gladly printed it. And when I returned from Europe in 1904 I was told by several New York editors that any views I

might write for them upon foreign life must be subject to whatever revision they thought fit. It was at this time, by the way, that Mr. Lincoln, then city editor of the *Herald,* told me to communicate with him in the autumn and he would probably have a place for me on his staff. But before autumn I had left newspaper work for something else. I have not since had a desire to return to it, in New York or elsewhere.

This book tells of nine years' experiences in five American cities, on papers of every shade of political opinion, with observations in four foreign capitals. With very few exceptions, fictitious names are given those who are still in journalism.

THE AUTHOR.

THE CAREER OF A JOURNALIST

The Career of a Journalist

CHAPTER I

NEAR the end of my schoolboy days I wrote an essay on the life of George Washington—cherry tree included. The teacher singled it out for praise, remarking:

"The style of this is just like a good newspaper story. Willie, you'll be a journalist some day, if you keep on."

My heart swelled with pride as the other pupils regarded me with envy and admiration. They, simple children that they were, never guessed that for weeks I had been preparing for that essay by reading newspapers. Nor could they know that their teacher was gifted with prophecy, any more than the teacher herself knew it, and that among them lived, moved, and had his being, one who was destined to view all the heights of journalism. Thus reasoning, I could forgive them all for seeming to forget in a few days that I had written that essay.

But I never forgot my own destiny. My ambition to become a journalist—an ambition until then hazy and indefinite—now became fixed and certain. My earlier hopes and aims all faded into insignificance. At different times I had longed to be

a trapeze actor, a street-car driver, a jailor, a drum-major, and President of the United States. But now I knew that life would never hold any charm for me unless I could become a journalist.

I felt that as a journalist I would have larger opportunities to deliver a heaven-born message to the world than in any other human occupation. For, with the birth of my ambition, came the belief that I had such a message. I was not sure just what the message was, but it would uplift and guide the human race in some manner. Possibly it would cause a righteous war, as the journalistic writings of John and Samuel Adams and other patriots had helped to bring on the American Revolution. I was sure, at least, that the message was heaven-born, and that I was the inspired genius who would deliver it through the columns of newspapers.

All this was near the close of the nineteenth century—in the years from 1890 to 1895, to be exact, and in Kansas City, Missouri. In that city I had lived since infancy. And that city was destined to be the scene of my earliest efforts in journalism.

I read newspapers in my waking hours, and dreamed newspapers throughout the night. I lost interest in everything else. I lurked near the four temples of journalism which the city afforded—in the day time, near the offices of the two afternoon papers; in the evenings, near those of the two morning dailies. I hungered for the sight of an editor or a reporter. In my eyes all reporters were heroes, all editors demi-gods. Every bit of fic-

tion I had read about newspaper workers—and I had read all I could get hold of—confirmed me in this belief. The editorials in the newspapers themselves at times seemed to admit as much.

I didn't dare approach anyone I saw entering or leaving these temples, and ask: "Sir, are you a reporter?" No, that would have been almost sacrilege. But I could stand near enough to the entrances to look into the faces of all who went in or out. And I was happy in the thought that I could tell, by a sort of affinity, the editors and reporters from the ordinary human beings.

I frequented fires and public meetings to observe journalists at work. When possible, I hovered near enough to see them actually taking notes. I saw with wonder and admiration with what easy self-possession they buttonholed famous speakers after an address, and how coolly they chatted with the chief of the fire department while conflagrations raged.

I began to talk in newspaper phrases. One day my mother asked me if I was still troubled with stomach-ache, as I had been for several days past.

"The situation is practically unchanged," I responded, in the most approved third-person, journalistic style. "The chances for improvement, however, are believed to be good. There are no surface indications to the contrary, so far as can be learned."

She looked at me strangely. That evening a physician called and examined me. He prescribed some white powders. I afterward learned that he was to have returned with a specialist if I had

shown certain symptoms; but these didn't develop.

I had once read that Andrew Jackson, to steady his nerves during a duel, clinched a bullet between his teeth. Soon after my nineteenth birthday, in 1895, I got two bullets and put them in my mouth, one on each side. Then I went to the Kansas City *Times* office. I entered the presence of the god-like city editor himself. I asked for a position as a reporter.

"Have you had any experience?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, clinching my bullets. (I had once written an article for a school monthly.)

To my surprise, he didn't ask when or where. He simply looked me over, and said he would try me in the suburbs.

I staggered from the office, drunk with joy. The next day, with a well-sharpened pencil, and a pad of paper placed in my overcoat pocket so that one end showed, I started forth upon my journalistic career. I returned to the office that night and produced a quarter of a column of such interesting public intelligence as the following:

"William Johnson, of Ossawatomie, Kas., is visiting at the home of his brother-in-law, Jacob Jones, of Armourdale.

"The six-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hanby Simpson, of Argentine, is recovering from the croup."

I finished my task at eleven o'clock. Four hours remained until press time. These I spent in feverish anticipation. I went into several all-night restaurants and ordered sandwiches, at which I only nibbled, and cups of coffee that I didn't drink. I patrolled the almost deserted streets, telling the

policemen who spoke to me that I was getting material for a description of the city by night.

At last three o'clock came, and with it the heavenly humming of the presses that were issuing forth the history of another day. And part of that history *I* had written. I waked up a sleepy newsboy in a hallway, and bribed him to hurry to the press-room and get me a paper. He brought me one yet damp with printers' ink. Under a street lamp I examined it. I looked through it frantically, but could not find my productions. Hell's torments were mine for a moment that seemed endless. I looked again, and yet again. My hands were shaking as with the palsy. Once more I searched, taking a column at a time.

Ah, there it was! Divinest ecstasy! The first child of my journalistic dreams! On the seventh page, last column, at the bottom, under two headlines—twin joy of genius triumphant:

"Argentine News Notes," and "Armourdale Brevities."

I put the paper in my pocket, and loped all the way home. I lived only seventeen blocks distant. Locked in my room, I read till dawn, and read only the bottom part of the seventh column of the seventh page. The next afternoon I returned to duty heavy-eyed, but happy. At last I was a real journalist!

In the suburban towns it was the fashion for social leaders to leave news notes in certain drug stores for their favorite papers. Hooks were provided for this. The reporters who represented the three opposition papers didn't take kindly to me

at first. I heard that they thought I had too much energy. Of course, I knew that I was really too brilliant for them. To discredit me they left items like the following on my hooks. I used them without investigation, and my city editor carelessly let them go through without reading:

"The Hon. Tiberius Jackson is getting over his attack of influenza, and hopes soon to resume his normal activities." (Tiberius Jackson was a horse owned by an undertaker.)

"Patrolman Smith shot a mad dog in the West End while it was running eastward yesterday."

After a few more pieces of bait like these had been swallowed by me, I was ready to admit that I didn't yet quite know it all. Then my competitors became my friends. We formed an alliance. Thereafter, each did only one-fourth as much work as he was supposed to do.

It was harder to be recognized as a genius in the *Times* office. The reporters above me, veterans of many a hard campaign for news, scarcely noticed me. And the city editor, the owner's son, recently from Harvard, used to have me come into his sanctum, and stand at his elbow while he blue-penciled my copy to show me how much I didn't know—perhaps, too, to show how much he knew.

"See there!" he would say. "See what I have done to your stuff!"

He would change expressions like "no doubt" to "doubtless," one evening, and the next would change "doubtless" to "no doubt." "We want as few words as possible," he would say in the first instance, and in the next would declare "It is simplicity and terseness we seek."

As he was the city editor, and I only a cub reporter, I tried always to be guided by his greater wisdom. And the joy merely of being near the editorial throne!

The Kansas City *Times* office was rich in traditions. It had little else but traditions when I went to work upon it. In money matters it was almost a wreck. Six months later a receiver was appointed. This was about the time I became a full-fledged genius—that is, when I graduated from the suburbs and began doing regular city reporting.

But I had preferred a place on the *Times* to one on any of the three other papers. Those papers were all prosperous, but what did I care? What if my salary little more than paid my laundry bills? I was "connected with" the *Times*. And it was the *Times* that had done more than everything else combined to open Oklahoma Territory to settlement. It was the *Times* whose editor and founder had been shot at, years before, for championing the rights of the people—the people who wanted him to go to Congress, while wicked politicians wanted someone else. And it was the *Times* on which Eugene Field, Augustus Thomas, Alfred Henry Lewis and other such notables had once worked.

I intended to be famous, too. And I thought I might get inspiration in the same office in which these great lights had once shone. I used to go white at the thought that possibly Fame would pass me by. No, no! That must not be!

I would often sneak into a corner of the "local

room" after my suburban notes were written. There I would listen eagerly for pearls of wisdom to fall from the lips of the veterans. Particularly I hungered for reminiscences of the great ones. As a cub reporter, I was despised by the others, just as later I despised cub reporters who came after me. And the more I realized I was looked down upon, the greater was my reverence for those above me. I felt that it was just that they should treat me with disdain, viewing me from the mountain peaks of their experiences.

When the head reporter expressed a desire to borrow money, I wanted to lend him all I had. But I dared not offer money to such a divinity unless he should ask me. He went from reporter to reporter, ignoring me, of course, and all of them confessed that they were "broke."

"You're as bad as 'Gene Field used to be to borrow money," said the market editor, whose desk was in one corner of the reporters' room.

"Maybe that's because he sits at Field's desk," remarked the court reporter.

I felt a veneration at once for that desk. But another member of the staff declared that Field's desk was the one at which he himself sat. He said that the janitor had told him that he had seen Field sitting at it many a time, and hanging copy on the old hook at one side.

My affections were at once transferred to this desk. But the last assertion was strongly disputed. As the point was never settled, I never knew which desk to venerate. So I resolved to try to fall heir to each of them in turn.

The conversation turned on Alfred Henry Lewis.

"How Al Lewis ever broke into literature, I don't see," said the City Hall reporter. "Why, his grammar wasn't even decent in a lot of the stuff he turned in here."

"But Gus Thomas knew how to write, all right, all right," the sporting editor put in.

"Yes; but he couldn't get a big news story, or handle it well when he did get it," added an old reporter. "Why, when I was on the *Journal* and he was on the *Times* here, I used to scoop him right along. I never considered him much. He could put in a pretty phrase occasionally, but he was apt to fall down on a big story."

Afterward, in recalling these talks, I have thought of how Cassius likewise belittled Cæsar, grown great, and told how he had once saved him from the Tiber because Cæsar couldn't swim well. But at that time I thought only of the glory of being in the company of such journalistic geniuses, who had known those greater geniuses—of sitting in hallowed chairs before hallowed desks, and writing inspired "copy."

CHAPTER II

We of the *Times* were all cynics and pessimists. Every newspaper office, I afterward learned, is a school of cynicism in which the only difference among members is in degree. But we of the *Times*, of uncertain future, had particular reason for a gloomy outlook in those days. No one knew who would buy the paper at the receiver's sale. We all feared that we might have to hunt new jobs.

But we were glad of one thing: Under a receivership salaries were sure to be paid. Before this, salary checks were being handed out so irregularly that it came to be said that "the *Times'* pay-day is the second Tuesday of each week." One week we received our checks on Monday; the next, it was Wednesday; another week, it was Saturday; and the next, Monday, again. This brought two pay-days so close together that it was not strange that some of us felt rich. Nor was it strange that there was very little news in the paper the next morning.

But the receiving of checks was only a first step to being paid. The *Times* had money on deposit only occasionally. The balance on the right side of the ledger was at no time great. Merchants—particularly those who conducted what the sporting editor called "emporiums of damp joy," had

become tired of cashing our checks. So we had to depend upon getting the cash at the bank. Each pay-day saw a race, in which reporters and editors, being night workers, were generally losers. We got up too late to have a fair start. The only way we could beat the common workers in the other departments was to stay up all night. And then we never had reliable advance news as to what day the checks would be ready.

One of the many schemes to keep the paper's circulation above the zero-mark was to print long obituaries after every death notice, no matter who the deceased might be. "The three most important events in life are birth, marriage and death," it was argued. "We can't print much about births, and marriages are much alike; but good notices can be got up about anyone who dies. Nothing is so much appreciated by relatives of the departed, and if the relatives of everybody who dies in Kansas City buy the paper we'll get an immense circulation."

I don't know whose brain conceived this idea. But for weeks the *Times* spread gloom wherever it circulated. All the good and great of humanity seemed to be dying out. When it appeared that no one in this class could be left alive, it was decided to abandon the scheme, as the circulation went down more rapidly than ever.

Just before the receiver was named the best proofreader, tired of irregular pay-days, went to work on another paper. After he left, the *Times* had strangely worded items for a while. One night a furious man entered the city editor's room.

"Read that," he yelled, "and see if I'm not justified in going to law! One of those young women, sir, is my daughter, sir!"

It was a society notice, beginning: "Two of the decent brides of Kansas City started upon their honeymoon trips last evening. They were seen off at the Union Station by a party of merry young friends, whose snouts filled the air as rice and old shoes were hurled at the train. The two happy couples," and so on.

"Well," said the city editor, helplessly, "all I can do is to give you a correction. We can say that we didn't mean that the brides were decent—I mean that we meant they were recent brides, and that it was the shouts——"

The man then declared he didn't want a correction. He left, vowing to boycott the paper.

At another time, a drilling contest among the cadets of a religious military society appeared in print as a "drinking contest." The echoes of that had hardly died down when a church sleighing party of young men and young women was told about by the types as a "sleeping party." Then a story of a divorce suit, in which the wife of a prominent man demanded her rights before the law, was made to read, "demanded her tights before the law."

And all this time the paper was putting on a bold front and trying to make the public believe it the most prosperous and enterprising journal in the world. It was owned by a man named McDonald, who had succeeded Doctor Morrison Munford, under whom the *Times* had become known as "the

New York Herald of the West" and "the Democratic Bible of the West," but whose personal career ended in failure. McDonald himself had failed as a banker, and in several other ways when he started in to be an editor and a political dictator. Afterward I used to think of how he more than fulfilled Bismarck's definition of a journalist: "One who has failed in his profession."

As a newspaper proprietor, when he could think of no other way of losing money, he organized "The 500,000 Club." Instead of paying our salaries, he went junketing in the East with Mayor Davis and a committee of prominent citizens to boom this club. Kansas City then had about 150,000 people. It dreamed then, as it dreams still, although it is little larger, of imperial greatness. It is jealous of St. Louis and Chicago, New York and London. So McDonald's idea was popular. But he himself wasn't. And "The 500,000 Club" was just another of his failures.

When the junketers returned, cruel, cold-hearted, practical creditors demanded a settlement. "Help along the 500,000 Club, and we'll all get rich," said McDonald, at the same time moving his paper into a cheaper building. The creditors went to court instead, and had a receiver appointed.

The receiver was also president of the bank where we had sometimes got our checks cashed. Later he bought the paper. His name was Cox. At once the editorial halo which my fancy had painted about the head of McDonald was transferred to him. He had once been a police commis-

sioner, and had quarreled with Governor Stone, and someone else had been appointed in his stead. He, too, was said to have political ambitions. This, and a possible desire for revenge upon the Governor, may have had something to do with his buying a newspaper. The fact that he afterward started an investigation of the police department indicated that it had.

But I didn't trouble myself about these sordid details. *I* was a journalist. Aud during my first year as a journalist the world might easily guess my vocation. I kept a copy of the *Times* sticking out of one coat pocket, the title showing. A pad of note-paper protruded from the other. In reporting fires, I always stood where the public—particularly the feminine part—could see me take notes.

Like all geniuses, I was a bohemian. I drank all kinds of liquors, although I had little taste for them. I never cared for tobacco, but I practiced hard to get the smoking habit. Drinking and smoking were condemned by moralists. Therefore, I must drink and smoke. What was the use of morals, anyhow? They were not for geniuses.

The Times Building was at that time in the center of town, at the junction of three principal streets. The editorial rooms were in the tower section, on the sixth floor. Thus we were on a sort of Olympian Heights, overlooking the thoroughfares far, far below (six stories was pretty high up in Kansas City), where moved the common mortals of earth, puppets of our will.

Were we not divinities, in a way? The elect of

the earth, such as the Mayor and Aldermen, received us with a certain deference. We might make or unmake them, at will—sometimes. We were admitted through the lines at fires just by uttering the magic word "reporter," or by showing a badge. Railroad and street-car companies furnished us passes—purely through admiration. Managers of theaters honored us, too. A note from the managing editor would procure us tickets to any playhouse, and we could always get such a note from him—when he or his friends didn't want to go.

At least these things were true of all well established papers. There was a new daily in Kansas City at this time, however, the *Evening World,* which didn't fare so well with the theaters. The managers wouldn't even advertise in it. So the *World* had to impress its importance upon them. It began with the Ninth Street Theater. "The Beggar Student" was the bill. The day after the first performance the *World* contained something like the following on its first page:

MURDER ON NINTH STREET

"THE BEGGAR STUDENT" BUTCHERED BY A TROUPE OF COMIC OPERA BARNSTORMERS

"A frightful crime was committed last evening on the stage of the Ninth Street Theater. Before an audience of unsuspecting people, including a number of women and children, who had been attracted there by alluring billboard advertisements, a comic opera known as 'The Beggar Student' was slaughtered without mercy. The crime was made more revolting by the fact that it was dragged out through several acts. One act was enough to stir the hearts of the spectators to pity for the

child of a great composer's brain. But as act followed act, and the perpetrators unblushingly went on with their performance, many, unable to endure the sight, fled from the theater, and sought solace in cups of forgetfulness at nearby establishments.

"The *World* is only restrained from furnishing the police and the public with the names of the criminals by the hope that the managers of the playhouse will see the error of their ways before the shades of night again fall, and prevent a repetition of the fearful display. The authorities may else intervene, or an outraged public may seek sanguinary vengeance."

After a few weeks of such criticism all the theaters gave in, and the *World* received advertisements and tickets like the other newspapers.

When I began writing "top-head" stories regularly, the other reporters ceased to despise me. Gradually I was admitted into full communion, as a genius among geniuses. After our stories of the day's doings had been written we would sit with feet on desks, and, under shaded incandescent lamps, discuss the "divine afflatus," and other things that ordinary mortals know little about. And after the paper had gone to press we would adjourn to a nearby resort where inspiration in liquid form was to be had. On Monday night, which followed the day on which we saw the cashier, there was a poker game. There was generally another such game every Saturday night. One member of the staff was the son of a preacher who lived in a town about seventy miles distant. This journalist made it a rule to play until daylight every Sunday morning, when he would take a train for his parents' home. He would arrive there in time to attend religious services. Thus he was a bohemian and a dutiful son at the same time.

One night as we sat in the office discussing the world's shortcomings, a reporter named Cadger came in. He was particularly gloomy and pessimistic.

"I don't know whether I've got genius or not," he remarked, sadly.

Cadger had the poetic gift. Seemingly without effort, he would begin a story, about a political meeting, for instance, with an inspired bit like the following:

> "Some politicians of this town
> Are up a stump, and can't get down."

Cadger had started the fashion among Kansas City newspapers of beginning stories with verse. Even the *Star,* noted for its boasts of circulation and conservatism, had followed suit. Opening an account of a football game, the *Star,* one day, had the following by one of its geniuses:

> "The game was fought for full an hour or more,
> But neither bloody side could make a score."

And yet Cadger doubted his own genius! We gathered about him and sought to cheer him up, but he grew yet more morose. After a time we drew from him the cause. A love affair had ended unhappily.

"Was the girl respectable?" we asked.

He reluctantly admitted that she was.

This was fatal. We formed a court and tried him at once. The verdict was unanimous. Cadger was fined the cost of liquid inspiration for the entire staff. Court and culprit adjourned to a

place where the verdict was more than carried out.

No journalistic genius should ever admit to his associates that he has had a love affair with a respectable girl.

CHAPTER III

My regular work at this time was reporting deaths and funerals. I made daily visits to a dozen morgues, and attended so many burials that I could have preached a funeral sermon for almost anyone without half trying. But I was full of the spirit of youth, and had youth's disregard of death as an immediate danger. And as a pessimistic genius I rather reveled in gloom and desolation and despair.

One day I reported a Chinese funeral. I rode in the carriage with the chief mourners, and watched them scatter from the windows bits of colored paper full of holes. These holes were to mislead the devil in his chase after the dead. The theory was that he would have to thread his way in and out of them all, and that, when he finished, the pursued spirit would be well beyond his reach. At the grave there were more fantastic doings. Wailings and beatings of tom-toms were followed by caperings about the lowered coffin. Then, upon the newly-made mound, a feast of chicken, tea, and rice, sharks' fine and bird's-nest soup, chop suey, and wine, was spread. This, too, was to appease the Mongol Mephisto, and give his intended victim still another chance in his heavenward flight.

I was curious to know what became of that feast. I went part way back to town with the mourners.

Then I escaped and returned to the cemetery. Near the grave I passed a greasy tramp. On his face were peace and content, and his pockets bulged. At the mound only a few empty dishes remained. Chicken-bones and mangled sharks' fins were scattered about. In the gathering dusk I saw at a distance a large black dog silhouetted against a tomb. He didn't venture near. His countenance was inscrutable.

At another time I looked upon the beautiful form of a young woman who had died in a house of ill fame. I glanced through a bundle of letters and keepsakes which she had treasured. From these the undertaker had learned the address of her parents, who lived in a small Kansas town. One letter was from a brother. It told of his doubts of her—of stories he had heard but would not yet believe. He demanded the truth at once. Another letter was from her mother. It was full of tenderness, expressing faith, and a love that could never end. The marks of many tears were on this. And there was an autograph album containing the names of schoolgirl friends. And, too, there were bits of faded ribbon, and pictures of herself as a child with long braids, and locks of girlish and boyish hair, and a Sunday-school card, and some wild flowers that had been pressed between book leaves. She had passed through the door to enter which a woman must leave all earthly hope behind—yet she must have clung to something akin to hope, or she would not have kept these reminders of childish innocence.

Again, I saw start for the Potter's Field the

body of a man who had been Paul Gaston. In his young manhood, in Paris, he was the friend of Victor Hugo. He had helped to translate "Les Misérables" into English. Then he came to America, the land of opportunity for so many. To him it proved to be the land of opportunity denied, the land of race hatreds. For he had negro blood in his veins, as had Alexandre Dumas. In France, that did not keep his intellectual gifts from being recognized and rewarded. But in America it was a bar to almost everything. He taught in public schools for negroes for years. Illness swept away the savings with which he intended to recross the sea. When he partially recovered his health, janitor's work was the only thing he could get to do. He was not strong enough to do that for long. Then, too proud to appeal to his former friends, too great to beg, he sold newspapers until another illness compelled him to go to the city hospital. There he died—old, poor, friendless, alone, his body destined for the Potter's Field or the dissecting-table—his end as miserable as any ever told of by the pen of his immortal friend.

One of my first big stories was about the investigation of an undertaker charged with selling the corpses of such unfortunates to medical colleges. He had the city contract to bury paupers. A number of graves had been opened, and the coffins found filled with sand. The undertaker's name was Sutton. People began calling him "Sandy" Sutton.

He took everything good-naturedly. He even treated me and the reporter for the *Journal,* the

other morning paper, as cordially as ever. And one Sunday evening, when the sky was lowering, and the air chilly, he invited us to drink some wine with him.

"I have just received a case of good sherry, and I'd like to have you sample it," he said, with a pleasant smile.

We sampled it. It was good. We assured him that there was nothing personal in what we wrote about him.

"Oh, that's all right. I understand that," he responded. "Have some more of this. Of course," as we drained the glasses, "you have to write the news about even your best friends. And you have to dig up all you can and make it sensational. I understand your professional position. Have a little more."

We took a little more, and still a little more. We kept on assuring him that we would rather that others wrote the stories about him, but that as true journalists we could not turn away from duty. As we mellowed more and more, we wrung his hands in token of undying friendship. Everything about the place took on the aspect of beauty. The stiff draperies before the rows of caskets became luxurious hangings, on which our fancies painted gorgeous effects. The hard-bottomed chairs we sat on seemed to be couches of ease; and our host was a charming man, a true gentleman, temporarily the victim of circumstances over which he had no control. He slapped us on the back and called us good fellows, and we slapped him on the back and called him a better fellow.

Leaning against a casket, we sang "For he's a jolly good fellow."

After the final loving hand-clasps, we started for our offices. It was midnight when I found where the *Times* was located. I sat down at my desk and wrote a eulogy of "Sandy" Sutton. Then I tottered into the city editor's room and handed it to him. He read the first few sheets and looked at me. He smiled and said: "That will be all tonight, thanks."

The next day there was no story about "Sandy" Sutton in the *Times*. The *Journal* had none, either.

After that, another reporter wrote about the Sutton investigation for the *Times*. I received a warning from the city editor, and was assigned to other fields of reporting.

I used to have day-dreams of the time when I would be a famous interviewer. In fancy, I held a pad of paper and pencil before the greatest people in the world and drew from them their inmost thoughts. I had read that an American journalist had once interviewed Gladstone, who had theretofore denied interviews to all newspapers.

"Ah," I thought, "some day I may be doing things like that. Who knows but that I may reform the world, or shake it up, anyhow, by setting forth the ideas of the earth's great thinkers!"

And one night, as I slept, I had a vivid dream. I thought I was walking along a Kansas City street when I was inspired (journalists are often inspired) to turn in at a certain gate. I rang the

bell at a fine house, and was ushered into the presence of Prince Bismarck, former Chancellor of the German Empire.

"Took a seat vonce," said the Prince, in as good German dialect as I had ever heard on the stage. "I do not spoken perfection English—but you understood me."

I assured him that I did. Just then Mrs. Bismarck—I should say the Princess—entered.

"Mein frau, Mr. Reporter," said the Prince, and the lady and I bowed to each other. She then sat down in a corner and began knitting socks for her husband.

The Prince told me he was secretly living in Kansas City to get impressions of American life. His object was that Germany might profit by his observations.

"I haf read der *Dimes* regular, und I vant to egknowledge my credit to it," he continued. "Ezspecially haf I notice your ardicles, und I regonize your genius. Of all journalists, you are der most genius. But you are not yet abbreciationed. Vat I vish now to say, is dis: Ven I go back to Chermany I put a flea in der ear of der Emperor —oh, I haf yet some leedle influenza mit him—und he send for you to interview him. Ach! dot vill be a scoop to make you famous vonce. But dis is betveen you und me alretty."

I wrung the Prince's hand in gratitude. Then I woke up. But always afterward I had a warm spot in my heart for Bismarck. And when he died, some years later, I heard the news with profound sorrow.

My first real interview was with an alderman. The subject was trash cans for street corners. Kansas City was becoming so metropolitan that it had to have trash cans, like New York and Chicago.

Soon afterward I was sent to interview an ex-Confederate colonel for the Sunday paper. His name was Hope.

"You ought to get a good story out of him," said the city editor. "In the war he was a raider, a regular bushwhacker, and did lots of damage to the Federal lines. But he's a touchy old fellow. You'll have to handle him gently."

"Oh, sure," I replied. "I know just how to jolly him up. I'll play on his vanities."

At the Colonel's home he himself opened the door, and gruffly invited me into his library. There he poured out some fluid that had the glow of sunrise in it. Soon after swallowing my share my soul was filled with peace. I seemed to hear the gladsome notes of birds greeting the rising orb of day, and the soothing murmur of brooks—

"I believe you came to interview me," remarked the Colonel.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Colonel, tell me a story for the paper."

"Why, I don't know any stories," he replied.

"Ah, you may not think you do," I insisted, "but you must know many a good story that modesty keeps you from telling."

"I tell you I don't know any," he declared.

"Come off your perch, Colonel!" I cried, gaily, feeling something like a bird myself, after a second glass. "Your life was one long succession

of hot stories, and you know it. Now," tapping him playfully on the knee, "isn't it true that you were once a great bushwhacker—eh?"

At the word "bushwhacker" the Colonel's ruddy cheeks became purple. He rose from his chair, gasping, his hands working convulsively. Then he yelled, in terrifying tones:

"What, sir? Do you mean to insult me, sir? You hired assassin of character! Out of my——"

I waited for no more. I had seized my hat and backed into the hallway. I gave a frenzied glance toward the street. With joy I noted that the outer door was open. And I passed through that door—leaving Hope behind.

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CHAPTER IV

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him, "but Kansas City seems to be on seven hundred. And this is not a hill we're going up. It's a mountain. Yet it's no more out of proportion to its surroundings than this town's nerve in thinking it will become a second Rome some day. But don't quote that," he said, cracking the parchment-like skin of his face into a smile. "I don't want to criticise the city. Let its inhabitants have their dreams. Dreams of greatness are always sweeter than their realization—for communities and for individuals, too."

His gaze lighted upon a billboard advertisement of Louis James. "Is that robustious, periwig-pated fellow still mouthing things upon the stage?" he asked, with a sort of snarl, waving a bony hand toward the bill. "Why doesn't the mayor stop it? Who is your mayor?"

"Jones."

"Jones?

"'Phœbus, what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!'

"But there is a man named Jones in the Senate of the United States to-day, and I'm not there," he mused. "And what a Jones he is! He's as great as his name, truly. He's from Arkansaw, you know. Oh, the vagaries of politics in a free and enlightened country are something wonderful —wonderful!"

I went back to the office and wrote an interview with Mr. Ingalls, in which he said the chances for the Republican party's success in Kansas were bright for that year. And that was all I wrote. I was a great journalist then!

Soon after this time a writer who was something of a celebrity was added to the *Times* staff. He was H. S. Canfield, who had written a book or two, and was seeking "local color" for a romance of Western politics. The rest of us used to look upon him with some awe. I remember that when he employed such phrases as "a red-litten phantasy," or "pulchritudinous femininity," I envied him his vocabulary. And I resolved that I would arrive at the point some day where I could write like that.

Canfield was an able journalist, but "too devoted to Bacchus," as the society editor, just out of college, used to say. When Yvette Guilbert, the French actress, came to town, Canfield went to interview her. He was also to attend her performances at the theater in the evening and write a criticism to go with the interview. The managing editor went to the same theater that evening, and happened to sit just behind Canfield. He soon realized that the *Times* would have no criticism in the morning, if he depended upon the author-reporter, so he himself wrote it. The next day Canfield at the office explained that Mlle. Guilbert had ordered too many bottles at the interview.

He was discharged. He asked for his salary. He was told that the owner was out of town, and that no one else could sign his check. That evening someone telephoned the *Times* office that one of its representatives was attracting a great deal of attention in the bar-room of the Midland Hotel, where Mlle. Guilbert was registered. I was sent to investigate. I found Canfield standing upon

a table, swaying back and forth, while he told the assembled crowd the story of his wrongs.

"The Kansas City *Times,* which I had the honor to represent until a few minutes ago, is a truly great newspaper," he said. "When the honorable owner goes away, no money can be paid out until he returns. I came to this great city to work on this great paper for the purpose, as writers express it, of getting local color. Along with it, I was to see the color of money occasionally. Yet to-day, when I tender my resignation, I am told that me lord is absent, and that the ghost cannot perambulate until he comes back to unchain it. So must I remain, with parching throat, awaiting his return. For Owner Cox, be it known, is his own chancellor of the exchequer, his own banker, his own typewriter, his own office boy. He delegates his trust to no one, nor will anyone trust him. But

> "'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interréd with their bones.
> This was the most unkindest cut of all.
> O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
> The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.'"

Here he paused to wipe away tears. Seeing that no one else was weeping, he was about to begin a still more pathetic appeal, when I went up to him and whispered that the managing editor would pay, out of his own pocket, the money due him, if he would come to the office. He then faced the crowd again and bade them farewell. I hurried him to the *Times* office. He left town the same night. Two weeks later I saw his articles appearing in Chicago newspapers.

CHAPTER V

After a time I became City Hall reporter. As such, my principal duty was to "roast" the city administration. No matter what took place in city affairs that shouldn't have come to pass, I was expected to blame Republican officeholders for it. An Alderman, in a speech upon paving, referred to "petrified brick," when he meant the vitrified kind. I wrote a column of criticism about it. What kind of men were these, I asked, indignantly, to be holding public office in a great metropolis like Kansas City? I interviewed leading Democrats, and they all declared we should have Aldermen who knew the difference between "petrified" and "vitrified." I wasn't sure of the difference myself until I looked in the encyclopædia in the *Times* office. But a journalist can be wise in ways not suspected by common mortals.

There was a City Comptroller named Hans Lund, of Danish birth, who talked with an accent. When news was scarce, I used to write imaginary interviews with him in dialect, and call them "the musings of the Melancholy Dane." I would write his name "Hans-s-s Lund-d-d-d." This helped to give a good impression of him, for he stammered somewhat. These interviews created much amusement at his expense. But one day Owner Cox of the *Times* called me into his office.

"I guess we'll have to let up on Lund," he said. "The man is almost crazy. He came to see me, and I could tell that he hadn't been sleeping much of late. He protested, almost with tears in his eyes, that he didn't talk any such dialect, and that he was an American citizen. Besides," added Mr. Cox, as though it was an after-thought, "he may injure my banking business if we don't stop roasting him."

Thus ended the life of my most promising literary creation. I deeply mourned it, as there was so little real news at that time that I was allowed to write.

Soon afterward I got an Alderman named Brinkley to introduce an anti-cigarette ordinance "to save the youth of Kansas City from cigarette smokers' graves." I was a constant smoker myself, but I was over twenty-one—and I wanted a "scoop," and something to write about for several days. I interviewed school principals and physicians and preachers on the evils of cigarettes. The ordinance passed.

"You did well to line up the preachers for that ordinance," said the managing editor when I returned from the Council meeting. "When a paper starts a movement of any kind it's pretty sure to win out if it gets the teachers and the preachers —especially the preachers, to help. They're an amusing lot, but they come in handy," he added, lighting a cigarette, and handing me the match so that I, too, could light up.

I heard that a law had been proposed somewhere to prohibit the wearing of hats by women in thea-

ters. I went to another Alderman and asked him to father such an ordinance. His name was Wolf. He was a Jew who had never been heard of before his election, and he was wild for fame.

"Do I get a big write-up on the first page?" he queried, eagerly.

"Sure," I said. "And you'll go down in history as the author of a great law. Why, you may take your place beside Moses as a law-giver, for this is sure to attract international attention—only don't let any of the other reporters on to this till after I write it up, for if you do we'll both be sorry."

He agreed, and thus I had another big "scoop." The ordinance didn't pass, but was treated as a joke by the other Aldermen and by the public generally. It would have been unconstitutional, anyhow. But it made several good stories.

After that, whenever I needed news, I would get Wolf, or some other fame-loving Alderman, to help me. One night, resolutions passed the Council favoring the independence of Cuba, because I wanted something to write about. Cuba was freed the next year.

Several Aldermen arranged a mass meeting, at my suggestion, to work up sentiment for "Greater Kansas City" ordinances. As a result, the Mayor's opposition to these ordinances failed, and half a dozen square miles of territory were added to the city that otherwise would have been left out.

I could write columns about Cuban resolutions, and anti-cigarette and anti-high hat laws. But there were things that I couldn't write about at

all, and other things that I had to write as the city editor told me, and as the owner or managing editor told him to tell me. These included street railway and paving and gas and telephone, and other corporation measures, and anti-department store bills. And the City Hall reporters of the three other newspapers wrote of such things just as I did—from dictation. There was one exception. An evening newspaper bitterly opposed for a time the granting of a certain street railway franchise. But the paper afterward accepted passes from the company.

There were some large packing-houses in Kansas City. It was often said that meat should be cheaper to its citizens than to people in other towns. But Kansas Cityans sometimes complained of very high prices for meats. The retail butchers were not to blame. They proved by the wholesale and retail price-lists that they made scarcely any profit. And they showed that from whatever packing-house they got supplies, the price to them was always the same, to the fraction of a cent.

Newspapers began printing complaints. I was assigned to investigate the charge that there was a meat trust. I was secretly aided by retail butchers. They told me they feared to do anything openly to offend the trust, because the trust might start shops near theirs, and undersell them out of business.

I did some detective work. At the end of several days I found that all the packing-houses were represented at a meeting each week in the Armour Building, at Fifth and Delaware Streets. I gave

a negro porter five dollars to show me the room. It was his business to bring the packers wine and cigars during the sessions at which they fixed the prices of food for millions of people. He pointed out the chairs in which each of them sat. He told me their names. He was willing to arrange for me to listen in the next room when the meeting was held again.

I returned to the *Times* office in a fever of excitement. I told what I knew. The managing editor consulted with the business manager. Then he came to me and said: "We won't print any more meat trust stories for a while."

Several days later I saw packing-house advertisements in all the newspapers. But none of the papers published any more news about the price of meat for a very long time.

Ex-Governor Waite, of Colorado, visited the City Hall one day. He was spending a week in Kansas City on his way to Texas. He was called "Bloody Bridles Waite," because he had said the people of the West would wade in blood up to their horses' bridles to get free silver, if they couldn't get it in any other way. But he didn't look a bit fierce. And he told me he was going to Texas to raise strawberries. He intended to locate near Port Arthur.

"Port Arthur is a much better seaport than Sabine Pass," he said.

When I told this to the managing editor he sent me to see the ex-Governor again and get a two-column interview upon the beauties of Port Arthur. The Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Rail-

way was just completing its line to Port Arthur, and the railway company was advertising heavily in the *Times*.

Several months later I was sent out to get interviews from other persons who didn't like the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Railway, and I had to write many such interviews. And the railway company was not advertising in the *Times* then.

A few months later still, the railway company *was* advertising in the *Times*, and in all the other Kansas City papers. And all the papers were saying that the railway and its seaport were very beneficial to Kansas City.

By the consolidation of rival gas companies the rate of one dollar a thousand cubic feet was established all over the city. One of the companies had been selling gas at fifty cents to crush the other. A solitary Alderman named Smith spoke against the ordinance. He had opposed many other corporation bills, but the papers printed little of his speeches.

When I returned to the *Times* office that night the city editor came up to my desk, sat down, and said, confidentially: "We'll have to print a favorable story on this consolidation. I wouldn't give much space to that man Smith's remarks. I don't know what the gas people have done here, in this office, but you can guess. They've bought the Council."

Then I made a witty remark: "No, they haven't bought the Council," I said. "They've only rented them. The street railway company owns the Council." And it was very true.

But, somehow, I didn't feel that I and the other City Hall reporters were owned, too. No, we were great journalists, who simply wrote news items as the policies of our papers dictated.

But I might have thought that the owners of the *Times* and of the other newspapers were not quite such high-minded Christian gentlemen as they seemed, if all the papers hadn't given a great deal of space to religious news at this time. A Dr. Wharton was holding revival services at the Calvary Baptist Church. The *Times,* in particular, encouraged the evangelist. I had to report many of his sermons fully, because the owner thought he was doing so much good.

I was glad to get occasional assignments outside of the City Hall, so that I could write of some things as I wanted to write of them. And I rejoiced, one night, when I was sent to report a train robbery. The scene was Glendale, in the "Cracker-Neck" district, made famous by the James boys years before.

The County Marshal had telephoned the newspapers that he was preparing to start for the scene with seven deputies in a caboose, with a special engine. A reporter named Britt, and I, were sent along. We were joined by two reporters from the *Journal.*

All the officers were armed with big pistols, and under their coats were belts full of cartridges. The reporters were all given revolvers, and appointed special deputies.

Glendale was twenty miles out on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. As we neared it we talked of

past hold-ups in the vicinity, and made plans to gather in the desperadoes.

"We'll spread out and form a net," said the Marshal. "We'll beat the bushes for a mile or two on each side of the track. Now, don't any of you boys be afraid to shoot if you see anything that looks like a robber."

It was past midnight when our car stopped at the dismal-looking station. Here we found a telegraph operator, who was also passenger and freight agent and janitor. The town consisted of four houses. As everybody went to bed at nine o'clock every night, the inhabitants didn't yet know that the train had been robbed.

We all leaped boldly out, and, with revolvers drawn, descended upon the telegraph operator.

"Which way d' ye think they went?" demanded the Marshal, feverishly.

The operator repeated, in a disjointed way, some of the facts given him by the trainmen. A passenger train had been stopped by a signal from the robbers about a mile and a half from the little station. The engine and express car were detached, and the engineer was forced to run them about a mile up the track, where the engine was made useless and the car looted at leisure. Two bandits were left behind to keep the other trainmen quiet. The passenger coaches were not disturbed, and few of the people on board were waked up. About twenty-five thousand dollars were supposed to have been taken from the express company's safe. The bandits then disappeared, and the trainmen had to walk to the Glendale station,

Suddenly the marshal raised his revolver and fired *Page 45*

whence Kansas City was notified by wire, and another engine was then sent after the train.

The marshals all lit dark-lanterns and flashed them about in every direction. I followed right behind the Chief Marshal. One deputy went as far as fifty feet from the others, and examined some footprints in the embankment. He shouted to the rest of us. Keeping so close together that we bumped against each other, and with hands on revolvers, we proceeded to his side. A half dozen lanterns flashed upon the ground.

"Haw! haw! Them are cow-tracks!" cried the Chief Marshal.

We went back to the express car, and then to the station, and back again to the express car, in company order, flashing dark-lanterns, and talking loudly to show lack of fear.

Suddenly the Marshal raised his revolver and fired. All the rest of us at once fired into the darkness.

"Charge!" cried the Marshal, running forward.

One man followed him. The others turned to each other and asked what was the matter.

"We can't take any risks—we've got to send a story in," said my colleague, Britt.

"Of course," I agreed. "Let's go back to the station."

Just then a shout was heard from the Marshal.

"I guess it's on me, boys," he said. "That was the cow that made them tracks back there. But don't you fellows write that up," he added.

We promised. Then the parade back and forth between the express car and the station was re-

sumed. This threatened to continue all night, so Britt and I decided to start sending our story in. It was then near one o'clock. We went into the station, sat down at one end of the operator's table, and wrote. We told how the brave marshals were following clues all over the county. But we said nothing about cow-tracks. Then we turned to the operator. He was busy sending railway dispatches. We asked him to take our story. The *Journal* reporters had come in and written their account, and they asked him to send it first, but he wouldn't take either.

"Too much company business," he said, with maddening coolness. "I have just got to send this first."

It was then half past one, and it would take him till three, the newspaper press time, to get rid of the pile before him. There was no way to reach another telegraph office before daylight.

We pleaded. We swore. We offered great bribes (we had about four dollars and a half among us). The operator was pitiless, incorruptible, immovable.

"But I've got another wire here, and if any of you can operate, cut loose," he said.

Britt and the *Journal* reporters looked more hopeless than ever. But I leaped into the breach. I could telegraph a little. I had learned while working as a messenger during school vacations.

I sat down and sent in most of our story. As the hour of three drew near, the operator turned to the sick and dying *Journal* reporters, and said he could send some of their account. He managed

to get off a few hundred words in time to catch the *Journal's* city edition. But the *Times* had columns.

We left the station and found four of the marshals in conference in the express car. The other four were asleep.

"Have you fellows got your story sent in?" asked the Chief Marshal.

We said we had.

"Did you treat us right?"

"Sure! Your names are all in. And we said that you were scouring the county for the robbers."

"All right. I guess we'll go back to town, then," turning to his men, "and I'll send out a fresh squad for daylight work."

The sleepers were awakened, and we all returned to the special caboose. We arrived in the city at dawn. It was in time to hear what to me was sweet music: the newsboys' voices crying the extra *Times,* with "the only full account of the train robbery." We all bought papers. The Chief Marshal's name appeared so many times that he paid for all refreshments out of his expense account.

I went to bed supremely happy. I was up by noon, and when I reached the *Times* office I was a hero. The managing editor complimented me, and I was told that the owner himself was much pleased.

"You'll get a salary boost for this, or at least ten dollars extra this week," one reporter predicted.

The son of the owner got me into a corner, and

said, confidentially: "That was a fine piece of work. The old man is tickled. He is sure to do something for you. I tried to get two dollars a little while ago, but he wouldn't take the time to write me a check. He is too busy reading your story. You couldn't loan me a couple till Saturday, could you?"

I was famous, and would soon have more money. He was just the son of his father, without fame or talent. Why shouldn't I solace him for his mean station in life? I quickly handed him my last two dollars.

And pay-day after pay-day came and went, with neither special reward nor salary increase. I never got that two dollars back, either. But I had the glory.

CHAPTER VI

A NIGHT train, on which William J. Bryan was a passenger, was wrecked in central Kansas. Several persons from Kansas City were among the killed and injured. Dispatches about the wreck reached the *Times* office after twelve o'clock. Mr. Bryan was not injured, but the fact that he had been aboard made the story more important.

I was hurried out in a carriage to the home of a man who had been killed. The house was far out on Forest Avenue, in the southern part of the town. On the way out I looked from my carriage windows upon the sleeping city, and pondered upon my lot in life.

"Little did those who played with me in my early youth foresee me as I am now," I reflected, as the moonlight shone upon the common where I had often whanged the ball in a game of "one old cat." "They thought of me as just like one of them, but now—why, now, I may some day write the obituary of any of them, no matter how famous he may get.

"And all these people," I mused, thinking of those in the houses I passed, "live ordinary lives. I feel sorry for them—yet all can't be journalists. All but a few of humanity are condemned by an overruling Providence to toil and suffer, and have

various other experiences, that journalists may write about them. Some kill each other, in private quarrels, or in wars, that newspapers and histories may be written. Others get elected to office, or commit suicide, or play upon the stage, mainly that such things may be recorded in type. I regret that this poor family has been bereaved, but Fate probably intended that I should have something to write about to-night, and provided this wreck."

When the carriage reached the number I sought, I leaped out and ran up the walk to the door of a pretty frame house. There were rose-beds on the lawn, a hammock swung in a mild summer breeze, and through the lace curtains of the parlor I saw the pleasant glow of a lavender-shaded lamp.

As I stepped on to the veranda I heard happy voices issuing from an open window. First came the tones of a child, saying: "Did you see this lovely one, mamma? Gertie gave me this." And then the mother: "We really must go to bed, dear heart. In the morning we will look over all your presents. And to-morrow evening you can show them all to papa."

They had not heard! It was for me to give them the news. It was for me to say the words that would wring two human hearts with anguish. It was for me to kill this happiness—the happiness of a helpless woman and a child. In place of a night filled with sweet dreams, I was to give them a night of heart-rending sorrow—to be followed by other nights and days of sorrow. My reluctant hand reached for the bell.

"This is the happiest birthday I ever had," I heard, in childish tones.

I drew back. I felt like a criminal. For the moment I even regretted that I was a reporter. This was not the kind of work I had dreamed of doing. This was a hellish mission, fit only for one who revelled in slaying joy. I wanted to flee. I took several steps toward the street.

But it was too late. The woman had heard me. She opened the door. She looked somewhat like my own mother as she stood there in the light, smiling, but with a hint of apprehension in her eyes.

I had never been a messenger of death before. I didn't know how to tell my story. More than once I have played at the same rôle since. Yet I never learned how. I stammered out a question as to who she was. Yes, she was the one I sought. Did her husband take a train that afternoon?

"Yes. For Heaven's sake, do tell me what is the matter!" she cried, trembling. The child ran to her side, and clung to her, looking at me fearfully.

I remembered to have read in "David Copperfield" that little David was informed of his mother's death like this: "She is ill. She is very ill indeed. She is dead!"

So now I said, hurriedly, to have it over with as soon as possible: "Your husband, according to a dispatch to the *Times,* is among the injured in the wreck of that train."

The woman screamed, and the child began to cry loudly.

"He was badly injured—he was very badly injured indeed—he was killed!"

The voices of the mother and child were blended in one great wail of anguish. In a moment the woman calmed herself enough to ask for particulars. I could give her but few. Then she said that rather than spend the night alone in her grief, she would go to a relative's home, several blocks away. I took her and the child there in a carriage.

The next day the city editor was well pleased with my story. "It was a nice little beat," he said, "that feature of how sorrow succeeded joy in that home—just the kind of stuff to give a touch of human interest to the wreck."

And he took me out and bought me a costly drink. But I didn't relish it.

It was about this time that another train was wrecked. This occurred nearer the city, about twenty miles northeast of town, on the Wabash Railroad. Six or seven persons were killed, and ten or more injured. A sketch artist and I boarded a special car that carried a wrecking-crew and doctors and hospital nurses to the scene. We arrived in time to see timbers chopped away from the leg of a half-dead man before the flames would have stilled his screams. We heard the groans of the injured and the dying on every hand.

I was sick of the horror of it all, when I saw a woman with a Venus-like form who stood shivering in the weird shadows cast by forest trees upon the light of the burning wreck. She had on only a nightdress. As I looked, the wind caught

this garment, which was so torn that it hung but by a thread, and carried it away into the darkness. The woman shrieked.

At the same instant a man in pajamas stepped out of the darkness. And then I saw what I thought, and still think, an act that for chivalry could never be surpassed. The man took off his pajamas, and, with a bow, handed them to the woman.

"Madam," he said, "will you be so kind as to take these? You need them worse than I do."

And she took them and put them on, and he turned and ran, cold and clothesless, back to the woods.

I had now, within two years and a half, arrived at the dignity of being head reporter—and this on the newspaper where Eugene Field, Gus Thomas, and other literary lights had shone. I associated with Mayors, Congressmen, Governors, and others of the world's elect. Mere law-makers were puppets of my will. I was the power behind the throne—and more. I had laws proposed and enacted, and then I wrote scoops about them.

When a distinguished personage, like the long-whiskered President Dole, of Hawaii, for instance, passed through the city, it was I who was sent to get his opinions. And whenever the stock local celebrities, such as Major William Warner and General Jo Shelby, were to be interviewed, I did it. General Shelby, who was an ex-Confederate veteran, had gone to Mexico after the Civil War, and offered his sword to the Emperor Maximilian.

The Emperor didn't take the sword—or, if he did, he handed it back. But at such times as we couldn't get anything else for the Sunday paper, we would have the General tell the story of that exploit.

Major Warner, who afterward became a United States Senator—the first to be elected from Missouri since Reconstruction days—was nearly always "good copy." He had been a member of the Lower House of Congress, Mayor of the city, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican nominee for Governor. He had once been an editor, too, but for some reason he never boasted of that. He had a lower jaw like the rock of Gibraltar, a voice like ten fog-horns, and a mane of grizzly hair that was never combed. When I asked him if it was true that he was seeking the office of Assistant Secretary of the Interior, he roared, "I would not accept that office on a gold platter, a silver platter, or a bi-metallic platter!"

A short time afterward, however, he accepted an appointment as Federal District Attorney, while his rival, ex-Mayor Davis, was given the better office. But after the wave of Davis popularity had subsided, the Gibraltar-like jaw was in as great public favor as ever, and the senatorial lightning struck it eight years later.

And when the horse show, the chicken show, the bicycle show, or the flower show, was held, I wrote the "lead." It was for me to introduce the detailed accounts of the ordinary reporters with flowery language telling of these displays as the

greatest ever held. I would describe the New York and Chicago exhibitions as far surpassed.

"The brilliant equine exhibition yesterday enraptured enthusiastic multitudes," is about the way I would begin. Then I would go on something like this: "The wit and beauty, the wealth and fashion of the valleys of the Missouri and the Kaw assembled to do homage to man's noblest friend. The horse was king for the time, and mere human beings his willing subjects. The bluest blood of humanity in two States was represented in the boxes that surrounded the tan-bark arena, and the bluest blood of the equine world coursed in the veins of the animals that pranced proudly before these beholders. Madison Square Garden must now strive hard to get into the same class with Kansas City."

Sometimes I would put in sentimental touches, like this: "As the noble equine creatures were driven about the arena by the fair daughters of some of the city's oldest families, more than one masculine heart beat faster. The grace and beauty of the driver, combined with the pleasing lines and glossy coats of the high-stepping thoroughbred animals, made a spectacle calculated to charm even the most cynical of mankind. It would not be strange, therefore, if more than one romance shall prove to have had its beginning in the magnificent display of horse-flesh and fashion which is holding the stage of public attention this week. For the love-light has been seen in the eyes of more than one couple among the *crême de la crême* of society. Truly it may be said

" 'Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.' "

Stories of mine like this I would secretly read and re-read many times. But the production I looked upon most lovingly of all was one the society paper called my "*chef d'œuvre.*" This was a description of the annual Priests of Pallas ball. The "Priests of Pallas" was an organization which conducted, every fall, festivities like the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. After looking on at the scene of the ball for twenty minutes or so on this occasion, to become inspired, and then taking aboard some liquid inspiration, I returned to the *Times* office and produced this:

"It was a cosmopolitan assemblage where last night the votaries of fair Pallas Athene danced the hours away. The wit, the beauty, the wealth, the fashion of the Missouri Valley shone resplendent, intermingled with some of the representative citizens of the Old World, in whose veins the noble blood of ancients coursed. (A French "count" was being entertained by society people who afterward regretted it.) There were fair women and brave men treading the measures of stately waltzes, the music of which, borne upon perfumed air, from a concealed orchestra, intoxicated the senses of all. There were charming débutantes in the first flush of the primal persuasive pulchritude of young womanhood. There were haughty dames of proud lineage, indisputable descent from Revolutionary sires, and some descended from the Mayflower Pilgrims. There were leaders in the business world—financiers whose banks contain the

wealth of fair provinces—heads of live-stock importing firms whose bellowing herds dot the prairies for numberless miles—packing-house presidents in whose establishments are slaughtered legions of bovine and porcine creatures daily, and merchants whose emporiums are stocked with countless wares. And here and there shone resplendent uniforms worn by those bravest of the brave, the officers of Kansas City's crack regiment, the Third National Guard. Truly, it was a case of

> "'On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
> No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.'

"It was, without any doubt whatever, the *recherché* function of the great Southwest, at which the society of this city outdid even itself at the previous balls conducted by those estimable gentlemen, the members of the Priests of Pallas organization."

I heard much praise of this story, in and out of the office. It was even commented upon by the New York *Sun,* which, after quoting a few sample sentences, remarked: "We are sorry we cannot give our readers all of this. But lack of space prevents. It is like clipping chrysolite to abridge it. The progress of empire in the great West, it seems, bids fair to be equaled by the progress of letters, if this bit of journalistic descriptive work be a fair sample."

Upon reading this, I felt like resigning and going to New York at once. I should enter Mr. Dana's office, I thought, and, pointing to this edi-

torial, say: "Now, sir, I wrote the story referred to. What is the *Sun* ready to bid for my services as a writer of first-page stories?"

At another time the *Sun* had shown appreciation of my work by copying a story two-thirds of a column long. I had written it one dull Sunday afternoon, when I had been sent out "to get a story about anything—just so it's readable and fills space." I decided upon a romance. I told of a meeting and reconciliation at the Union depot of a millionaire Australian and his son, whom he had cast off for marrying a daughter of his rival in politics and gold-mining. I looked up in an encyclopædia the facts about the province of New South Wales, where I located the main incidents. I saw that the law-making body was called the "Legislative Assembly," so I made the old man a member of that. After the affecting meeting I put the father and son on a train for San Francisco, so that I wouldn't be expected to know the sequel.

And the *Sun* copied the whole story. The *Times'* top head-line over it was "Tale of Two Countries." The *Sun* called it "A Romance of Two Lands." In those days the *Sun* kept standing at the top of its first page this statement: "If you see it in the *Sun,* it's so." And every time I saw a copy of the *Sun* after that I used to think: "Well, Mr. Dana, there was *one* thing in the *Sun* that I know was not so. I know, because I wrote it."

So now, I thought, I must surely be clever enough to work on the *Sun.* But I couldn't get a

railway pass to New York just then, so I had to give up the idea.

At this period the city editor of the *Times* was an Irishman, and the fifth editor of his line since I had become connected with the paper. I looked up to anyone who could attain to such a dignity. The managing editor, of course, was a still greater man. But I had to worship him at a distance. When I became head reporter, I thought that three of the world's greatest men were the managing editor of the *Times,* the city editor of the *Times,* and the head reporter of the *Times.* And when we together had planned and executed a first-page scoop, we were the three very greatest.

But after the new city editor had been there for a while I began to lose respect for him. I noticed that he was cultivating an English accent. His conduct on some occasions, when giving orders, was like that of an Irish section boss. And he admired himself immensely. Still I could have forgiven that. I would have admired myself as much if I had been city editor. But I could not keep on respecting an Irishman who put an English frill on his conversation.

It was hard for me to conceal my disgust, one day, when he said, in giving me an assignment:

"I want that mattah attended to much bettah than the last story. Be shuah to get in heah with it by six o'clock."

"Yes, I'll be shuah to get in then," I said. I hadn't meant to mock him openly. But the phrase was out before I could shut it off. He must have caught the mockery, for I could feel his eyes in

my back as I walked out. By a kind of intuition I felt that I had gained his dislike. He had not been city editor long. And there is no dignity like a new dignity, as I afterward learned. I can realize now what must have been his feelings.

He soon began finding more fault with me than with the others. And when the semi-annual story about a new depot and a new bridge for Kansas City was to be written he passed me by. So it would have been with the horse show and the other big stories, if the managing editor hadn't assigned me to write them.

One day there called at the city physician's office for free treatment a human hardware store in the last stages of his career. He had found in his early youth that his stomach could stand hard usage. He had been a feature in circuses and vaudeville shows for years. But now his usefulness was gone. A large Barlow knife had proved indigestible. He was sent to the city hospital. An X-ray examination showed that he had in his stomach enough ground glass, tacks, nails, bracelets, thimbles, screw-drivers, and pocket-knives, to start a store with. In a few days he died.

I wrote a story about him and turned it in. The city editor gave it to another reporter, named Wickham, to re-write. The story would have been hard enough to believe as truly told, but the way it read in the *Times* next morning made everyone doubt it. Wickham had improved on my work in a literary way. He was a feature writer from the East, who had "played the newspaper game from New York to 'Frisco," as he said when he applied

for a job on the *Times*. I secretly envied his easy, graceful style. And his artistic disregard of facts was something I longed to equal. In his account the human hardware store was made to say:

"From my infancy I had a craving for hardware. My parents tried in vain to break me of it. As a child, when no one was looking, I would detach the knobs from doors and greedily gulp them down. The hinges off the front gate were a favorite delicacy, and I would frequent carpenter shops and houses in course of construction, that I might surreptitiously sample kegs of nails and packages of screws that unsuspecting workers left open to my hands. The habit grew on me with the years. I had to have carpet-tack porridge for breakfast, a ragout of tenpenny nails and a side dish of fricasseed glass for lunch, and screw-drivers à la mode, with thimble pudding for dinner. And only imported hardware would satisfy the cravings of my palate in the last few years. It was because I sought to absorb a common Barlow knife, of American manufacture, that my stomach revolted and brought me to my present state."

When the managing editor saw this account, and then read the truthful story in the other papers, he was wroth. He demanded to know why a good story had been spoiled by exaggeration. The city editor pointed to me. He declared I had furnished the facts to Wickham. Unluckily for me, the latter, as soon as he wrote the story, had left for Denver to "play the game" there for a while. The city editor had known that he would leave, and had deliberately plotted my ruin. I after-

ward learned that he had told Wickham to "make it good and lively, with a few faky touches, if necessary."

I was given a week's notice to quit, but left at once. My heart was full of bitterness. It would have been hard enough to be discharged for writing a fake story; to lose my job on account of another's fake story was harder still; but to realize that the *Times* intended to continue publication without me—ah, that was the iron that tore my soul!

CHAPTER VII

For days I went about, brooding miserably. Each day, as I bought a copy of the *Times,* I saw with chagrin that it differed little from its usual appearance. Of course, its first-page stories were not written in my masterly style, but the news was all there, and, I admitted to myself, fairly well handled. Then I wished for the death of the owner, and of the managing and city editors, as a heaven-sent punishment for their mistreatment of an inspired writer.

When I met other reporters I put on a bold front. I even bought drinks, to show that I still had money. I explained that I had resigned because I didn't like the way one of my stories had been re-written. "I've made up my mind," I said, "that when I write a story it must go in as I write it, or not at all. Reporters should assert themselves more, and teach editors what to expect."

I found a companion in misery in a reporter who had been discharged from the *Journal* for trying to organize a union among his fellows. We had but a few dollars between us, and we didn't have them long. We believed that no reportorial genius should possess much money. It was a mark of genius among our craft to borrow money soon after pay-day.

The Spanish war broke out soon after this time. I became a soldier in the Fifth Missouri regiment. I knew I couldn't have gone to the front as correspondent for any Kansas City paper, for none of them ever sent reporters further than half-way across the State.

My military career was as follows: Two weeks at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, as a private; four months drilling among the monuments at Chickamauga Park, as a corporal, in the course of which I was tried and acquitted by general court-martial for taking a bath in Chickamauga Creek without permission; four weeks, or until peace was declared, in camp near Lexington, Kentucky, as a sergeant.

General Fred Funston, who won more fame in that war than I did, was also an ex-reporter of Kansas City. He, too, had once worked on the *Times*. He had been discharged for incompetence at the end of three weeks. This was early in his career, and six or seven years before I had added my name to the list of *Times* notables. Funston had been sent to several hospitals one day to get information about people injured in a wreck. He returned to the office and wrote several columns about the improved methods of hospital treatment. The city editor called him to his desk, and said: "You've written a lot of dry rot that only a medical magazine would want, if anyone wanted it. Newspaper work isn't for you. I don't know what you should follow as a career—perhaps medicine or surgery or the lecture platform. Here's an order on the cashier for what's coming to you."

Funston went from Kansas City to a small town in Arkansas, where almost every white man was a Democrat. He worked on a paper there for about four weeks. During the last week he was left in full charge while the editor was out of town. He changed the paper's policy from radical Democracy to radical Republicanism. He even attacked a Federal judge. The judge sent for him, and after a private talk, Funston agreed that it would be best for him to abandon journalism—particularly in Arkansas. He left before the editor got back, and never did newspaper work again.

I reflected, after hearing this story, that while I was not so good a soldier, I was a much greater journalist than Funston, for I had stayed in journalism years to his months.

After I was mustered out I went to work on the Kansas City *World*. Soon after this, young Jesse James was arrested, charged with following in his father's footsteps as a train robber. He was just my own age. He kept a cigar-stand in the County Court House, across the street from the Criminal Court, and I had often talked with him at his stand.

His notorious uncle, Frank James, came from St. Louis to attend the trial. After his acquittal, young James turned his notoriety to business advantage. He started a second cigar store, and spent a part of his time at each place to draw trade to both.

He didn't care much about literature. He was once asked if he admired the careers of Claude Duval or Dick Turpin or Robin Hood.

"I once knew a man named Turpin," he replied,

"but I didn't think much of him. I never heard of the other fellows."

Not long after this I reported a lecture by Robert G. Ingersoll. In giving me the assignment the managing editor said: "Be careful how you write this thing. We mustn't stir up the church people. Just write a plain, guarded statement of fact to introduce the speech, and then a few paragraphs of the important things he says. Old Bob's a good fellow, but we can't go very strong on him."

Ingersoll talked upon the inconsistency of Christians who thanked God for the victory of the American troops over the Spaniards. "The American soldiers had yellow fever, and yet God wasn't thanked for that," he said. "The Spaniards are a Christian people—no nation is more devout—and still God didn't give them victory."

The day after his lecture I walked with him from his hotel to a phonograph shop. He had been asked to have recorded there his view of immortality. He took off his hat as he entered, and as he spoke into the machine the sunlight streamed through a window upon his bald, dome-like head, and lit up his jovial, but aging face. He said:

"The idea of immortality, like a great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, mingling with it countless sands and rocks of time and faith. It was not born of any book or of any creed, but was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow 'neath the clouds and mists of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death."

This was the last public utterance Ingersoll

made in that part of the country. Within the year he was dead.

I interviewed Governor Stephens, of Missouri, soon after this. He was nervous, lean, and bespectacled. A few weeks later, Congressman Dockery, who was none of these things, but who was elected the next year to the same office, made a speech-making tour of the city, and I followed him about. I lunched with him one day, and managed to eat one-third as much as he did.

During the next few weeks I reported a sensational breach of promise case. I was tired of this, when, one morning in early spring, I was hurried out to the suburb of Argentine, where an elephant had killed his keeper. A small circus had winter quarters there. Its principal attraction was an elephant named Rajah, said to be the largest in captivity after the death of Barnum's Jumbo.

I saw the mangled body of the trainer at a morgue. Then I went to the circus grounds, and a roustabout took me to Rajah's tent. The great beast towered, a mountain of flesh, above me. He was still swaying from side to side, rolling his little eyes wickedly, and waving his trunk wildly, although three hours had passed since the killing. A fore leg and a hind leg were chained to the earth.

In front of the elephant was a patch of freshly sprinkled sawdust, moist and darkly colored in spots. This marked the place where the trainer's life blood had been spilled. The man had come in at dawn, after being up all night, and had goaded the brute into a frenzy. And this was as much about the cause of his death as was ever published,

except the brief statement that he had had trouble with his sweetheart. I talked with a chum of the trainer. He had seen the killing. He spoke of it in a shaking voice:

"It wuz suicide—that's what it wuz. I never heard o' no plainer case. And I kin tell yuh the woman that caused it. (He mentioned a name.) Poor Frank comes in this mornin' an' wakes me up. He wuz blear-eyed an' almost crazy, an' lookin' like life didn't have no charms fur 'im. Him an' me'd bin in the show business together fur five years, an' no one wuz more confidential with me. 'It's all off, Bill,' he says. 'She won't have no more to do with me. There's someone else, an' there's no use of anything any more, Bill,' an' then he starts fur Rajah's tent.

"An' I gits up an' follers him, feelin' uneasy like. When I looks in on 'em, Frank had one arm 'round the beast's trunk, an' was pattin' him with 'is other hand, an' talkin' baby talk to 'im, as he liked t' do sometimes. The sun was jest peepin' through a tent-flap, an' it lit on Frank's face, an' I seen the flesh wuz old an' drawed-lookin', an' awful pale, an' his eyes wuz bloodshot an' sort o' crazy, an', though he wuz lookin' my way, he didn't see me 't all.

"Then I hears 'im say: 'You're my pet, an' my baby boy, Rajah. You're all I got, an' my only true friend—er—almos' my only friend, an' I wants to ask a favor of yuh. There ain't no one else'd do me such a favor, an' I ain't got nerve enough to do it myself.'

"An' then what does he do but grab up the ele-

phant hook an' step back an' jab ol' Rajah under the shoulder with it! Rajah hadn't had no feed since the day before, an' he wuzn't feelin any too good, nohow, I guess. I seen 'im move back a little, an' his little eyes loses their soft looks. Then Frank jabs him ag'in, an' then keeps on a-jabbin' him, all the time lookin' crazy, an' mumblin'. Then I jumps into the tent an' yells out, 'Fur God's sake, man! What'r yuh tryin' t' do?'

"But just then Rajah's blood wuz up, an' he switches his trunk down on poor Frank an' knocks 'im flat. Then, afore I could do a thing, he raises 'im an' throws 'im high in the air, an' then smashes 'im down on the ground ag'in. I could hear the bones crack. Then he steps on 'im, an' starts trumpetin'. I picks up the elephant-hook an' yells, 'Hey, Rube!' t' bring all hands, but I knew 'twuz no use after that foot had tapped Frank that-a way. We all rushes in then, but Frank —well, poor fellow, he won't have no more troubles in this life—an' it's all that faithless she-devil's doin's, too."

I went back to the *World* office, and told what I had heard. "I think I could get up a good story about a man's committing suicide, and using an elephant as the agency," I suggested.

The city editor looked wise for a few seconds. Then he said: "There can't be anything to that feature. The circus-hand was stringing you. Just tell as much about the killing as you can, and toward the end mention that the trainer had been drinking and had fallen out with some woman."

And that was the kind of a story I wrote.

CHAPTER VIII

THERE were regular staff meetings in the *World* office. The four or five reporters, and the various editors with big titles and small salaries, would get together and talk over plans to make the paper great. None of these plans were ever carried out. Instead, the headquarters in Cincinnati of the newspaper league that owned the paper, after receiving the report from such a meeting, would order expenses cut. Then a part of the staff would be discharged and the salaries of the remainder reduced. One day, after a meeting, at which I had proposed vast enterprises, I was selected for discharge. The next day I left for Omaha.

This was in the fall of 1899. The league that owned the *World* had just started a paper in Omaha. I thought I might work on it. But I was mainly moved by a spirit of adventure. Kansas City seemed to hold nothing more for me. And I wanted to conquer other worlds of journalism.

I was surprised to learn in Omaha that I had never been heard of there. None of the three dailies seemed to need me, either. I visited all the offices. In all I saw the same kind of young men —pale, intellectual, blasé and world-weary—that I had for four years associated with in Kansas City. Some were engaged in transferring thoughts to

paper. Others sat, tilted back in chairs, discussing the world's follies.

The editors told me that the second year of the Omaha Exposition was about to close, when times would be duller than ever. In the *Daily Bee* office I was asked to come back in about a month. Here I borrowed a pass to the Exposition, and went out to see the sights, kill time, and plan for the future. I bought a copy of the *World-Herald,* and saw in it an account of the preparations for that day at the fair. As I read I was almost fascinated—the style was so much like my own.

"Who can have so well imitated me?" I asked myself. "Someone in Omaha has been reading my masterly descriptions. Too bad that a journalist cannot always have his work copyrighted, and prevent such plagiarism."

What I read was something like the following:

"The second year of the Omaha Exposition promises to close amid a blaze of glory. From morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve—and later still—the gates of the great Exposition will be open to receive and discharge the multitudes of sight-seers. Let Chicago, Queen of the Lakes, brooding over the triumphs of her World's Fair, fear for her laurels; let Paris, the scene of many a stupendous display of the world's arts and crafts, fashion and beauty, hesitate long ere she presumes again to challenge comparison with Omaha, Neb., U. S. A.

"The domes and pinnacles, the stately balconies, the royally magnificent naves and architraves of the surpassing structures that grace the western banks of the Missouri, will fling back responsive echoes of the voices of unnumbered legions of pleasure-seekers in these closing days. At night, fair Luna's rays,

" 'The silvery light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,'

will be eclipsed by the unrivaled radiations of electrical illumination that will enwrap the fairy city in a halo of noontide brightness."

At the fair grounds I met a reporter, and asked him who had written that description.

"Oh, that's a cracker-jack the *World-Herald* imported from Chicago," he said. "He's a wonder, with all his classical allusions. He writes something like that every day, whether there's anything going on or not, and never seems to run dry. I have heard that he smokes opium. He's a wonder, all right."

As I drew near the Exposition, I looked for some of the splendor and enthusiasm I had just read about. Instead, a sense of desolation almost overcame me. Only a few persons were to be seen going or coming. There were no signs of mirth or revelry, or excitement of any kind. The road seemed more like a highway leading to a cemetery.

The once stately-looking edifices of the fair, built to last but six months, were now cracked and discolored by wind and weather. The staff and stucco work had fallen off in spots. The voices of the few sightseers echoed weirdly through the almost empty buildings. Many of the exhibits had been removed by constables or by disgusted exhibitors. I heard one of a group of visitors leaving the grounds, exclaim bitterly: "We've been buncoed!"

Even the most lively music, as played by the unpaid orchestras, sounded doleful. Gondoliers rowed wearily about the scum-covered lagoon,

looking hungrily at stray spectators, who generally passed them by. On the "Midway," which was meant to be the scene of carnival, the gloom was thickest. Occasionally the silence was broken by the feverish, despairing cry of a "barker," trying to entice a lone visitor, or perhaps two, into some "palace of revelry and song." And when a victim paid to get in, he would find a few woe-begone-looking dancers. These would sing feebly in cracked voices, and shake their feet in a tired way. Then they would hasten behind the scenes to get their share of the sandwich that had been bought with the price of the last admission ticket.

After half an hour, I fled from the grounds. I had become somewhat used to failure in my career thus far. The first paper I had worked on went into a receiver's hands. The second was almost a wreck when I left it. I was full of the spirit of youth, however, and could rise superior to these things. But I never went back to the "White City of the Dead," as the second Omaha fair came to be called.

The next day I crossed the river to Council Bluffs, in Iowa, and got a place at thirteen dollars a week on the *Daily Nonpareil.* I had only a few dollars in the world. Because of the belief I still held that geniuses should have no regard for money, I always tried to spend the whole of one week's salary before getting the next. So now I found it necessary to work to pay living expenses until I got the promised position on the Omaha *Bee.*

The *Nonpareil* was owned by a man named Hart,

a banker, who afterward became Republican National Committeeman from Iowa. There were only two reporters on the paper—I and the city editor himself. Together we "covered" the whole town, and wrote up everything, from one-line personal notes to meetings of the Council, and then read proof on our own matter.

One of the two most important news items I had to write there was the shooting of a mad dog in a public square. The other was a horse thief's attempted stealing of a mule, which ran away with him and stopped in front of the police station, where a capture was made.

What could have been made the biggest story of all was never touched upon. This was the operation of gambling dens in the center of town. Council Bluffs was Omaha's Monte Carlo. Every night the town was filled with all kinds of gamblers. Dishonest office-holders were among the regular visitors.

"We can't agitate against this gambling," I was told in the *Nonpareil* office. "It might kill the town. The gambling dens pay such a big share of the revenues that the leading citizens are willing to let them run. Occasionally a preacher will rise up and deliver a sermon against these conditions, but we don't publish anything about it. But most of the ministers shut their eyes to the situation."

Sometimes the *Nonpareil* had ringing editorials calling for "real reform—that is, clean streets, proper janitor service at the City Hall, the driving of vagrants and stray dogs from the public thoroughfares, and a fair enforcement of the laws

without fear or favor." But nothing was ever said about gambling.

At the end of a month I was sent for by the managing editor of the Omaha *Bee*. He was the son of the owner, and had been but a few years out of college. He took me into the city editor's room and introduced me to that official.

As soon as the managing editor had retired, the city editor turned to me and asked: "Are you a boozer?"

"Well—I—er—that is——"

"It's all right if you are," he went on, "only we'd like to have you notify the office when you feel it coming on. We realize there's nothing to do in Omaha but get drunk. Last year there was an exposition to go to. It was a dream city, all right. This year it's a nightmare, and it would drive any thinking man to drink."

I had been in the *Bee* office less than an hour when I learned that the great Henry M. Stanley had been a faker. Stanley had come to Omaha in the fall of 1866, as a correspondent of the New York *Herald* and the St. Louis *Democrat*. He had used a desk in the office of the old Omaha *Republican*, and had sometimes written for that paper, but was never on its staff. He remained there until the next autumn, when the *Herald* sent him elsewhere. A few years later he started for Africa to find Livingstone.

I was in the reporters' room, waiting for an assignment, when a short, bald man, with a nervous air, came in with the night editor. "It's old man Rosewater, the owner," a reporter whispered to

me. The two men were talking of a London cable dispatch about Stanley.

"I went to the Everett House in New York to congratulate Stanley on his return to America," Mr. Rosewater was saying. "Major Pond, who had brought Stanley over from London, where he had been lionized, took me to his apartment. I held out my hand, but Stanley wouldn't shake. 'You discredited my discovery of Livingstone,' he said. 'As an Omaha man you ought to have stood up for me.'

" 'My dear Stanley,' I replied, 'I'm not in the habit of writing what I don't believe. I did not believe that you had found Livingstone, and so I didn't credit you with it. But I believe it now, because the Royal Geographical Society and Livingstone's relatives have fully confirmed your story.'

"Why, I had seen Stanley at his desk in Omaha, writing letters descriptive in detail of scenes and incidents in the streets of Denver, when he wasn't within five hundred miles of that town. So I felt rather incredulous of his story from Africa. After my explanation he became friendly again."

When Mr. Rosewater had left the room I was told that he was a power in politics, and that he wanted to be a still greater power. He was a Bohemian Jew, and had come to this country a poor boy. He had been a telegraph operator and a printer before he felt called upon to mould public opinion. The *Bee* had grown from a theater programme to be the largest newspaper in that part of the country, and was published in a seven-story

building of pressed brick and granite. It was the owner's boast that he had made and unmade governors, senators, and many other officials—"but he's unmade more than he's made, that's the trouble with him," my informant said. "He's always trying to boost himself into the Senate, and he knocks everyone who is not for him."

Mr. Rosewater was opposed to the railroads in politics, the *Bee* declared. A little while afterward the *Bee's* rival, the *World-Herald,* printed half-tone photographs of a letter he had written, offering "editorial transportation" to candidates for the State Legislature who would vote for him for Senator.

Mr. Rosewater was also a friend to union labor. He hired it in the mechanical departments of his paper. In those departments men worked but eight hours a day. But his city editor and reporters began at eight or nine o'clock every morning, and often had to work till after midnight. For the *Bee* printed both morning and evening editions, and used but one local staff. Geniuses such as we, however, didn't want to be classed as laboring men. We preferred toiling day and night. Mr. Rosewater simply took advantage of this fact.

My first assignment took me to the riverside. An old man, who had been a salt-water sailor, lived there alone in a shanty. He was supposed to be a miser. Two robbers had attacked him, but instead of submitting he had knocked one of them senseless, and covered the other with his revolver. When the injured one revived, he had made both

men "walk the plank" into the river, where they had to swim for their lives to the other shore.

I went back to the office, prepared to write a "feature" story. I quoted the old fisherman in nautical language. He had said "Blast my top-s'ls," and "shiver my timbers," many times. "The blasted devils thought I was easy harpoon-in'," he told me. "They steered their course for my bark here soon arter the sun went down. That's where they got on the wrong tack. Consarn 'em! But I allus keeps a weather-eye peeled for pirate craft till long arter eight bells, an' it takes more nor two ornery cusses like them to make me haul down my colors."

He had said much more of this nature, and I quoted it all, and added a few things. I thought it a fine story. But when the city editor looked it over, he remarked: "We can't go much on dialect. Old man Rosey's in politics up to his neck, you know, and doesn't want to offend any element. Your story's all right, except the interview, which I'll have to submit to the managing editor to tone down a bit."

And this was the interview as it appeared in the mail edition the next morning. Unfortunately for posterity it was crowded out of the regular city edition that was kept on file in the public library:

"It was not far past sunset when I observed two suspicious-looking individuals lurking near my domicile. I resolved to be more than usually vigilant. These characters evidently misapprehended the situation, because there was no illumination about the premises, and as I peered through the rapidly gathering gloom I saw them ambulating in my direction. I leisurely awaited their approach, feeling

a sense of security in the possession of a reliable weapon of defence, a 38-caliber revolver, the use of which I had learned in the early portion of my maritime career. To reduce a lengthy narrative to a brevity in keeping with the lateness of the hour, that I may retire for some much needed repose after the excitement of the evening, I will only say that the attempt of the desperadoes was foiled by my promptness in felling one of them to terra firma with a blow of my clenched hand, and covering the other with my revolver ere he could execute a hostile move. Then, upon the reviving of the first mentioned desperado, I forced them both to accompany me to the riverside, and thence to leap into the aqueous substance, and save themselves as best they might by their knowledge of the swimmer's art."

CHAPTER IX

THE Bee Building was the biggest thing in Omaha—and it was mortgaged. There seemed to be a lack both of people and of money in the whole town. A few blocks away from any of the main streets rows of empty houses could be found. Thousands of inhabitants had left the city in the past few years. The census of the next year showed a population of one hundred thousand. A decade before there were one hundred and forty thousand. Omaha's wholesale merchants couldn't compete with their Kansas City and St. Joseph rivals because they needed money too badly to grant long-time payments.

"The Rosewater-Hitchcock fight is the cause of all of Omaha's troubles," I heard some one say in the *Bee* office. "Hitchcock, who owns the *World-Herald,* is the son of the late Senator P. W. Hitchcock, whose defeat for re-election in 1876 was due to Rosewater's fight on him. Rosewater, who has always itched to be Senator himself, worked day and night to defeat him. The Senator's death, soon after, was laid by his friends largely to this. Hitchcock's son then determined to devote his life to revenge. He bought a newspaper here, and started after Rosey's scalp, and has been after it ever since. His father was a Republican, but he

became a Democrat to fight his enemy the better. The town suffers from the war. One of these men will have to die, I suppose, before it's ended, and even then another generation may keep it up."

The *Bee* and Mr. Hitchcock's *World-Herald* disagreed on everything. When one proposed anything to aid the town's advancement, the other opposed it. William J. Bryan had been drawn into the war for two years, when he was Mr. Hitchcock's editor-in-chief. He wrote editorials against Rosewater, and debated the money question on the stump with him at Chautauqua meetings. He resigned from the paper to run for the Presidency.

Before I had been on the *Bee* long, the *World-Herald* had the Rosewaters, father and son, indicted for running a lottery. The *Bee* had been conducting a prize contest of some kind in its columns. In a few days young Mr. Rosewater hatched up a revenge.

The Boer war had begun only a few months before, and anything about Oom Paul Kruger was "good stuff." The driver of one of the *Bee's* delivery wagons had whiskers like the Boer President. One of his photographs, taken in Cleveland, Ohio, a few years before, was obtained. Then someone from the *Bee* office took the picture to Council Bluffs and mailed it to the *World-Herald,* with a letter signed by a fictitious name. The letter explained that Oom Paul, while visiting relatives in Cleveland some years before, had sat for his photograph, and that "the accompanying copy is the only one extant in the United States, and is highly prized by the American relatives, friends,

and other admirers of the valiant Boer executive." The next day the *World-Herald* published the picture with the explanation. Then the *Bee* came out with an exposé. The head-lines were about like these:

OOM PAUL LIVING IN OMAHA

According to the World-Herald, the Boer President Resides in this City

DRIVES A WAGON FOR THE BEE

This Latter Information, However, Is Withheld from the Readers of that Enterprising Newspaper

Then the *Bee* related the whole cruel scheme. The *World-Herald* responded with a scandalous story, in which young Mr. Rosewater and a former society editor of the *Bee* had figured. The story had already been published, but the *World-Herald* thought it was time to publish it again.

And so the war went on. In one way it was of advantage to Messrs. Rosewater and Hitchcock. They were the center of attention all the time, so that few other politicians in that part of the State ever had a chance against them. Mr. Hitchcock was elected to the Lower House of Congress two years after this. But Mr. Rosewater could at no time get half enough votes in the Legislature to send him to the Senate. The fact that he was a Jew may have had something to do with this. Of course, the *World-Herald* never said anything

about his being a Jew, but its cartoons left no doubt of this.

After a time I became City Hall reporter, as I had been in Kansas City. But I found it much harder to write news out of the Omaha City Hall, since I couldn't "roast" anyone. And I had always to be careful not to offend Mr. Rosewater or Mr. Rosewater's Mayor, or the street car, gas, telephone, and other corporations which Mr. Rosewater didn't dislike. I resorted to making news. I had an anti-cigarette ordinance introduced, as I had done in Kansas City. And before it became a law I wrote a story about an imaginary mass-meeting of newsboys to protest against it as an invasion of their rights.

At another time I described the visit to the Mayor's office of a woman and her little girl, who sought the Mayor's aid for something. The child, I said, sang pathetic songs until Mayor Moores shed a tear and granted their request. The Mayor must have been surprised when he read this, as the whole thing was news to him. But the next day his mulatto secretary told me the story had been pasted in the official scrap-book. "It's good stuff for the voters," said the secretary. "It'll make 'em think the Mayor's a kind-hearted man."

Strokes of genius like this brought a promotion. I became night telegraph editor. I edited all the Associated Press dispatches, and some special telegrams. I was answerable only to the night editor and to the owner; and I had a desk right next to the night editor himself.

This was the highest privilege of all. For the

night editor was such a great man. About the office he was looked up to as a "cracking good man" —that is, a highly competent one. He had never been further east than the Mississippi, but he was a well-read man. He read the big Eastern newspapers every day. And whenever he got a new idea that way he would use it in making up the *Bee*. When praised for his cleverness, he would rub his large stomach complacently and say: "Oh, that wasn't much. A man's got to have ideas in a position like this."

He had a high appreciation of literature. He used to read Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat—which he pronounced "Ru-byé-at"—and say "Old Kyeyam had 'em all beaten." He was learned, too. In giving instructions, he would often end his remarks with, "et cetera." One day, in issuing an order to the staff that came from the proprietor, he added: "Now, that's ex-cathedral, and there's no use tryin' to get around it."

But while he used Latin terms freely in conversation, he was careful about what went into the columns of the *Bee*. Whenever there was a phrase in Latin, or in any foreign language, in the news stories, he would always look up its exact meaning in the back of the office dictionary, under the head of "Famous Foreign Phrases." And if he couldn't find it there, he would cut it out of the "copy."

In order to exercise my own versatile genius, I began writing editorial paragraphs. Witty thoughts would come to me as I read the news of the world each night, and I would jot them down

and turn them in to the managing editor. One of these productions that I thought about the cleverest ever written was as follows:

"If the British want to conquer the Boers most speedily, they should begin bombarding them with Alfred Austin's verse."

I used to read this over to myself, and giggle at it. At that time I had read but one of Austin's poems, and I secretly liked it. But I had noticed that American newspapers always ridiculed the British poet laureate, and as the American press was, to my mind, infallible, I thought that not to keep in harmony with its general trend of opinion would be treason to my highest ideals. So I scoffed at Alfred Austin.

The laureate's poem that I had read was called "Britannia to Columbia." It was written at the outbreak of the Spanish war. It is as follows:

What is the voice I hear
  On the winds of the Western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
  And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
  To a people proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail!
  We severed have been too long.
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale—
  The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
  And be stronger than death is strong."

Answer, then, sons of the self-same race,
  And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
  And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other,
  As none but freemen can.

Now fling them to the breeze,
  Shamrock, thistle and rose;
And the star-spangled banner unfurl with these—
  A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
  And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake;
  For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
  And his menace be void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong young land,
  And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
  "We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a worn-out tale—
  The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship shall last long as love doth last,
  And be stronger than death is strong."

I have read this poem many times, and never without a thrill. In ridiculing its author I had crushed down a desire to praise it. But I was determined to be an editorial wit at any cost.

Chicago now became the goal of my ambition. This was in June of 1900. Great as had been my achievements in Kansas City and Omaha, these towns were but stepping-stones to the journalistic eminence I sought.

I heard the voice of the great city by the lakeside calling to me. I began to have prophetic visions. I saw myself writing first-page stories about events of world-wide importance. I saw myself interviewing celebrities of national and international note. I looked down the vista of the future,

to see a large majority of the two million Chicagoans up of nights to read what I had written.

I heard that William R. Hearst, as he then signed himself (later he became William Randolph Hearst), who conducted ideal newspapers in New York and San Francisco, was about to start a daily in Chicago. This determined me. He would probably need my aid. But if my particular kind of genius were not required by him, it should be in demand on some other metropolitan paper. So I decided that if I couldn't get a big salary increase in Omaha I would leave at once. In any event, I wouldn't stay long.

One night I wrote a communication to the managing editor and left it on his desk. I told him I had received a flattering offer from a Chicago newspaper. I could no longer remain on the *Bee*, I said, unless it met the offer. I didn't tell him that this proposition had been made me in a dream, and that five thousand dollars a week was the dream salary.

In making a written instead of a spoken demand, I was living up to journalistic traditions. Whenever one true journalist wishes to convey an idea to another he seldom does it orally. This is so, even if the other be seated in the same room. He will write a note, call the office boy, and send it to him. And if he receive a reply, it will be in the same way.

The managing editor coldly and cruelly ignored my demand. He may have thought me an ingrate. Along with a salary of eighteen dollars a week, I had been given the title of telegraph editor, and

had a desk all to myself. What more should I want for years to come? I was soon given an opportunity to test the truth of my dream about Chicago. One mid-week evening I reached the office, to find a successor at my desk. I was curtly informed that I was now at liberty. I had seen others discharged from the *Bee* in this way, but I had never thought that *I* would be so treated.

I was told by a friend in the office that the elder Mr. Rosewater was getting ready to make another campaign for the Senate, and needed money worse than his employees did. My treatment may have been intended as a lesson to others on the *Bee*.

The next day I started for Chicago.

As the train sped Chicagoward, I rejoiced that I had forced the hand of Fate. Now I was on the way to great events.

I still thought that I had a heaven-born message of some kind for the world. I didn't believe I had quite produced that message as yet, though I had come near it at times. And my ideas as to just what it would be remained vague. But I reasoned that both the message and its manner of delivery would be inspired in due time.

Newspapers were to me the greatest institutions in the world. True, those I had been connected with, thus far, hadn't come up to my expectations. All seemed guided, at least to some extent, by motives of personal ambition, or desire for gain. But I believed these papers to be the exceptions.

I had heard the theory of reincarnation explained by theosophists. If the theory were true,

then I thought the great minds of the past were now nearly all possessed by journalists. The world would soon be ruled entirely by newspapers. Civilization itself must perish without newspapers.

I had read, in Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," that Edmund Burke had said: "There are three estates in Parliament, but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder there sits a fourth estate, more important far than they all."

I thought Burke must have been a truly great statesman—almost great enough to be managing editor of a newspaper, had he lived in my time.

For years I had read little else but newspapers. Books I had once perused, but nowadays, unless they contained something in appreciation of journalism, such as Carlyle's reference, they didn't interest me. They were mainly valuable as sources of quotations to give strength and point to articles by journalists. And in this view, I afterward learned, I was a typical reporter.

I had spent a week in Chicago, at the exposition, in 1893; but I was then only a schoolboy, and I was sightseeing at the fair grounds every day, and learned little about the city. To me it was still mysterious, grand, immense. I thought of it as the city of great enterprises and great crimes—of the World's Fair and the Cronin murder, and of "Holmes Castle," the scene of many killings by one man; the city of wonderful high buildings, and of packing-houses that supplied the world with meat; the city of marts which dealt in the grain garnered by ten million hands; the city that had seemed to be created by magic, it grew to great-

ness so fast; the windy city, the rapid city, the upstart city—the city that, without a past, yet aspired to the most glorious of futures. In brief, the Napoleon of cities, whose career, thus far, had upset all rules of history, and promised to continue to dazzle and astonish the world.

But to me, Chicago was, more than all else, a city of great newspapers, that guided the destinies of millions of people. For I was just a reporter.

CHAPTER X

I BEGAN life in Chicago with about one hundred dollars. I had never intended to save so much money; but I had found no temptation to spend it in Omaha.

Yet, with all my wealth, I ate cheap meals, and hired lodgings in a wretched neighborhood. This was because I understood that geniuses always lived so. Although well dressed, I otherwise affected poverty. Struggling writers, artists, and others who do inspired work, are generally poor. I even haggled with my landlady over the price of a room. She finally came down fifteen cents on the week. I bought liquid joy with the amount saved, and then went forth to impress Chicago editors with their need of me.

On the way down town I saw a riot, engaged in by people of a half dozen different races. It started with a street car conductor's attempt to throw a man off the car for smoking. "I'm not smoking," the man had said. "You've got a lighted cigar in your hand," replied the conductor. "Yes, and I've got shoes on my feet, but I'm not walking," the man had retorted. Then the fight began.

I saw no one in the mob that looked like a reporter, so I decided to offer the story in the first

newspaper office I visited. I found that there were more than thirty daily papers in Chicago. Most of these were small publications, printed in foreign languages, in West Side settlements. There were ten large American dailies—six issued in the morning and four in the evening. Each of these had eight to twenty reporters, and six to a dozen editors and assistant editors. There were, besides, city and telegraph news associations that furnished reports to all papers. Forty reporters, mostly beginners, were employed by the city bureau to gather routine items, such as fire and police reports. The telegraph news association used the services of a score or more of editors. Altogether, there were over two hundred persons engaged in editing and reporting for the American newspapers alone in Chicago. "What a lot of geniuses!" I thought.

And there seemed already to be enough of them in every office. None of the editors wanted me. None of them had even heard of me. And when I started to tell of what I had done in other cities they didn't have time to listen. I told one of them about the street car riot I had seen that day. It would have been worth a column in Kansas City or Omaha.

"Such things are too common in Chicago," he said. "It wouldn't make good news here unless there were some well-known people in it, or unless there was a murder or two, or a scandal in high life back of it."

I wandered about town, trying to think up a story. I tried all day without result. The next

morning I started out again. The weather was hot, the streets dirty, and everybody seemed in a hurry. The broken sky-line, made by skyscrapers flanked by squat buildings, would have jarred upon my artistic sensibilities if I had had any. And if I had possessed much of an æsthetic sense, it would have been shocked by the rude persons who jostled me, or yawned in my face without shielding their own. But I paid little heed to these things. My mind was too busy attempting to conjure up stories that would delude editors into hiring me.

I finally drifted into a police court to sit down and meditate. I took a seat at the reporters' desk, behind the railing. Soon a young man—pale, intellectual, and blasé, entered the court and came behind the railing and sat down beside me. By a kind of affinity I knew him to be a reporter. He looked at me suspiciously.

"This place is only for reporters," he said.

"Well, I'm a reporter," I replied, taking some note-paper from my pocket.

"What paper?"

"The *Tribune*," I responded, as a hazard. He seemed to believe me, though reluctantly.

"As a rule, the morning papers don't pay any attention to police court cases," he remarked. "They get 'em from the evening papers."

"But the *Trib* wants a special report of this case," I said, beginning to take notes.

A half hour later we left the place together. We went into an establishment that had mirrors behind a long counter. There, as our throats were

dampened, our hearts mellowed. When we separated, we swore undying friendship. I went straight to the *Tribune* office.

"Now I've got to work here, or be exposed as a bluffer," I thought.

The *Tribune* was then in its old building of four stories, built soon after the fire of 1871. A seventeen-story structure of stone and steel was erected on the same site soon after this time.

In his room on the third floor I found the city editor. He was blond, full-faced, clean-shaven, and had protruding teeth. He was now scowling over clippings from rival papers, and his teeth seemed to glisten with rage.

"Why couldn't we have this story of the man found dead on his wife's grave?" he snarled at his assistant.

"I telephoned the undertaker in that case," was the reply. "He told me the man died peacefully at his house nearby. It's just another *American* fake."

I thought that now was the time for me. I had been rejected there the day before. But now I was desperate.

"I want to work on the *Tribune*," I broke in. "I can give you a hot scoop the first thing. No one else knows anything about it. It's worth a column," I added, calmly.

The city editor looked at me doubtfully for a few seconds. "All right," he said, finally. "Bring in your story, and if it's good, I'll put you on at space-writing. But no faking goes, remember."

"Certainly not," I replied, in hurt tones, and hurried out.

The reporter in the police court had given me an idea. He was looking over the list of marriage licenses in a newspaper, when he remarked: "Here's something I'd look up if I felt as ambitious as I used to. But since I've been with the *News* I find that a man gets no credit for working his head off, so I'll pass this up. But I'll bet there'll be something doing out in that neighborhood before this marriage takes place."

A license had been issued to a man of about seventy-nine years of age to wed a woman fifty years his junior. My new friend told me he knew the man, who was a widower, and also his sons and daughters, all of whom were middle-aged. They were frugal Germans, on the South Side. The old man was wealthy, and his children were hoping they wouldn't have to wait long for his money.

I found some of the relatives. They hadn't heard the news. But the sight of the marriage license list made them furious. The bride-to-be was the old man's housekeeper, whom they all hated. Other relatives were summoned from neighboring houses for a council. About two score of sons, daughters, nephews, nieces and cousins, grandsons and granddaughters, assembled. They all talked at once, some in English, but mostly in German.

"It's a shame for her to haf der money."

"Oudtrageous!"

"Ve gets nudding alretty."

"Our poor kinder iss robbed!"

"A scheming hussy has hypnoticized der poor old man."

There were wails by the women and curses by the men. Yet no one seemed to know what to do.

"Let's go over to the old man's house," I suggested. "Maybe we can stop the wedding."

A procession was formed. It was half a block long when it started. Before the bridegroom's house, three blocks away, was reached, other relatives and their friends, and small boys and dogs, had made a line four times as long. A boys' baseball game on a vacant lot was broken up by the excitement, and the procession became a mob.

The house was stormed. The bride-to-be wept. The dogs barked. But the old man stood his ground. He defied everybody.

"I vill disinheritization you all if you don't go vay!" he cried. "Oudt mit you!"

I whispered to one of the sons: "Tell him you'll get out an injunction against him."

Injunctions were then the fashion in many things. I knew that if I could work one into the story somehow it would add to its value.

"Ve vill go to court und git a injunction, und haf you made insanity!" shouted the son.

With that threat he and the other relatives left, and the mob melted away.

I hurried back to the *Tribune* office and wrote a column. The scene at the old German's house was described as a riot. I piled on a few hundred thousand dollars to his wealth. The story appeared the next morning, reduced in size, and under headlines that were not as big as I had ex-

pected. Nothing ever came of the threatened injunction. The paper didn't care, however. Neither did I. But now I was a Chicago journalist!

When I reached the *Tribune* office the next day I was surprised not to be regarded as a hero. Instead, I was hardly noticed. There were a dozen other reporters in the local room, and they were all busy telling about the scoops *they* had achieved. I thought that if all they said was true, the *Tribune* must have the greatest aggregation of journalists in the world. My heart sank. How could I compete with such as they? Each of them performed brilliant feats daily. Their lives were records of world-beating scoops. Their stories were often copied throughout the country, and sometimes by foreign papers.

"The other papers are still sore over that exclusive feature I had in my story of the Streeter riot," said one, whose name was Tully. "They haven't waked up yet to the truth. The part about the Streeterites landing on the north shore in the early dawn from a pirate-like vessel was all a pipe-dream, and that was the feature that caused my story to be copied everywhere. One of the exchanges said it was like Kipling's style."

At that instant the city editor called him. Soon we heard in the city editor's voice: "When are you going to learn how to use the English language? Don't say 'A man lays down.' Remember, a hen lays, a man lies. A hen sets, a man sits. This mistake in your copy got past the proof-reader again, and I don't want it to happen any more. And your stuff is all too long-winded. A

good newspaper man ought to be able to tell the story of the Crucifixion of Christ in three-quarters of a column. Remember that."

Tully came from the city editor's room and hurried past us with a preoccupied air. He had nothing more to say about his Kipling-like style for several weeks. When he had gone out, one of the others remarked: "Tully's full of hot air. His stuff generally has to be rewritten, but he's good at thinking up hot features."

On the wall of the reporters' room was a typewritten notice, asking every member of the staff to contribute "gossipy little tales of the street and town to the Sunday paper each week." Someone had inscribed in pencil underneath:

"And you'll get what the little boy shot at."

At the end of an hour most of the reporters had been given assignments, and I wondered if I were being held in reserve for some big story. To fill in the time, I wrote up a number of street incidents and took them to the Sunday editor's room. I didn't care whether I was paid for them or not. I wanted to show what I could do. A small, insignificant-looking man, with a mottled complexion, and wearing a bicycle suit, was in the Sunday room. I thought him probably the janitor's assistant. I asked for the Sunday editor. The little man straightened up, and looked at me fiercely.

"Hi-i-i-i am the Sunday editor," he replied. "What have you?"

I handed over my stories. He looked them over so rapidly that I felt sure he couldn't have read

more than the first word and the last in each one. Then he handed them back.

"Cahn't—aw—eh—cahn't use these, ye know," he said, stiffly. "Not just what we're looking for, ye know—eh—— Try again, though—eh—aw—try again." And he dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

That afternoon I sat in the office for four hours. At the end of this time I was given a ten-line obituary notice to write. In the evening I received no assignment, either, and I began to wonder if I'd been forgotten. I asked one of my new colleagues about it.

"Oh, you'll come out all right, I guess," he said, carelessly. "You're a new man, and they don't want you to think too much of yourself."

The next afternoon I was sent to a gypsy camp in the far southwest part of town, to report a wedding. A band of nomads had pitched their tents on a large tract of prairie land. I found the wedding revelry and feasting at its height. The bride wore about fourteen colors, and the other females were almost as many-hued. The happy one's head was covered with a mantilla of red, yellow and blue. Her dress was a calico of many shades, her shoes were wine-colored, and her stockings a passionate red. The groom and the other men wore belts in which hung revolvers.

To start the ceremonies the day before the groom had fired his pistol in the air. Then followed a day and a night of drinking, eating, dancing, and singing. Many of the revelers now lay

about in the dirt, and the others, in their dancing, had to leap over them.

The groom told me the marriage had been performed at a priest's house half a mile distant, and pointed toward it. But he wouldn't tell me his or the bride's name unless I paid him for it. Neither would the bride, nor the gypsy king, nor any of the tribe.

I went to the priest's home. He was not in, but was to be seen in the church. Yes, the gypsy couple had been married there that morning. This information was given by a buxom young woman who came to the front door. I have visited the homes of many Catholic priests, and have nearly always had the door opened to me by a healthy-looking maid-servant. And I have often wondered why a man-servant should not be preferred in such a home.

This clergyman was a short, thick, oily person. When I entered the church he was kneeling at the head of the main aisle. After a moment he rose, and, smiling, asked what I wished. I told him. Before replying, he pointed to the object before which he had knelt. It was a glass case, against the back of which was firmly fixed a tiny piece of bone.

"That's from the wrist of St. Anne," he said. "It will cure disease." Then he looked at me as though he expected me to fall upon my knees. The bone was darkly yellow with age.

"Where did this come from? How's it been kept so long?" I asked.

"Oh, it's from Rome, and the history of it is

in Latin, and came along with it. The Archbishop got it for us because we're such a faithful parish."

I expressed further doubts. His replies became curt, his tone cold. Then I went back to the subject of the gypsies.

"I did not marry them," he said. "I marry no one to-day."

"But they all say you did—even your servant says so," I protested.

"They are wrong. My servant had no right to give information. She is mistaken."

I returned to the *Tribune* office. After all, I reasoned, what difference did it make whether I knew the names or not? I could think up names as good as theirs. The gypsies didn't read the papers, and the public would never know.

"That was a good gypsy story of yours," remarked the city editor the next day. A few days later I was sent to report a street car accident on the West Side. Six persons were injured, according to a bulletin.

At the scene I found reporters from the five other morning papers. Like myself, most of them were space writers—that is, instead of receiving a regular salary, they were paid according to the space filled by what they wrote. Such a thing as space-writing is seldom known in smaller cities. I heard that in New York the best reporters, contrary to the Chicago method, are paid space rates, and only the writers of routine news get salaries.

The street car accident was not so bad as first reported. Only three persons were hurt, and they not seriously. I was disappointed. I started to

return to the office when one of the others stopped me.

"Wait a while—we haven't got together on this story yet," he said. "Let's fix it up."

We adjourned to a nearby resort. We matched coins to see who would pay for what the waiter brought. Then the council began. Before we got through, the list of injured had been lengthened to fifteen, and we had some sensational details. The addresses of the new names were assigned to the foreign settlements.

"These names never'll be investigated," said one of the reporters. "No one could trace them all down, even if they were real, unless he spoke about ten languages."

I realized that I still had much to learn about journalism.

CHAPTER XI

I was sent to Lake Forest, a score or more miles north of the city, on Lake Michigan, to report the opening of the Onwentsia Club's golf tournament. Many of what the society reports term "our best people" were there.

"Most of those people are ninnies, and newly-rich butt-inskies," said the city editor, "but we've got to write 'em up pleasantly because the owners of the paper are with the set."

At the club house I got all the information I wanted from the secretary. And as I sat in his office I heard some of Chicago's leading citizens discuss things. General Jo Wheeler, then commander of the military Department of the Lakes, was to be the chief guest, and they were preparing for him.

"We ought to have something martial, you know, in honor of the General," said a man who had made a fortune in soap. "Can't we have figures of Hercules and Diana at the head of the dinner-table?"

"Where we go'n' to get such figures this late in the game?" someone wanted to know. "Besides, a lot of people would want too much drapery on 'em, and Diana, draped, would be the same as 'Othello' without the ghost."

"We'll cut out the figures," put in another. "They'd be all right for a stag affair, like that Chicago Athletic lunch we give to the fake baron. We didn't know he was a fake at the time, and we done it fine. There was eight of us, and the lunch cost two hundred and fifty. That's over four dollars a minute. I call that swell eating."

"We must be careful about the ongsomble of the personnel at the table," suggested a wholesale furniture dealer. "When we had that count out here there was a lot of rag-chewing because some people didn't get next to him. The ongsomble is very important."

In the next few minutes the same person used "ongsomble" at least a dozen times. He seemed to like the word. He rolled it about his tongue as though it were a sweet morsel, and smacked his lips over it. But soon he was distanced in the conversation by a manufacturer of hinges, who had just returned from a two weeks' stay in Paris. This man had a phrase far superior to "ongsomble." He used it about fourteen times in the next four minutes. His phrase was "ongtray sol foyay."

The "ongsomble" man was silenced right away by him. The hinge manufacturer began with:

"I think the ongtray sol foyay of the dining-room should be hung with patriotic colors in honor of our guest. The ongtray sol foyay is the most important thing of all—without a pleasing ongtray sol foyay the entire affair may go flat. In fact, I would call the ongtray sol foyay the pièce de résistance of the entertainment."

He kept this up until someone ran in and announced a star play by the champion golfer, when they all hurried out to the links.

I determined to remember those French words to use in the brilliant introduction I intended to write to my story. A foreign word or two, or a few lines from a great writer, are dear to the heart of a journalist (also to the hearts of some others), because they make him seem learned. And they look pretty, scattered here and there through a piece of writing.

When I returned to the *Tribune* office I sat down to my typewriter, and started with something like this:

"Society is Golf's patron saint, and yesterday, on the links of the Onwentsia Club, the wealth and beauty, wit and fashion of this second city of the Western world, in one grand ensemble, gathered to witness the opening of a great tournament of this fascinating sport. Under a blue sky, dotted here and there by fleecy clouds, the devotees of the game spatted the ball hither and yon over the greensward, which made a fine background for the fair complexions and pretty costumes of the feminine contingent.

"An artistic feature of the affair was a magnificent entré sol foyer to the dining-room, where General Jo Wheeler, hero of many hard campaigns upon the field of Mars, surrendered himself to the social delights of the occasion."

The next morning I was deeply grieved to see none of this in the paper. Only the matter-of-fact account was left. I asked a fellow genius in the office why my "fireworks" had not been used.

"Oh, the Chicago papers don't go much on that kind of dope any more, unless it's about a President's visit, or something big," he said.

A few days later I heard the city editor talking

to a reporter who had the "introduction habit" as badly as I did.

"Gilsen," he said, "here's a story I want you to handle. Now, I know you write a fine introduction. You write a finer introduction than anyone on the *Tribune*, or in Chicago, for that matter. You can't help it. I realize that. Now, take these facts, and write me a good, hot introduction. Then write the story. Then throw the introduction away and bring me the story."

A day or two after this, King Humbert of Italy was assassinated. The night after that there was a meeting of anarchists in the northwest part of town, in the midst of the foreign settlements. Whenever a ruler is slain anywhere in the world, the Chicago anarchists get together and recall the glories of the Haymarket riot, and talk about putting an end to government everywhere.

Accompanied by another reporter, I went to this meeting. On the way out he said: "Now, I've bumped up against these people so much that they know me, so I'll go somewhere and disguise myself. I'll see you at the meeting, but you pretend not to know me if you catch on to my make-up. Back in '86 a bunch of anarchists threatened to lynch a *Trib* reporter. I'm afraid they're sore at me."

A crowd of people, of a dozen different races, but mostly Germans and Hungarians, were in the hall. Four policemen were there, to keep the meeting within bounds. Only two of the anarchists had the kind of whiskers the comic papers picture as

belonging to the class. Most of them were mild-eyed and soft-spoken.

But when the speechmaking began, the fiery words caused their eyes to light up and glare fiercely. One-third of the audience were women, and they showed much the more feeling. When Mrs. Lucy Parsons, widow of one of the men hanged after the Haymarket slaughter, came upon the platform, everyone rose to cheer her. She was a comely woman, with dark hair and complexion, and expressive eyes. Most of her speech was against the police system.

As she talked, I felt a great pity for her and for her sex. It was the women, I thought, who, in the world's conflicts, must bear the greater burden always. Men may give up their lives for a cause. Their suffering is brief. And afterward their fellows enshrine them in their hearts as heroes, and sometimes erect statues to their memory. But the women, bereft and desolate, must live on, often carrying their weight of sorrow to a loveless and gloomy old age. To sorrow may be added poverty, or disgrace in the eyes of the world, or both, as in the case of the woman before me, whose life, besides, was filled with bitterness and hate.

The meeting was about over, and I and the reporters from the other papers had decided to leave. Just then a frowsy individual slid toward me over several vacant seats and touched me on the arm. "How goes it to-night, brother?" he asked, giving me a wink.

There was a mysterious hiss in his voice that caused half a dozen persons to glance our way.

I turned to look at him, when his whiskers fell off. I recognized my colleague of the *Tribune*.

With a gasp, he caught up the false beard, and dashed from the hall. A policeman started in pursuit, and a dozen persons, the majority reporters, arose and followed.

I reached the sidewalk in time to see him dart into an alley half a block distant. The policeman was yelling "Halt!" every second. He drew his revolver as he arrived at the alley's entrance, and cried, "Halt, or I'll fire!"

Just then we heard a crash and a yell. The fleeing journalist had hit a garbage barrel. He got up, and came limping back to the street, one hand cut and bleeding from a broken bottle. The other hand and the front of his clothes were saturated with decayed fruit and vegetables. He had to show his reporter's star to prevent being arrested.

"But what the divil's the use of all this disguisin'?" asked the policeman. "Sure, them people in there wouldn't hurt a flea these days."

We hurried back to the *Tribune* office. My colleague had no time to remove the dirt and garbage from his clothes. The city editor noticed his appearance, and said: "If you don't cut out this disguising, I'll have to let you go. I don't believe you could attend an Epworth League meeting without putting on a bunch of whiskers."

That night, after most of the "copy" had been sent to the printers, and we sat about, with feet on desks, an "old-timer" remarked:

"This anarchist business reminds me of the hot times in the old days here. I saw the bodies piled

up after the Haymarket affair, and it was a fierce sight, all right. There was plenty to write about for weeks then. But after the arrests and trials, excitement died down for a while. And in the spell before the hanging we had to do some thinking to keep the dear public interested. All kinds of rumors were cooked up, and every little gathering of harmless cranks was told about as a breeding place for terrible plots. We had the people believing that anarchists were on the way from this town to blow up every ruler in Christendom, and out of it, from the Czar of Russia to the Ah-Koond of Swat. And I'll bet many a European monarch was threatened with heart disease when he read the reports from Chicago."

Some of the copy readers, their work through for the night, came out and joined the group.

"The best faking in the anarchist days—the most artistic—was done by Dickson, of the old *Herald,*" said one. "We were all fakers in those days, I think, but Dickson had the whole bunch of us beaten for a while. He got more scoops out of the cells of the condemned than anybody. His best work was with Parsons, whose widow made a speech to-night.

"Dickson struck up a friendship with Parsons, and worked it to a finish. He was so clever at it that I don't think Mrs. Parsons knows yet how her husband was made to furnish first-page stuff for the *Herald.* Dickson would take in bunches of Edwin Arnold's poetry for Parsons to read, and then run extracts from it, along with a sympathetic yarn that would tear the heart-strings.

He would say that Parsons had been consoling himself with the poetry. A few lines of such stuff here and there, you know, makes a story look pretty—it sort of furnishes frills to it, like bows of ribbon and other furbelows do to a woman's dress. Parsons had never read anything of Arnold's, nor had he read half the other things Dickson had him and his friends interested in before they were started for the pearly gates by the rope route."

"No more anarchist fakes for me," put in an old reporter. "Since I was sent out to do a meeting where Herr Most was advertised as an attraction, I have sworn off. I was to get about three-quarters of a column. I was sore over the assignment, because it was on the West Side, and I wanted to get into a little poker game downtown. I was the regular City Hall man, and the game was held on the nights the City Council met, when the men from the different papers would get together and match to see who'd attend the Council. The others would then meet in a room back of a saloon across the street, and have a quiet little time.

"Before starting for the anarchist gabfest, I dropped in there, and happened to find the City Hall men from the other papers. They were having a special game. I wanted to get into it. 'I know what Herr Most will say,' I argued to myself, 'so what's the use?' I and my friends then framed up a speech for him. It was a beaut, too. We had him denouncing about everything in the universe. One feature was that the Mayor of Chicago ought to be chained to a rock, like Prome-

theus, and have his liver gnawed out about every ten seconds. We put that in to give local color. Then we dallied with the chips till about eleven-thirty. I then went to the office and turned in my story.

"Everything was serene till one of the afternoon papers came out with a denial. There hadn't been any such meeting. Herr Most had been delayed, and didn't arrive in town that night at all, and his anarchist friends had postponed the affair for two nights. I was called on the carpet before the managing editor. There was nothing to it but confession, and in five minutes I was out in the cold, cold world, jobless and hopeless. It was weeks before I got another job. And I swore off for good on that line of faking."

"That was something like the piece of work I once did," said another. "I was sent out to an amateur theatrical entertainment on the South Side. It was one of those times when a man feels that an assignment is so easy he can cover it with his eyes shut. I was what they called a feature writer. There was to be an imitation elephant in this show. The city editor told me to go out there and arrange to act as the hind legs. Then I was to write about how it felt. The pictures had already been made, and they were shown to me, so that I could make my account harmonize.

"It seemed awfully easy. I had heard how Henry Dixey had danced his way into fame as the hind legs of the cow in 'Evangeline.' With a little imagination, I knew I could fix up the elephant story without going through the experience. It was a

warm night, anyhow, and the real thing would be too hot work. Besides, I had a poker engagement that night. So I took a program of the entertainment as a basis, and thought up my story while I juggled jack-pots. I passed the evening pleasantly, and a lovely time was had by all present, as the society editor would say. Then I went to the office and turned in a descriptive masterpiece.

"It was a fine story, all right, and full of funny business. The old man grunted out, 'Pretty good yarn,' which was high praise from him. It was the middle of the next afternoon that the blow fell. A delegation of those amateur theatrical people came to the office, and it was all off with little Willie.

"They demanded to know why their efforts to get up a show had been made ridiculous—why the thing had been written up before it happened. The whole affair had been postponed two weeks because a society bud who was to take the leading part was ill. And they weren't going to have the elephant feature after all.

"Well, I was separated from my job in about eighteen seconds, and now there are some things I've got to see happen before I write about them."

CHAPTER XII

At this point there was an interruption. One of the printer's "devils" came in with a proof of the religious announcements for the coming Sunday. These announcements were sent in each week by the preachers, by letter or postal-card. They were edited by the city editor's copy boy, who said "choich" for "church," and called ministers "sky-pilots." As he had been interrupted more often than usual while at work on this particular list, he had become confused. The result was a strange mixture.

Under the head, "Methodists," a clergyman was announced to preach upon "Some Mistakes of Wesley." A Congregational minister was catalogued with the Presbyterians, and his subject was "The Evils of the Doctrine of Infant Damnation —Presbyterian Hypocrisy." There were several other mistakes as bad, and the night city editor had to go over the whole list. In doing so, he made a more startling discovery. The copy boy had revised some of the titles. One of his changes was the striking out of "Luke," and the substitution of the word "Matthew," in a title which had read, "Luke, and the Story of the Widow's Son."

"I don't know much about the Bible, but I know that Luke, and not Matthew, told about the wid-

ow's son," said the editor, as he slashed at the copy. "I think the story was a fake myself, but let's give credit where it belongs."

"The trouble with those Biblical writers was that they didn't get together on the stories they framed up," put in the sporting editor's assistant. "They wanted to scoop each other all the time."

When the religious notices had been sent back to the printers, the night city editor asked:

"Have you heard the latest one on James Creelman?"

No one spoke, and he continued:

"Creelman has done some big stunts, all right, such as interviewing the Pope, and covering foreign wars, and, as you probably know, he's none too modest about it. He always scatters capital 'I's' all through his copy, and in conversation he can't talk of anyone but himself. He's got the New York yellow journals to believing that he's the goods, and as long as he draws the salary he does we can't blame him for thinking well of himself. They say that in the Turko-Grecian war he met Prince George, who was smoking a cigarette. The Prince is a big, strapping fellow, and good-natured, as most big men are. Creelman asked him for a light, and the Prince handed down his cigarette. Creelman's not very tall, you know—four or five feet, more or less. When Jim had lit his cigar he sniffed at the cigarette and threw it away. Then he took a cigar out of his pocket and handed it over, saying: 'This is what you ought to smoke, Prince. Those cigarettes are not the thing for a man like you.' The Prince just

laughed, and took the cigar, and lighted up. Oh, there's no limit to what Creelman will do.

"But the story that's being told nowadays is this: Creelman dreamed that he died, and, of course, was escorted heavenward by a special deputation of angels. He was ushered at once into the presence of God, who was seated upon His throne. Jesus stood near, and did the introducing. After a few remarks were exchanged, God remaining seated, Jesus turned to Him and said: 'Get up, Father, and let Mr. Creelman sit down.' "

A gray-haired editorial writer, who had been working late that night, came into the room, drew up a chair, and joined the circle.

"Of course, you've all heard the Greeley story about the hen-tracks," he began, as though apologizing. Some of us hadn't. "Well, it's an old one, but I'll tell it if you'll stand hearing it. It's quite a jump from yellow journalism to Greeley, but—well, everyone has heard of Horace's fierce handwriting. There was only one compositor on the New York *Tribune* who could read it, and he was one who had grown gray in the service of the paper. One night a crowd in the office put up a job on this printer. They got a hen, dabbed its feet in ink, and ran it across several sheets of copy paper. Then they took these and put 'em with a bunch of Greeley's manuscript, and sent 'em to the printer. They stood at a distance, to watch.

"The old compositor went along all right till he got to the hen-tracks. Then he paused and scratched his head a while. Then he started to set type again, then hesitated, then started in and set

up a word or two. He dumped these, and began again. After a moment he got a good start, and went along swimmingly for a couple of pages. Then he was stumped again. He took the sheet and turned it upside down, but still he could make out nothing. Then he picked it up and slowly made his way toward Greeley's sanctum. He hated to bother the old man, because Horace was always touchy on the subject of his handwriting.

"The jokers sneaked close enough to watch what happened. Greeley took the sheet and looked closely at the tracks the printer pointed out. Then he turned on him angrily. 'What's the matter with you, that you can't read my copy any more?' he demanded. 'That word's easy enough. It's "unconstitutionality." Now don't bother me again.'

"And the old compositor went back to his case and finished setting up the copy. The next morning the *Tribune* had an editorial headed, 'The Unconstitutionality' of something or other."

After a while the same speaker went on:

"Greeley was for a long time fond of using the question-mark in headlines. When there was a debate in Congress on anything important, the *Tribune's* story would be headed, 'What Will Congress Do?' or something like that. And whenever there was a doubt as to the turn some big event would take there was always the interrogation-point after the head. The custom spread to all departments of the paper.

"One day Greeley received a letter from an up-State subscriber: 'I notice in the *Tribune* this morning,' he wrote, 'that you ask, over a Wash-

ington dispatch, "What Will Congress Do?" Over a story of market conditions I read, "Will Wheat Go Up?" On the sporting page you inquire, "Who Will Win the Game?" The review of European political conditions, from your Paris correspondent, is headed, "Is War Imminent?" On the editorial page, you ask your readers, "Is There Balm in Gilead?" Now, Mr. Greeley, what I would like to have you tell me is this: How in hell do we know?'

"After reading this, Greeley ordered that no question-marks should ever again be used in *Tribune* headlines."

A reporter recently from Boston was called upon. He lit a stogie, and said:

"I shook Boston because I couldn't sling the dope in the kind of language that would suit the highfalutin tastes of the *Herald* readers there. A degree from Harvard is generally the first step to getting a job in Boston, and the staffs of most of the papers are made up of fellows who think they're future Emersons. Once the *Herald* got a couple of college grads who hadn't even worked on a university paper, or acted as correspondent for a daily while in school. They didn't have any experience at all. They jumped right from books to journalism.

"Their first names were James and Eugene, and they got to be called Jim and 'Gene about the office. They were the worst ever in their way—started out every news item, even if it was about the shooting of a mad dog, with an Emersonian dissertation or a Platonian precept. Is my lan-

guage right? If it isn't, call me down. Their copy always had to be done over, to their pained surprise and secret indignation, every day. But they wouldn't learn any different.

"Well, they had been there three or four weeks, and were rapidly getting no better, when one night a big fire broke out in a suburb. It was late at night, and Jim and 'Gene were the only ones in the office. They were discussing the relative merits of Socrates and Aristotle, after having turned in a couple of columns apiece of philosophical essays about a political meeting they had been attending. The managing editor burst into the local room, and when he saw the pair of 'em there alone he was in despair.

"There was nothing to it, though, but Jim and 'Gene, so he called 'em in, and, with tears and curses, begged them to hurry out to the fire and send in the news. 'Remember,' he said, 'it's *news, news, news,* we want!' They promised to get the story, and started out. It was half past twelve then. They should have got to the scene in half an hour. But it was half past two when the managing editor heard from them. The paper went to press at three. This is the message he got:

"'Great conflagration raging in all directions. Unprecedented excitement and consternation among all classes. Can learn nothing. JAMES AND EUGENE.'

"At that, the old man became blue in the face, and the air about him took on the same hue. Then he sat down and wired as follows:

"Find the hottest place, and jump in."

A man who had done newspaper work in Kansas and Oklahoma told how news is sometimes made by correspondents there. He said many of the reported uprisings of the Indians were the result of an understanding among correspondents at different points, who, on the same day, would send in rumors of an outbreak. These dispatches, coming from different sources, and always the same kind of news, would convince the papers in the big cities that there was a good basis for the story.

"But the day of the organized Indian fake is over," he added. "It was done too often. The last one was the Seminole uprising in the winter of '97 and '98. Someone shot a drunken Indian, and one of his friends threatened to kill the slayer. With this as a basis, the correspondents sent in columns, but nothing happened, and the Eastern papers got wise."

"Of all the stories that were made—real life incidents, I mean, brought to pass that they might be written about—nothing, to my mind, equals the work of a man who afterward became a managing editor in this town," said another of the group. "The man came to Chicago about World's Fair time, and began as a police reporter. He had knocked about the world considerably. He was born in England, and after various experiences —some say he had once worked as a butler—landed in a Western town, on the bum. He swept out hallways for a chance to sleep in them, and then got a job hustling newspaper subscribers in the suburbs. Where he got an education is a mys-

tery, but when he began reporting on a Chicago paper he had one of a sort—a good, practical one, with no poetry in it—perhaps the best kind for newspaper work.

"He got all the news going on his run, and attracted attention from the first. One night he was sitting in a saloon near the Harrison Street police station. It was a regular dive, where the reporters occasionally wiled away the time. But Morton—I'll call him Morton, because that's so different from his real name—never wasted any time, though he might seem to. He was always thinking up some scheme or other for a hot story, and there was nothing I ever heard of he wouldn't do to get one. On this night there was a negro quartette singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?' and 'My Old Kentucky Home,' and other such sentimental songs, that you'll hear even in the worst of dives.

"When they got through with 'Old Kentucky Home,' a woman, rather worn and jaded-looking, but with traces of beauty and refinement, came out of a wine-room and begged them not to sing it again. 'It will kill me,' she pleaded. 'I can't stand it. Please don't.' Then she went back to the wine-room.

"Morton went over to the quartette leader and handed him half a dollar. 'Let's have some more of "Old Kentucky," ' he said. The song was sung again. As the singers were nearing the end of it the woman came out once more and pleaded with them not to repeat it. Her face showed deep suffering, and she had been crying. 'It's too much

for me to bear,' she said. 'You mustn't sing that again. Sing anything else, but not that.'

"When she returned to the wine-room, Morton gave the leader a dollar. 'A little more of "Old Kentucky,"' he said. 'Make it good and tearful.' Money was an argument stronger than anything else with those black devils, and they started up with the song. They hadn't got through the second stanza when a pistol report was heard from the wine-room. The woman was found there with a bullet in her heart, her stiffening fingers holding a pearl-handled revolver.

"The paper Morton worked on had a fine, pathetic story next morning—an exclusive account of how the singing of 'My Old Kentucky Home' had driven a woman of former beauty and refinement to her death in a den of vice. The woman's sorrowful history had been raked up, and that, along with several stanzas of the song, made a striking tale. Soon after, Morton became city editor, and later went on up to the managing editorship, at more than a hundred a week."

CHAPTER XIII

THE *Tribune* was founded by Joseph Medill, who, in his lifetime, was looked upon by many as a Horace Greeley of the West. He was a friend of Abraham Lincoln (his descendants kept bundles of letters to prove it), and he had once been Mayor of Chicago. After his death the control of the paper passed to a son-in-law, who had once worked on it as a reporter. To us reporters this son-in-law seemed a very fortunate man.

"Patterson was certainly a lucky boy," remarked a member of the staff one day. "I don't see how a reporter, in these days, could even get an introduction to the owner's daughter, much less a chance to marry her."

"If you fellows can arrange such a marriage for me, I'll agree to raise all your salaries," said another.

"I'd raise 'em anyhow, if I were making so much money," put in a third, "because I believe in doing to others as I would be done by."

"Yes, you'd do just about as the present owner did," interjected the cynic of the staff. "He's a minister's son, and the 'Do unto others' doctrine is a Christian one, and see how he lives up to it! I think *Tribune* salaries average less than they do on any other paper in town."

"I suppose they figure here that the privilege of working on the *Trib's* worth about twenty a week in glory, and the money they really give you is plus that," said the first speaker, "and that's why Hearst is getting so many of our men. He can get me any time now, for I've had all the glory I need."

Those of us who worked as space writers, and referred to ourselves as "on the bargain counter," might make eighteen or twenty dollars a week. Often our assignments netted us only half that. Twenty-five dollars was a very good salary on the *Tribune.* The most eminent journalist on the staff, one who had been correspondent in the Spanish and Philippine wars, received but thirty dollars. Even the dramatic critic, whose opinions I used to think must be worth at least one hundred dollars a week, got but thirty. And the profits of the paper were between six hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars a year. The original capitalization of one hundred thousand dollars was never increased, so that the paper's stockholders were receiving more than six hundred per cent. on their investment.

The discussion turned on book reviews.

"I'd like to have a chance at the literary section once," said one. "There wouldn't be any doubt of what I thought of a book if I reviewed it. I realize I don't know much about literature, although I did take a course in it at the University of Michigan. But just listen to this (reading from one of the daily papers):

" 'A pompous but shallow writer like Macaulay

would have dismissed this important subject with a few words, but Mr. Philetus Jones has gone into it deeply.' Think of that! 'A shallow writer like Macaulay!' Why, Macaulay's little finger had more depth of knowledge than the combined literary staffs of all the Chicago papers, which are mainly composed of young women who've never read anything but the magazines, and haven't read many of them. I wish they'd make me literary editor for a few days."

"The paper couldn't afford that," said another. "You get twenty dollars a week—twenty-two, is it? Well, that's about twice what the literary critics are paid here. Besides, if your real opinions were expressed, the paper would probably lose some advertising. Do you think a paper's run to enlighten the public? If so, you'd better go back to college—or to the woods."

In the field of drama the *Tribune* always stood for the highest ideals. But there was an occasional difference of opinion between the dramatic critic and the millionaire owner's wife as to what those ideals were. It was some time after this that Mrs. Patrick Campbell played in Chicago. The *Tribune's* criticism of her acting in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" included the statement that there was nothing to offend a lover of the drama in either plot or dialogue—that the story did not portray the best side of life, but that it was a true picture, and an artistic one, of a most interesting phase of life.

The next day the managing editor received a note from the proprietor's wife. She disapproved.

She thought the play should have been condemned. Her note was sent on to the critic, with a reprimand from the managing editor, who, a few years before, had been a police reporter. And the critic was always careful, after that, in writing of Mrs. Campbell's plays. He had spent years in studying the drama in Europe and America. But he needed his salary of thirty dollars a week.

The *Tribune* believed in using only the purest English, but it had its own rules as to what pure English was. One of these was against the splitting of verbs. If one desired to tell *Tribune* readers that no such thing had ever happened before, he would have to express it thus: "No such thing ever had happened before." But if the word "not" were the negative, the rule had to be broken, as it would not do to use such an expression as "It not has happened before," or "It has happened not before."

No one in the *Tribune* office seemed to care how the great masters of English literature had written anything. Quotations had to conform to rules. The famous prophecy of Macaulay about the Catholic Church concludes thus: "And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." In this there is the adverb "may" between "still" and "exist," and there are seven words between "shall" and "take," which form another verb. But the *Tribune* would have quoted it this way: "And still she may exist in undiminished vigor when

some traveler from New Zealand shall take, in the midst of a vast solitude," and so on.

Another rule barred the word "very" altogether. Nothing to *Tribune* readers was ever "very" this or "very" that. It could be "most," or "quite," or "considerably," or any adjective but "very." This was because the founder of the paper, whose wishes remained laws, though he had been dead for years, had taken a dislike to the word. One day I reported a speech, in which "Hamlet" had been quoted. It contained "very," but as I didn't like to tamper with Shakespeare's work, I left it in, as follows:

"I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in."

But the next day I was warned against using "very" again. And I saw that the paper had improved upon Shakespeare in this wise:

"I am awfully proud, revengeful, ambitious," and so on.

I was told that the *Tribune* had no sense of humor. Reporters were desired to confine themselves to sober statements of fact, and leave the humorous things to be said by the paper's "funny man" on the editorial page. Slang of all kinds was barred, too.

I reported a pure food show, where I heard the following dialogue at a counter where jelly was on display: "This is good jelly. In fact, I think it's bully." "Well, it ought to be—it's made from calves' feet."

I put this into my story. It appeared this way:

"This is good jelly. In fact, I think it's fine."

"Well, it ought to be—it's made from calves' feet."

I asked the city editor why the word "bully" was blue-penciled.

"Because we don't use any slang in this paper," he said.

The *Tribune* had always been regarded as conservative and reliable. Many of the old settlers swore by it. There was a notice on the wall of the reporters' room advising them to study the libel laws, so that damage suits could be avoided. Verbal instructions as to the paper's policy were sometimes added. One of these was: "Never offend any large element. An individual doesn't count, unless he is very important, or represents a great number of people; but be careful of what you say of organized humanity in any field."

Doubtless nearly all of the *Tribune's* readers believed everything that I and my high-salaried associates wrote for it. One story in particular must have seemed to them a stroke of enterprise. The winter before, a lot of homeless men had met in the cheap lodging-house district and discussed ways and means of bettering themselves. Some of the papers, including the *Tribune*, had stories the next day about a tramp convention. To make the thing artistic, the reporters said an association of tramps had been formed, and a date and place set for a national convention. Britt, Iowa, a small town, until then unknown to fame, was stated to be the place, and the middle of the following July the time. As the date approached,

some of the papers sent correspondents to the scene.

The *Tribune* "featured" the story more than any other paper. Its correspondent wrote columns of matter. He described the assembling of the delegates, telling how the smoke was rising from more than one wayside camp-fire, how the residents of that hitherto peaceful and unheard of place were alarmed by the hobo invasion, and how ragged "Weary Walkers," tin cans slung over shoulders, dotted the horizon in many directions. After three days of such descriptions, came the news that the convention had chosen a candidate for President. His name was Admiral Dewey. The reason given for his nomination was that he, of all the presidential possibilities, was the one who had traveled furthest without paying for it.

When the *Tribune's* correspondent came back he was congratulated upon his good work.

"Well, we had plenty of time to think up stuff," he said to the other staff members. "There was absolutely nothing to do there except drink up the booze some of us were so wise as to bring along, and decide what the tramps should have done if there had been any of them there."

"Why did you nominate Dewey?"

"Because all of the political parties had passed him by, and we thought something was coming to him."

CHAPTER XIV

After one month on the *Tribune* I regarded myself as a full-fledged Chicago journalist. I had reported fires and funerals, parades, suicides, murders, trials, mysterious disappearances, weddings of gypsies and of millionaires, meetings of anarchists, of political parties, and of women's clubs, speeches by statesmen, and sermons by preachers of many sects. Yet I at no time received more than twenty dollars for any week's work, however long the "string" of matter I turned in every seventh day. I had expected to make more, at least twice as much as I averaged, in a city like Chicago, and on a paper like the *Tribune*. But the being "connected with" a great newspaper in a metropolis was more compensation to me than anything else. And, of course, I always spoke of my income as being about twice what it really was. That is a way of reporters.

I was sent to "cover" hotels one night when the regular hotel reporter was off duty. On all the registers I saw only one familiar name. It was Erastus Wiman. I couldn't recall where I had seen the name before, or what kind of a celebrity Mr. Wiman was; but nevertheless I sent up a card to his room in the Auditorium. I received word to come up.

Mr. Wiman was a pleasant-faced man, past middle age, and with a business-like air. I cordially grasped his extended hand.

"Well, what do you think of Chicago, Mr. Wiman?" I asked, as a starter.

"Oh, tut, tut, my boy," he replied. "Cut that out. Why, I was in Chicago before you were born. Here, have a cigar, and smoke up. Who do you think I am, anyhow?"

Then I broke down and confessed. "I really don't know," I said. "I simply recognized your name as a prominent one of some kind, and took a chance."

After that we got along pretty well. "Well, I'm planning to start a new mercantile agency," he told me. "What puzzles me, after an examination of conditions in Chicago, is how so many people live here. Why, there aren't enough industries here to support such a population."

"But, Mr. Wiman," I argued, "the people are here, and they're increasing in number, therefore there must be something for them all to live on."

"But there are not enough industries, not enough gainful occupations, I tell you. Such a population simply cannot live on the industries now established."

"Yet they *are* living here," I persisted, "and that's a pretty good evidence of the fact that they are being sustained. And they keep on coming. Now, if they were starving——"

"They cannot exist under present conditions. You cannot support a population on wind. There

is a surplus of hundreds of thousands now, and there is nothing——"

"But, Mr. Wiman, will you explain to me how it is that these people *are* being sustained——"

"That's what I want you to explain. People should be warned away from Chicago. Let the papers take it up——"

Here a telegram was brought in by a bellboy, and I left.

The argument was beyond me, and I wanted to escape. Mr. Wiman was a noted if not a famous man. I was just a reporter. He might have facts in his possession to prove that Chicago was in Mars. From the way he argued (and certainly the opinions of such a man should have weight) I was beginning to think that, after all, two and two might not make four. I returned to the office and reported the conversation.

"Have you been hitting the pipe?" I was asked. "Mr. Wiman wouldn't make such statements as that. But never mind writing anything about him. He's just about a dead one, anyhow."

This remark, meant to apply to Mr. Wiman's public career, was oddly prophetic of the end of his life. In a few months he was dead.

One of my assignments was to interview a score of residents near Lincoln Park about the poor management of that pleasure ground. I was told that conditions were to be represented as very bad. The *Tribune* didn't like the Park Commissioners the Governor had appointed—or, rather, it didn't like the Governor. I was told in the office one day that the paper's chief owner wanted

to go to the United States Senate, but that the Governor was at the head of a wicked political machine which preferred other candidates. I was to get only unfavorable interviews in this case, to show that these politicians were letting a great public park go to ruin.

I called at forty houses, and got eight of the kind of interviews I wanted. I didn't use the others. The unfavorable interviews were from men and women whose children hadn't been allowed to pick flowers or scatter papers in the park, or whose dogs were not permitted to run loose there. They told of a frightful state of affairs. Ragged and fierce-looking men often sat on the benches, and by their very appearance scared little children who passed. Such men were sometimes known to sleep all night on these benches (having nowhere else to go). Therefore, people in that vicinity feared for their lives. They dared not go out of doors unarmed after sunset, lest hordes of such men attack them. To be sure, no such thing had yet happened, although a little girl had run, screaming, to her mother, when a bad man had ventured to ask her where she lived, with the intention, no doubt, of breaking into her father's house that night.

The park seemed to me to be pretty well kept, but these complaining persons were sure the flower-beds were in poor shape, that the trees needed pruning, and that the grass should be mowed oftener. So I wrote a column of complaints from prominent citizens. (Citizens who say what a newspaper wants them to say are always promi-

nent.) Of course, I told nothing of the real grievances of these persons. That would have made the story less artistic—or spoiled it all.

I had now got to the point where I regarded myself as a fixture on the *Tribune.* I received good assignments regularly, and was admitted into full communion with the other staff members. When they referred to the big stories they had written in the paper I was allowed to call attention to my own great achievements. More than once I had "led the paper"—that is, my story had been given the greatest prominence. I became over-confident.

One rainy night I was sent to interview a well-known citizen upon some subject close to the heart of the *Tribune's* owners. I met a reporter from the *Times-Herald,* on the same assignment. The night was cold as well as rainy. Neither of us had umbrellas or raincoats. We discussed the matter in a pleasant and cosy resort, over two glasses. After those two glasses we were minded to have two more, and, after those, two more.

"It's pretty cold and disagreeable for a trip 'way over on the West Side," remarked the *Times-Herald* man. "Let's fix up a throw-down of this assignment."

"It's rather nice here," I said. "That man is probably out of town, anyhow."

"No, I've got a better idea than that. We went out there, you know, and tried to get him to talk, but everyone in the house had retired. It was nearly ten when we left the office, anyhow. Well, we rang the bell, and pounded on the door, till a man stuck his head out of an upstairs window and

yelled: 'Get off my porch, ——— you, or I'll fill your ——— carcass full of lead!' Then, of course, we came away."

I agreed. After a pleasant hour, we went back to our offices. I related my experience with great fluency, but the city editor looked at me coldly.

"It's very strange," he said, "that such a man would talk like that. Why, he's a retired Episcopal minister."

Then he called up the man by telephone, and got an interview. And I went home, jobless.

The next day, as I stood in front of the *Tribune* office, wondering if I would ever get another job, and hating the *Times-Herald* man who was the cause of my discharge, the latter approached. I was about to turn away, when he slapped me on the back.

"How's everything, old man?" he cried, cheerily.

I told him.

"That's too bad," he said. "I was lucky. They didn't know in our shop that the old man was once a sky-pilot. But brace up, old fellow. Come and have something. (I thought I might as well.) Now, I'll tell you, it's no disgrace to be fired from the *Tribune*. Why, you have to be fired from the *Trib* once or twice before you're considered a good newspaper man, in Chicago. It's a great and rich newspaper, but it's mostly a training-school. They don't have to hire many good men there, because the people of this town will read the sheet anyhow. It's a sign a man is worth more money than he's getting when the *Trib* lets him out, because they'd

rather fire him than boost his salary. The chief owner is building a residence in Washington, you know, and taking foreign trips, and he needs the money worse than his reporters do."

This was comforting. It was just what I wanted to believe. We "had something" more, and the world was not so bad a place, after all. After a third glass I felt actually glad that I was off the *Tribune*. I was even grateful to the *Times-Herald* man. I felt that I was really a better journalist than I had thought.

As we separated I had an inspiration for a story that would get me a place on another paper. The Boxer troubles in China were at their height. The last accounts from Pekin were that the foreign legations were being besieged. No one knew their fate. One report was that the Russian ambassador had been boiled in oil. I remember that Hearst's Chicago *American* had pictures showing how the British ambassador had been dragged through the streets before meeting a horrible death. It later developed that none of the ministers had even been tapped on the left wrist. But the rumors made good reading for a while.

My idea was this: The Chinese people seemed determined to kill or drive out of their country all white people. There was, or should be, a growing hatred of Chinese in other countries, particularly in the United States, whence came the missionaries that started the trouble. This hatred should, and, I decided, must (at least on paper) find expression first in Chicago, the scene of so many kinds of disorder. I would go to Chinatown,

think up a story along this line, and offer it to some newspaper.

Chicago's Chinatown is in South Clark Street, and vicinity, just outside the elevated railway "loop," within which is the principal business district. I hurried to Chinatown. Tea and grocery shops, laundries, and opium and gambling dens line this thoroughfare and the side streets for several blocks. Second-hand stores, pawn shops, and cheap amusement halls, conducted by white persons, are sandwiched in among them. There is an occasional mission house, where the Chinese go to learn the English language, and, if they have lost all their money by gambling, to get food and clothes.

On many of the second floors are Chinese restaurants, some richly furnished with costly tables, chairs, and settees, inlaid with ivory and marble, and having gilded walls and ceilings and luxurious hangings and decorations. These places are mainly patronized by white people, and keep open till long after midnight. The wealthy owners of two of them had white wives. These women, with their cream-colored offspring, were often to be seen about.

"Many a good fake has been written out of Chinatown," a reportorial friend told me one day. "One of the last was about white girls held in slavery by the Chinks. That was good for columns. It was finally proved that none of the girls or women had to stay there if they didn't want to. About half a dozen are married, and a dozen or so more live with the yellow boys without being

married to them. But it's their own affair. They don't have to stay there unless they wish. The papers knew all this to start with, but began a police investigation to make news, and they got a lot of good, hot stories for a while."

I was told that the main joss house, or religious temple, was in a Clark Street cellar. It was about this place that I intended to write my story. I got acquainted with the policeman on that beat. Through him I met his sergeant.

"Now, Sergeant," I said, "I understand that the Chinese down here are afraid the Americans are so sore over what's happening in China that they want to take it out of them. I hear that the Chinese think their joss house will be attacked first. I hear that they are so afraid of this that they've taken their big joss and their other idols out and buried them somewhere near Chicago. I hear that you and this patrolman saw them do it. Anyhow, it won't hurt to say that you two officers stood near while it was going on, to see that there was no trouble, would it? It would be a good ad. for you."

"I *do* believe that was what was going on this mornin'," said the sergeant, catching the spirit of my remarks. "Will the story be a big one?"

"Sure! And you'll be the hero of it."

I then asked to be taken to the temple, so that I could describe it. The sergeant's star, displayed to the high priest in charge, was enough to admit us. I saw the hideous idols and the other articles of worship. Then I hurried to the *Chronicle* office.

"I've got a hot exclusive story," I said to the

city editor, and then related it. "If you want to verify it, call up the police sergeant on that beat," I added.

I was told to take a typewriter in the reporters' room and "pound it out." I heard the city editor's assistant call up the sergeant by telephone and talk with him, and then remark to his chief: "I guess that story's all right."

The next day the story appeared under a big head, on the first page, and I became a member of the *Chronicle's* staff. I rejoiced, for I was still a Chicago journalist!

CHAPTER XV

On my second day with the *Chronicle* I heard a rumor that the Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern railroads were about to consolidate. I told the city editor.

"Don't write anything about it unless I tell you to, later," he said. "I'll have to see whether such a story would hurt the business interests of the owners of the paper."

This was direct and unmistakable. Thus far in my career I had not infrequently been told that an item should be written a certain way, or not written at all, "to please the owner." But to receive such a reason in so blunt a manner was something new.

I got used to it before I had been on the *Chronicle* many days. I learned that the newspaper was only one of a great number of things in which its chief owner, John R. Walsh, was interested. He had begun his business career as a peanut vender. Now he conducted, or helped to conduct, two banks, a railroad, a dredging company, stone quarries, street railway and gas corporations, a baseball club, and many other unjournalistic things. I saw a list of sixteen corporations on the desk of the city editor. These were all Mr. Walsh's corporations. Every editor and sub-editor had been pro-

vided with the list. It was to remind them of the interests about which nothing unfavorable was ever to appear in the *Chronicle.*

At this time the Chicago Baseball Club of the National League was not making a good showing. This was said to be because some of the best players had been sold. Large crowds attended the games, whether or not the club's percentage was high, since Chicago was baseball hungry. Thus it was more profitable to the owners to hire cheap players. Newspapers began to refer to the team as "Remnants." In a news item I was assigned to write about another matter I had reason to mention the club, and I called them "Remnants."

The next day I noticed that the word had been cut out. The city editor, in giving me an assignment, said: "I saved your neck last night. Mr. Walsh has no sense of humor. He doesn't think it's funny to call his baseball players 'Remnants.' He has too much stock in the company that owns the club. You would have been discharged if that word had got into the paper."

A few days later I was assigned to "roast" the contractors who were building the new post office. "Go over and take a look at the walls," said the city editor. "I understand the stone is in bad condition. They say it's scaling off, and has little holes and other defects in it. Anyhow, Mr. Walsh thinks it has, and his opinion is pretty good —in this office."

I went to the post office building. It occupied an entire square. I walked all around it. The stone, so far as I could judge, was as good as any

I had ever seen. I went back to the office, and said so.

"Your eyesight is evidently not good," the city editor told me. "Imagine how the stone would look if you used a microscope. You'd see lots of little holes and crevices—hills and valleys, in fact, like a telescope shows on the surface of the moon. The stone must really be in bad condition, or Mr. Walsh wouldn't want this story written. He's an expert, you know. He owns quarries himself, and could have furnished much better stone than is being used. But the contractors passed him by."

Then the city editor smiled, and closed one eye for a second.

And I wrote the kind of story that was wanted —a column of it. Pictures of poor-looking stone were used with it. I didn't recognize the stone in the pictures, and I didn't like to write the story; but I wanted to continue to be a Chicago journalist, and I hoped for better things.

I found reporting for the *Chronicle* easier than it had been for the *Tribune*. The chief aim in the *Chronicle* office, beyond protecting Mr. Walsh's business interests, was to get enough matter for the many columns of space that had to be filled each day. The paper didn't have a great deal of advertising, because it didn't have a great circulation. The main reason that its circulation was not so large as it might have been was that, although Democratic, it had bolted the nomination of Bryan in 1896, and fought its own party at every succeeding city election.

"Walsh doesn't care much whether the *Chroni-*

cle makes money or not," I heard someone in the office say. "He's worth from fifteen to twenty-five millions. What he wants, principally, is to protect the many corporation irons he's got in the fire. And he'd keep the paper for that, if it lost a hundred thousand or so a year. It prevents other papers from jumping on him very hard, because, with a big newspaper at his command, he can get back at them."

I never saw Mr. Walsh in the Chronicle Building. He spent most of his time in his banker's offices. But he often used the telephone, and he always talked to the point. I heard this order repeated one day: "Hello! This is Walsh. I wouldn't print a good deal about that jury-bribing case to-morrow that the evening papers publish to-day. I don't think there's much to it, anyhow."

For a few minutes one evening I thought Mr. Walsh must be very well liked in the *Chronicle* office. We were all writing away to fill an unusually large amount of space, when one of the staff got up and said: "Let's all join in giving three hearty cheers for John R. Walsh."

Everyone else rose, and the air was filled with sound, but it wasn't gladsome sound. It was the most doleful groaning. It was repeated three times. All joined in this, except one, and he imitated the barking of a dog. Three similar cheers and a "tiger" were then given for the *Chronicle* and its policy. Appreciation of Mr. Walsh and his methods was often shown in the same way by his journalistic aids.

At this time the Grand Army of the Republic was holding a reunion in Chicago. On the bulletin-board in the reporters' room this notice was posted:

"Some reporters persist, in writing about the G. A. R. encampment, in referring to members of the organization as 'old veterans' or 'old vets.' Those who do not know that the word 'veteran' itself means 'old,' and that 'vets,' or any such abbreviation, is barred from the *Chronicle*, had better resign and go to school."

I was assigned to write "feature stories" about the encampment. A feature story is a tale that generally has more fancy than fact to it. But there is supposed to be a slight basis of fact in every case. Of course, a city editor will always tell a reporter that he won't have any faking. Thus, if the paper gets into trouble through exaggeration, it isn't the editor's fault. But every editor knows that no one can write good feature stories without a little artistic exaggeration.

There was no trouble about anything I wrote that week. My stories were the harmless kind. I had learned how. I told about veterans, who had been separated ever since the Civil War, meeting, and falling into one another's arms with cries of joy. I related how one grizzled warrior (they are always "grizzled" in such stories) leaped out of a rapidly moving carriage, at the risk of his life, to grip the hand of a comrade he had left for dead on the field at Chickamauga. I had another venerable wearer of the blue (they are always "venerable," too) knocking down a confidence man, and being cheered by enthusiastic crowds.

Such tales I wrote by the yard, and so did the reporters for the other papers. Sometimes we would do enough walking to take us to the G. A. R. headquarters, to learn of a genuine incident or two, as a starter. Then we would assemble in some nice place, where cooling beverages were to be had, and think up other stories.

"The *Chronicle* is supposed to be a conservative sheet," one of my associates on the paper told me, "but it'll stand for all the pipe-dreams you can write, so long as they're artistic and don't hurt Walsh's interests."

Toward the end of this week I was sent to interview General Jo Wheeler. He lived at the Auditorium Hotel while he was Commander of the Department of the Lakes. The G. A. R. convention had passed resolutions against the way history was being taught in Southern schools. The opinion of General Wheeler, as a prominent ex-Confederate veteran, was wanted.

When the General opened the door of his apartment I saw a small, pleasant-faced old man, with smiling eyes and a neat gray beard. He had on his nightshirt, the tails of which he had tucked into the trousers that he had hastily slipped on. His feet showed bare above the edges of his slippers. He invited me in and opened a bottle of wine.

My heart warmed to him at once, and it wasn't from the wine, either, for I drank little of it. He talked about many things, but never of himself, unless I asked him to, and then modestly. "We mustn't talk loudly, for my daughter's asleep in the next room," he said at the beginning.

"About these resolutions," he went on. "Of course, from their viewpoint, the G. A. R. have some reasons to protest, but the South is the South, and you can't make it the North. The principal difference between Northern and Southern school histories, after all, is in the name of battles. For instance, the Northerners refer to the battle of Chattanooga, because that's where they made their stand and won. The Confederates tell of it as the battle of Chickamauga, for that is where they made their stand after driving the Union troops off that field. For the same reason, the North speaks of Bull Run and the South of Manassas. And the engagement we call the battle of Shiloh you term the Pittsburg Landing fight. We don't call it that, because we didn't get there at all."

"I was once a soldier—for a few moments," I remarked after a time, "but I didn't see any fighting."

"Well, it wasn't your fault," he replied, kindly. "And as it was, you probably saw as much as the ancestors of many members of these societies of descendants of Revolutionary War veterans. Why, I don't believe half of those people are descended from real warriors—the kind that actually smelled powder."

I had heard that General Wheeler had taken part in a total of about one thousand engagements in the Civil, Spanish, and Philippine wars, without being wounded. I asked him if this were true.

"Well—yes—including skirmishes," he said, modestly, and then he began to talk of something else.

When I returned to the office the night editor yelled at me: "Hurry up that Wheeler interview, and cut it short, unless he ripped the G. A. R. to pieces."

So I "cut it short," but it will always have a large place in my memory.

After one month on the *Chronicle* I heard that fifteen men had been discharged from the Chicago *American*. It was one of that paper's regular "shake-ups." I was told bigger salaries were being paid on Mr. Hearst's newspaper than on any other, and that experienced Chicago reporters were in demand. I had long desired to work on a Hearst paper. I applied, and was engaged at five dollars a week more than the *Chronicle* had paid me. I would have worked for less.

At last I was to be the kind of journalist I had dreamed of being. I was to enlighten and uplift humanity. Unequaled newspaper enterprise, combined with a far-reaching philanthropy, was to reform Chicago as it was reforming New York and San Francisco, and, indirectly, the whole United States. The printing press, too often used for selfish ends, had become a mighty engine for good in the world, and I was to be a part of the directing force.

Proudly I was to march under the banner of William R. Hearst, helping to guide civilization's forward strides. The banner was a yellow one, to be sure, but yellow probably only the better to attract that part of humanity which otherwise might remain indifferent to Mr. Hearst's princi-

ples. Glaring headlines of various hues, and an occasional scandal could easily be excused, I thought, if they hastened the millennium.

I had never seen Mr. Hearst, but I had admired him from afar for years. I think he was discussed in every newspaper office in the country. I had yet to mingle with a number of reporters anywhere that his name didn't come up for discussion, if the conversation lasted as long as ten minutes; and each one had treasured some anecdote of his enterprise and disregard of expense. Some, it is true, seemed a bit cynical about his motives, but all admired him in some way or other.

And now all Chicago was talking about him. Hearst street parades were held daily for a while. In these parades were floats showing lithographs of well-known persons who wrote for his newspaper, and there was a long line of newly-painted wagons, used in distributing the paper to waiting multitudes. The billboards, and even the trash cans at street corners, were covered with his advertisements. The American eagle, symbol of his doctrines, was pictured in these posters, screaming for glory. The name of Hearst was never left out. It was always "Hearst's Chicago *American*," not "The Chicago *American*."

There were discussions in newspaper offices, in the street, in cafés and saloons, at labor union meetings, and in exclusive clubs, of Mr. Hearst and his millions, and his mission. "And he doesn't care for money," many would say. "He just throws it about. He's always helping the poor and

the unfortunate, and he hires the best people to work for him, regardless of expense."

His personality was fantastic, mysterious, contradictory: A multimillionaire, yet nearly a socialist; born rich, almost beyond the dreams of avarice, even in America, he was devoting his life and wealth to aiding the poor and downtrodden; he was not of the people, nor known by the people, but still his money and his three big newspapers were used to battle for their rights. Was he married? It was rumored that he had been, in San Francisco, although this was denied by others. There were whispers of his fondness for chorus girls in New York. Among us reporters this was simply a mark of genius. Many church people would look askance and shake their heads at the mention of such a thing. But some, even in those circles, declared the rumors inspired by the malice of enemies. In all classes he found defenders. "Well, suppose it's true," argued one admirer. "Let a man who labors unselfishly for the people's welfare have *some* diversions."

Mr. Hearst was not thought to have any political ambitions, although his father had been a Senator from California. There had not been the slightest hint that he himself desired office. He was president of the National League of Democratic Clubs. He contributed big sums to the League, but merely to advance the cause of his party. For a certain period every contribution from anyone else was matched by a like gift from Mr. Hearst. The total was some thousands of dollars. His motives in this were as high as in his

donations to the Galveston flood sufferers, or to any other public charity. Of course, his newspapers gave much space to accounts of his liberality, and the funds he contributed to were always "Hearst funds," no matter how much others gave to them; but he was entitled to credit, even though his modesty were not as great as his generosity.

So far as I was able to judge, Mr. Hearst combined in himself the qualities of a Young Lochinvar come out of the West to battle for the common people, a journalistic Jefferson who scorned public office, a George W. Childs who used red ink in headlines, and a Crœsus to whom gold was dross, unless employed to aid humanity.

Mr. Hearst was my ideal—or, rather, he was nearer to it than anyone else. I had been somewhat disappointed in proprietary journalists thus far in my career. At close range they had not appeared just what I had hoped for. But surely Mr. Hearst was different. Others might conduct newspapers to make money or get into office, but Mr. Hearst was an editor because he loved humanity.

There was this difference between Mr. Hearst and myself: I loved journalism for its own sake, and incidentally wished to aid mankind. He cared for journalism mainly as a means of bettering humanity. Besides, Mr. Hearst was a multimillionaire, and owned newspapers. I owned no paper, and often had no more than thirty cents at a time. Therefore, I was going to work for Mr. Hearst, instead of his working for me.

My ideals so well harmonized with those of Mr.

Hearst that I felt sure I would soon achieve great things along the lines of his program. Perhaps I should be sent into many parts of the world on missions of vast importance. (One of Mr. Hearst's commissioners, the year before, had gone to Manila, and offered Admiral Dewey the Democratic nomination for President. Strangely enough, Dewey declined, although later he had expressed a desire for the honor.) I might be dispatched to foreign climes to rescue damsels from prison, in the manner of knights of olden times, as one of Mr. Hearst's representatives had done in Cuba; or I might be chosen to incite nations to war in humanity's cause, or to direct the affairs of state as a correspondent in Washington, or to aid in settling European crises in foreign capitals.

In my three months of journalistic work in Chicago I had almost lost sight of the fact that I had a heaven-born message. Now, probably, was approaching the time for its deliverance, and the great and free and untrammeled newspaper of Mr. Hearst would be the medium. I was still uncertain as to just what the message was. I felt, though, that I was to set forth some new and wonderful truth of world-wide importance, in a manner to make the nations of the earth sit up and take notice—to cause the heart of humanity to throb and thrill, from Greenland to the Ganges—a message in words that would enthuse and enthrall, gleam and glitter, dazzle and delight.

CHAPTER XVI

Among reporters in Chicago the *American* office was commonly referred to as "the madhouse." In its editorial department, noise and confusion ruled. On the second floor, in one high-ceilinged room, about forty feet wide and sixty long, more than half a hundred persons were often working at a time. There were editors, reporters, copy readers, telegraph operators, artists, and office boys. Three young women were members of the staff. One was society editor, the others were reporters. Mingled with the clatter of telegraph instruments and typewriters, and the sounds of hurrying feet, were voices talking, shouting, sometimes cursing.

"It's a continuous performance over at the *American,*" I had been told, and so I found it. Editions were published about every hour of the day, and often there were "extras" as late as midnight, or later. The *American* was the only Chicago paper with regular morning, evening, and Sunday editions. It was also the only evening paper that printed a four o'clock edition at noon, and a five o'clock edition at one p.m.

I had been engaged for the evening paper. The first cool breezes of autumn had begun to blow, when, with tingling veins, I hurried to the office

on a Monday morning, full of hope, and resolved to do or die. I sat about during the whole day, and wasn't noticed by the city editor. I passed the time trying to read, and in talking with other reporters.

The next morning I walked up to the city editor's desk. "I thought I'd inquire what you want me to do," I said.

He was a small man, with squinting eyes and a nasal voice. He looked at me blankly for a few seconds. Then he recognized me.

"That's right—I believe I did hire you," he replied. (I afterward heard that another reporter had sat in the office three days before being put to work.) "Well, go out and see what you can get on this story."

He handed me a bulletin sent in by the City Press bureau about the sinking of a tugboat. The bulletin said the vessel, which was old and defective, had gone down near the lake shore. The crew of four men had swum ashore.

I went out and worked feverishly to get further facts. I talked with the tugboat's owner, and with all of the crew, but there was nothing else to be learned, except the history of the boat, and that wasn't interesting. So I returned to the office and wrote a careful report.

I didn't recognize my story, at first, in that evening's paper, it had so many features undreamed of by me. I was told that one of the "prize dope-slingers" in the office had rewritten it. The rescue of a cat, the boat's mascot, at the risk of all the sailors' lives, was described with much con-

vincing detail. This made me feel small. I had thought I possessed a pretty fair imagination, but I realized that I had much to learn if I were to succeed in yellow journalism.

The average number of reporters on the evening *American* was about twenty. Changes in the staff took place so often that it was hard to keep track of them all. Not a fortnight passed that two or three to half a dozen were not discharged, and as many more hired, "just to keep things moving." Whence they all came, and where they went, was a mystery. New blood was always in demand, I was told. It was feared that the staff would get into a rut unless it were "shaken up" occasionally. Only a few were kept permanently. I intended to be one of the few.

Often there were six or seven or more reporters seated about, doing nothing, for hours at a time. The city editor seemed not to know half of these men by sight. He would look toward the desks where they were lounging, and call the first one his eye lighted upon.

One day there was a fire a few blocks from the office. The city editor called out: "All you fellows not doing anything go over to that fire!"

Fifteen of us went. There were more *American* reporters than firemen and spectators combined, for a while.

At times, in those days, I used to wonder if, possibly, there was not a surplus of geniuses in the world. There were certainly a lot of us about the *American* office, on occasions, with nothing to do, except draw salaries from Mr. Hearst.

A man fell in the Chicago River and was drowned. The City Press bureau sent in a bulletin giving all the facts. The man was of no prominence, and such accidents were common. After the bulletin, an *American* police reporter came in and wrote the story. Then another reporter, who happened to be in the vicinity, telephoned it in. Another, who had been "covering" the news of the water-front, heard of it from some rivermen, and he came in and wrote it up. Then a friend of still another member of the staff telephoned him the particulars, and he turned in the item, too.

The city editor that night made up a list of half a dozen names for discharge. "We must have too many reporters," he said. "These fellows have no imagination, anyhow." But the next week he hired a dozen more. The ones discharged were those who had written about the drowning. Their accounts were merely statements of fact, with no touches of fancy. "We want *stories,* and not merely facts," I had heard my new chief say.

Mere learning counted for little. One man who knew five languages, and had been connected with London newspapers, was hired at fifty dollars a week to do feature writing. He wrote in an elegant style, and always got all the facts. But at the end of three weeks he was discharged. "He had no imagination," said the city editor.

A reporter named Hamlin was spoken of as "a hot writer." He pleased the powers. I heard him referred to thus: "Now there's Hamlin—he can turn out the stuff for you. He sits down at a

typewriter, and just works his fingers, and dreams. He slings the right kind of dope."

It was Hamlin, I afterward learned, who had rewritten my tugboat story. I resolved not to be outdone by him again.

One afternoon I was given a clipping from another evening paper, and told to get a big story on the subject. The item was brief. It told of the conviction of a man in a police court on a vagrancy charge. The man, it stated, had proudly told the court that he was the king of tramps, and had never worked.

"Take an artist along, and have him make sketches of the man in various attitudes while he's talking," said the city editor. "Let us have a good feature on this."

We went to the Bridewell. The superintendent, about whom I had written something favorable for another paper, was most pleasant. He went with us into the high-walled court, across which the inmates were marched from their cells to the eating-hall. He jerked out of line the man we wanted, and stood him up against the wall. He saw some dirt on the man's ear. He seized him by that member and twisted it until the man yelled from pain.

"Why didn't you wash that ear clean?" demanded the superintendent, wrenching it again.

After another yell of pain, the man replied, in broken English, that the soap had given out. He was then shaken till his teeth chattered, called a liar, and pushed up against the wall. Then the superintendent let him alone while I talked to him.

He was a woebegone specimen. His eyes were dim and watery, his beard straggly, and he was pale, emaciated, hungry-looking, weak-kneed, and ragged. I asked him if he was the king of tramps. He said he was not a tramp at all. He had been a tailor in Indianapolis. Through poor health he had lost his job. He had walked to Chicago, seeking work. Then he had been arrested for vagrancy. That was all there was to his story. His hands showed evidence of toil.

On the way back to the *American* office the artist said he had made sketches of another of the inmates who had looked more like a tramp king. "Of course we've got to have a story about the king of tramps," I remarked. "Sure," said the artist. "When you're sent out to get a story for a Hearst newspaper you must get it. That's all there is to it. I was on the New York *Journal* long enough to know that."

And the next morning the *American* had a two-column story of the kind that I had been told to get. It was illustrated by half a dozen sketches. It told how the man in the Bridewell was the boss of vagrants from Maine's rocky coast to California's sunlit strand, and from Michigan's pine forests to Florida's everglades. He had dominated the tramp convention at Britt, Iowa, a few months previously, when Admiral Dewey was named for President. (This was as true as anything else ever written about that convention.) He had been born tired, so the story read, and he defied any man in the world to show a record of less work performed

in a lifetime. The story was a good one, full of "features."

I was determined to succeed in yellow journalism.

CHAPTER XVII

In one corner of the immense room that served for the editorial department of the *American,* was the office of the managing editor. It was called the "throne room."

The managing editor was often on view. He had been connected with Mr. Hearst's first newspaper in San Francisco. Then he was taken to New York to help establish the *Journal.* Now he was chief instructor in Hearstism for the new *American* staff. There was a tradition that almost the entire staff of each Hearst newspaper was changed every time the tide came in. But no changes ever affected this managing editor. He was always in command. "He helped elect Hearst's father to the United States Senate from California, and he knows too much," I was told. "And he has a nerve that never was surpassed anywhere. He turns every knock into a boost. It is absolutely impossible to turn him down."

He had a chin like the prow of a battering-ram. It was whispered that he believed he looked like Napoleon. Often I saw him standing, as though in deep meditation, looking over the great room filled with the geniuses he commanded. His pose was like that of Napoleon in the famous picture that shows him on the deck of the "Bellerophon," bound for St. Helena.

Once the plans of this managing editor miscarried. He had decided upon a first-page "spread" about the traffic in corpses at the county hospital. Nothing of the sort had been known to take place there. But that was no reason why it shouldn't. The managing editor sent a man to the hospital to buy a corpse. He set artists to work sketching scenes showing men carting bodies from the building. He got photographs of the officials, to be used with the exposure.

Negotiations were opened with employees of the hospital. On a certain night the *American's* agent, with a pocketful of Mr. Hearst's money, hired a wagon and went after the corpse. The pictures were all ready. Red ink had been put on the rollers of the presses. Chicago was to wake the following morning to a great sensation.

But someone blundered. The *American's* man was arrested as he entered the hospital, and was put in jail. The officials had told the police of the whole affair.

The *American* didn't publish any story of corpse-buying the next morning. The other papers did. The *American's* editors were busy putting up Mr. Hearst's money to get the intending corpse buyer out of jail on bond. After the case had been settled the man was discharged.

As the managing editor stood in one end of the editorial department, late one afternoon, admired and envied by many, I heard a reporter remark: "Wonder what he's thinking about?"

"Probably picking out a bunch of us to fire next Saturday," said another.

I thought it more probable that he was planning some great scoop, and it developed that I was right. After a time he walked over to the city editor's desk and said a few words in a low tone. Then he returned to the "throne room." The city editor beckoned to me. My heart leaped in anticipation. Doubtless I was chosen to carry out the plans of the commanding genius.

"The managing editor wants you to go out on this story about the arrest of a crank for threatening the life of John W. Gates," he said. "Maybe there's a good hot scandal in it. See if there isn't a petticoat mixed up somewhere. Go out to Gates' house and talk to him."

At Mr. Gates' home I was told that I couldn't see him, but his son met me in the parlor. He handed me a cigar, and talked freely about the case. Then I went to the jail and saw the man who had been arrested. He wept as he said the need of money had made him desperate. He ended by declaring he was sorry he had caused Mr. Gates trouble, as the financier had been his best friend. There was no woman in the case. A few days later the man, who was simply a broken-down speculator, was released.

I hated to disappoint the managing editor. So I wrote as sensational an account as I dared. I told of the terror the man had caused in steel trust headquarters and elsewhere. The fact that he was a harmless, weak-minded person, I touched upon lightly. My story was the most thrilling, and fullest of detail, of any published.

But the next day the city editor remarked: "The

old man was not well satisfied with that Gates story. I suppose it was the best you could do, though. See if you can get anything for to-day's paper about Daisy Leiter's return from India."

None of the Leiters were in the city, except the head of the family, Levi Z. Leiter. I heard that their richly furnished North Side home was seldom occupied after Miss Mary Leiter married Lord Curzon. The family spent most of their time in Washington, and in traveling abroad. I heard that they were patrons of art. Mrs. Leiter hadn't devoted much time in former years to such things, but was now making up for this neglect. I heard that she had gone to an artist's studio and ordered an "expensive hand-painted picture." At another time a sculptor was commissioned to make "a bust of her hand."

I found Mr. Leiter in his downtown office. My first impression of him was a bunch of white whiskers, which stuck out like porcupine quills. But he was not so fierce as his whiskers. He was pleasant—much more so than his clerk. I have often found that clerks of famous men are more important than their employers.

Mr. Leiter said he didn't know when his daughter would return. He added that he thought it of little interest to the public, anyhow. When I repeated this to the city editor, he said: "I guess he's sore over the Sunday story, with pictures, we had about Daisy Leiter's pig-sticking in India. I suppose there wasn't much to it, for it was based on a three-line cable dispatch. Well, write half a column about how Chicago society is on the

qui vive for the return of Miss Daisy, who has been to visit her sister, the Vicereine of India, formerly Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago, etc. Anything at all about the family is good stuff since the old man roped in Lord Curzon for a son-in-law."

"But I've heard there's no such title as Vicereine of India. The Viceroy's wife has no title, except Lady Curzon."

"That makes no difference. Vicereine sounds fine, and the people over here think it's O.K., so go ahead and use it."

"Bath-house John" Coughlin represented the First Ward in the City Council. He was the most notorious Alderman in the world. He had been known to wear evening dress clothes of green. He fathered absurd and impossible ordinances, for the sake of being written and talked about. He also voted for all franchise grabs—for other reasons. He posed as the author of a sentimental ballad called "Dear Midnight of Love." What the title, or the verses themselves, meant, no one ever knew.

The Alderman had been known as "Bath-house" from the time he had worked as a rubber in a Turkish bath establishment years before. He had saved money and bought a controlling interest in the business. Then he got into politics, and was elected to represent the richest single ward in the world. It was the ward in which all the skyscrapers and the most important business houses were located.

"Bath-house John" was nearly always good for a newspaper story. He seldom objected to any-

thing that was printed about him. Notoriety passed for fame among his supporters, who were mainly dwellers in cheap lodging-houses, and the oftener his name and picture were published, the better he liked it.

After "Dear Midnight of Love" was sung upon the vaudeville stage, it was rumored that Coughlin intended to write a book of poems. I was sent to see him about it. He kindly but firmly declined to give out anything until the book was ready. He wouldn't let me see even a line of the verse.

"Who's writing—I mean who's printing them for you?" I asked.

"Now, my fr'en', I simply ain't goin' to tell you about it," replied the statesman-author. "There's nothin' to it for you but to wait."

I reported at the office that I couldn't get the Coughlin verses that day, but I said I would have them the next; and that night I labored for several hours in my room, making verses to fit the name and fame of "Bath-house John." And the next day the *American* published a column of "extracts from the forthcoming book of poems by the Hon. John Coughlin, alderman and author."

There were pictures of him, in several poses, all showing his head adorned with laurel wreaths. A parody of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat led the lot. The first stanza was about like this:

"Come one, come all, and help us get our rights—
We aldermen who should be ranked as knights;
It has been said we're rank enough as 'tis,
But we who merit much should scale more heights."

I also imitated several other poets, and laid it to the Alderman.

At first, I feared to meet him again. But another newspaper man, who knew him better than I, said: "If he finds out that you wrote those verses, you'll wear diamonds."

When I did see the Alderman he shook hands cordially, and talked about politics, the weather, and many other things, and praised the *American* highly, but he didn't mention the poetry. We parted good friends.

I had little political reporting to do those days. I wasn't close enough to "the throne" for that. But one evening, near the close of the campaign, I was assigned to follow William J. Bryan about. He had visited the *American* office one afternoon, several weeks before. He went through the several departments, and was received with much hand-clapping. That evening the *American* contained a statement from him in which he "rejoiced that so great a newspaper had been established to battle for the people's rights."

During the night I followed him he made more than ten speeches, in halls widely separated, and to people of many races and creeds. The weather was cool, but he worked so hard that perspiration dripped from his face and hands. He had taken extra clothes along in his carriage, and he made several changes before the tour was ended.

What chiefly impressed me that night was Bryan's aging face and his bald head. He looked ten years older than when I had first seen him, four years earlier. Lines were forming about his eyes

and mouth, and he had less than half as much hair. I stood in an upper window of the public library and looked down upon him as he talked to a multitude that filled Michigan Avenue.

"What would you give to have your hair back, Mr. Bryan?" I thought, as the arc-lights, just then turned on, glistened upon the polished surface of his head. "I wonder if you would give your chances for the Presidency. Your hair was once black and thick and curling, and you were trim and well formed of figure. You might almost have been called the Apollo of politics. But now youth is slipping away from you. Women are fewer among your admirers than they used to be. No fair ones, nowadays, clasp their hands and look longingly at your thick-set, heavy body and your shining pate. You no longer suggest the brave and handsome knight of whom every woman has sometime dreamed. It might have been better for you if death had snatched you away at the height of your greatest triumph. When you sang your siren song of silver, and lured the good ship Democracy upon the Hell-gate of free silver, you were, to millions, a conquering hero, a St. George slaying a dragon. Then, if you had died, you would have lived in the hearts of those millions as a great and heroic, even god-like figure. Now you are just a defeated politician, growing old and bald, and leading a forlorn hope."

But I went back to the office and wrote the most glowing accounts of the Bryan meetings, the Bryan presence, and the Bryan voice, with no hint of a possible Bryan defeat.

CHAPTER XVIII

Soon after the election I was separated from the pay-roll for a week because another paper had printed a better story than I had written for the *American* about a North Side fire. The rescue of several persons by means of a human ladder, formed by the firemen, had been described. No such rescue had taken place. The building was only a story and a half high, and there could have been no use for a human ladder or any other kind of ladder. But I was told that I should never allow any of the old, conservative newspapers to outdo the *American* in "features."

Upon my return to duty I was made a re-writer. My work it was to take the matter written or telephoned in by ordinary reporters and "dress it up." A dull, commonplace news item would be given me to "featurize." If it lacked interesting details, I furnished them.

The second night the account of a street-car hold-up was telephoned from South Chicago. At a lonely part of the road two masked men had leaped from behind a clump of bushes (bushes are always in clumps in such cases), and, flourishing revolvers, caused the motorman to stop. As they were about to board the car the motorman turned on full speed again, and the desperadoes were left behind.

I told the night city editor the facts. He looked thoughtful for a moment. "We need a first-page head," he said. "Better have 'em fire a couple of shots—and put in a panic among the passengers, too."

At another time the accidental killing of a negro was telephoned in. The incident wasn't worth mentioning. When I told the city editor about it he bowed his head in thought for a moment, and then asked for the classified business telephone directory. After looking through it he beckoned for a reporter.

"You know these undertakers pretty well," he said. "Take this list and pick out the niggers. Then telephone each one in turn that he is specially wanted by the family of the deceased, and not to allow any other undertaker to get the body. Time the calls so that each man will get to the house at about the same minute. Then there'll be something doing, or I'm a poor guesser."

There was.

Some of Chicago's prominent citizens had little use for the *American.* They were disinclined to be interviewed by it or to furnish it any information at all. This fact didn't trouble the night city editor. If he suspected that any well-known person wouldn't talk for the *American,* he would order a reporter to telephone him, saying that the *Times-Herald,* or *Tribune,* or some other paper, wanted certain facts, and get them in that way.

Once I was asked to call up on the wire Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, wife of the wealthy packer. Her little child had been operated on for hip trou-

ble by a Chicago surgeon. This was before an eminent Viennese surgeon crossed the Atlantic to treat her. Mrs. Armour didn't want to discuss the case over the telephone. I so told the city editor.

"All right. Go ahead and quote her, anyhow," he said. "Begin it this way: 'Lolita is much better this evening, and we have every reason to hope she will soon be able to walk, said Mrs. Armour to the *American,* last evening.' Then rehash half a column about the case from the Sunday paper."

And the interview so appeared. I regretted writing it. I had heard that Mrs. Armour was always gracious and pleasant to everyone. I didn't blame her for not wanting to talk about her child's illness. But I was a yellow journalist. I had little time for such regrets.

At first, I was surprised to see only half a dozen reporters on the morning paper. It was the more surprising because the night report of the City Press bureau wasn't being served to the *American* then. To "cover" the city at all properly without the bureau's news service, at least twenty-five reporters would have been needed. I soon learned how the paper got most of its news.

Among the reporters was one who talked like "Chimmie Fadden." The first night, when I heard him remark, "Oh wot's de use o' woikin' hard on dis paper?" I wondered that such a person should be one of us. At 2 o'clock a.m. the reason was shown.

I saw him run into the editorial department from

the back stairway. He was breathing hard. From under his coat he pulled copies of the other Chicago morning papers, still damp from the press.

"Gee! I had a fierce tussle makin' a gitaway dis time," he panted. "Dey're gittin' onta me. It was hard woik gittin' dese foist editions from de delivery wagons. I guess I'll make Mr. Hoist raise me salary, er else buy me a armor soot."

The rest of us were given clippings from the papers he had brought in, and were told to rewrite the news from them as quickly as possible. "Just a few lines of introduction will do—paste the balance on," was the order.

This way of getting news was followed for seven or eight months before the other papers could stop it. Then Mr. Hearst's agents contracted for the City Press bureau's service and hired a full staff of reporters for the morning edition.

I wondered why one so wealthy as the *American's* owner should employ such methods. I asked one of my new associates about it. "Oh, Mr. Hearst would rather spend his money directly in uplifting humanity," he replied. "What he saves by taking news from other papers he likes to give to flood sufferers, and in purifying politics. Money used for ordinary news gathering can't be advertised to the world as Hearst funds for the benefit of the human race. Understand?"

But I still believed in Mr. Hearst. Even when I was told to write a sensational story about a case of smallpox in a big department store that didn't advertise in the *American,* I thought: "Of course, this item wouldn't be printed if the store's owners

were advertisers, but doubtless Mr. Hearst would like to convince them that it is a good thing to advertise in his paper, so that he can have more money for charity."

The *American* was the friend of union labor. Editorially it often declared, in effect, that members of unions on strike were always heroes battling for the right. In its news columns strikers were never condemned, no matter what they did. "If the facts don't warrant your favoring the unions, at least be neutral," we were instructed.

An editorial, commenting upon a plea to pension worn-out ministers, declared, in phrases emphasized in spots by black type, that workingmen were just as important. "Don't shoot the old minister!" the advocates of clergymen's pensions had said. "That is done with worn-out horses. But preachers who have devoted their lives to saving souls should be better treated." And the *American* had added: "Don't shoot the old ditch digger. Ditch diggers should be equally well cared for in their old age."

All this warmed the hearts of union laborites toward the *American* and toward Mr. Hearst. They wrote letters to the paper, praising its policy and its proprietor. These letters were always published on the editorial page. Many of the workers called to pay their respects. They wanted to shake hands with their friend, Mr. Hearst. As Mr. Hearst was in Chicago only about one week in fifty-two, and even in that week was generally "out" to such callers, they were cruelly disappointed. Mr. Hearst's representatives, however,

had to look pleasant and shake hands with them. Many of the visitors were grimy-pawed, and odorous of factory or forge, and sometimes of free lunch and beer, too. But this couldn't be allowed to make any difference. None of us dared to offend them.

"I wish Hearst himself had to bump up against these people and show 'em about, and smell 'em, and be kind to 'em, as he's ordered us to do," said one of the editorial chiefs. "He'd get enough of this 'dear workingman' business pretty soon."

It seemed that Mr. Hearst was truly devoted to labor unionism. But the unions which he specially favored were those whose members were paid by other employers. Those he himself dealt with as an employer, such as the printers', the pressmen's, and the stereotypers', were strongly organized and generally recognized long before he owned a newspaper.

Some time after this it was shown that he was just a little bit opposed to at least one phase of unionism. A reporters' union was organized in Chicago. Most of the *American's* reportorial staff joined. More members, in fact, were from the *American* office than from any other newspaper.

But suddenly the *American* reporters began to quit the union. Within a week all but one had left it, and a little while afterward he was discharged from the paper. Strong hints had been given to all members of the staff that Mr. Hearst disapproved of the union. Those wise enough to take the hint saved their positions.

The organization would probably have died any-

how, since so many journalists, including myself, scorned to join a trade union, believing ourselves members of a great profession. It is this belief among reporters everywhere which has prevented successful organization among them. But it was the hostility of Mr. Hearst that made certain the speedy end of the Chicago union.

CHAPTER XIX

"WITHOUT change there can be no progress."

This was one of the principles upon which Mr. Hearst's newspaper was conducted. A change in policy was made at this time. The *American* became "The Literary Newspaper." All the big stories, particularly those full of "human interest," were written, for a time, by literary persons. Several more or less well-known novelists in Chicago were hired to report news events. Their pictures were published with their stories. After a while the authors ceased to be called upon to contribute. But the words, "The Literary Newspaper," were kept standing in the upper corners of the first pages. The task of keeping up the paper's literary reputation then fell to the regular staff members.

"Stories from the day's news, written in literary style—more fascinating than fiction, because true," announced the *American*. The stories were often divided into chapters. This idea came from the "throne room." It was not the idea of the managing editor. It came from a still higher source. It came from the brain of the publisher of the paper, the personal representative of Mr. Hearst. This publisher himself was literary. He had produced a book of verse. A criticism of this

was published in the *American's* literary review. It was written by one of the authors who had been engaged in making the *American's* news columns literary. The criticism was highly favorable.

For a time, at least, one story, in chapters, appeared in the *American* each day. "The kind of news that lends itself to such treatment is the dramatic, especially the human interest kind—the kind with a heart-throb in it," the staff members were instructed. "Those of you who write such stuff well have the best chance of pleasing the high guy of the paper, so get busy."

One young woman in particular did so well that she was given most of this work to do. We all envied her greatly. Perhaps we even said unkind things about her when she wasn't near. But it was purely from envy. After reading some of her efforts I despaired of ever equaling her. Here is a copy of one of her stories, conscientiously reproduced, as nearly as possible, from memory:

CHAPTER I

All was quiet in the South Side mansion of Theophilus Porking. It was the hour of midnight. Suddenly, a dining-room window, carelessly left open by the servants, through which the moonlight streamed, was darkened by a shadowy form.

Then a stealthy foot entered, and turned up the gas.

Greedy eyes, set in a face coarsened by dissipation, began to eagerly look about. A veritable Golconda met his gaze. There upon a carved oaken buffet reposed the Porking family silver. It had long been in the possession of the Porkings, massive and ornate, befitting their station in life.

The midnight marauder began to leisurely collect them. He opened a capacious bag, and first put into it a beautiful chased

pitcher. Then he chose a half dozen goblets which had touched the lips of Chicago's social lights on more than one luminous occasion. He was about to add a bunch of butter-knives, when his attention was arrested by a cough in the direction of the doorway. Turning quickly about, he looked into the barrel of a neatly cocked revolver, held in the hand of a determined-looking young woman, attired in a hastily donned kimono of lavender silk and lace.

Aphasia Porking held the winning hand. The culprit knew it at a glance. She calmly gazed at the miserable wretch, who sullenly lowered his booty down to the floor.

A burglar alarm had been quickly sent flashing over the wires by the hand that the scion of many a wealthy and blue-blooded family longed to possess. Even as she stood thus determinedly regarding the depraved man before her, blue-coated protectors of the peace dashed into the house, and seized and bound the desperate criminal. He was taken to cell 23 in the county jail.

CHAPTER II

We must go back a bit. Twenty years ago the city of Oshkosh, Wis., was the scene of the struggles for success of two promising young careers. Theophilus Porking was one. Richard Willoughby was the other. They had been close friends from childhood. They had grown up like unto Damon and Pythias. But now they clashed, and love was the cause of it all.

The tension grew bitter. Finally she was asked to choose between them. She could not. Her heartstrings were torn at the thought. Then Richard Willoughby cut the Gordian knot. He rose to a great stature of sacrifice. He gave her up to his life-long comrade. He remembered that his own start in life was the result of young Porking's surrender to him of a chance to be manager of a grain elevator.

But Willoughby could no longer remain in Oshkosh, and be a daily witness to the happiness he had brought about. He disappeared. Time ran on apace, and young Porking and his bride came to Chicago, where he was destined to shine as one of the Titans of trade, and have the products of his slaughter-pens dished up for epicures in every civilized land, and in some uncivilized ones.

CHAPTER III

The scene changes again. It is yesterday morning, and the Porkings are at breakfast in their palatial dining-room. The papers are full of the daring exploit of young Miss Porking in capturing a burglar the night before. The father's masterful face glows with pride as he begins to proudly scan the contents.

Suddenly he leaps to his feet, his face a picture of consternation. He trembles with suppressed feelings. He points to a paragraph in one of the papers.

"Can it be possible?" he asks. "Listen!" He reads: "'Jim Hammond is the name given by the captured man, but from an envelope found in an inner pocket it is thought his real name may be Richard Willoughby. The envelope is old and worn-looking, as though it had been carried for many years.'"

Mr. Porking hastily orders his carriage, and, adjured by his wife and daughter to quickly do what he can for the comrade of his youth, if it indeed be he, proceeds to the county jail and is shown to cell 23.

CHAPTER IV—CONCLUSION

Again the scene shifts. It is this morning in the Porking parlor. The powerful influence of the potent Mr. Porking has been used to secure the release of his old friend. Richard Willoughby, after a bath and a shave, a new suit of clothes, and a bountiful breakfast, is himself again. He has promised to lead another life.

"It was drink that did it—the drink I resorted to, to drown the remembrance of the past," he explained to an *American* reporter. "But now I am rehabilitated. My old friend, 'The,' there, has given me a new lease of life. I am to become the head of his pork-pickling department, and live down the disgrace of my life—night before last—the only time I ever attempted to steal aught of anyone. I am the happiest bachelor in the world to-day, and I'm going to remain so."

His voice trembles with emotion as he says this. Although a strong man, he seems about to give way to his pent-up feelings. Miss Aphasia Porking, with infinite tact, goes to the massive grand piano, in the palatial parlor, and starts to play, "Lead, Kindly Light."

We draw the curtain.

Signed statements were the rage with Mr. Hearst's newspaper. Whenever an event worth a column of space was reported, it was desired to have at least one signed statement about it. If the story had "heart interest," such a statement simply had to be obtained by some means or other. I wrote more than one such that the person whose name was under it didn't see till after it was published.

If a woman was rescued from a fire, either in reality or in imagination, signed statements would be wanted from the woman and the fireman. If an actress of any note was sued for divorce, a signed statement, and her picture, must accompany the account. Public officials, preachers, prize-fighters, burglars—everyone who figured in a big story—was asked to sign his name to some statement about it.

"Get them to stand for it, if possible," the city editor would say. "If they won't say what you want 'em to, write something mild and ambiguous, and tack the name on, anyhow. There are very few people that don't like to see something in print with their names after it."

There was a prize-fighter in Chicago who couldn't write his own name. He couldn't even count up to one hundred. His manager would arrange matches for him, and when he won, the purse, amounting to five hundred or one thousand dollars, perhaps more, would be taken charge of by the manager. The latter would get about seventy-five dollars changed into one-dollar bills, and give them to the pugilist as his share, and keep the

rest. The pugilist would stuff his pocket full of these bills, and go forth to spend them, feeling rich beyond the dreams of Rockefeller.

This prize-fighter once had a signed statement in the *American*. It read about as follows:

"In my forthcoming battle I anticipate no trouble in winning an easy victory. I realize my opponent is clever, and even scientific, in his manner of procedure, yet if he shall last until the end of the first round he will have surprised me as I have not been surprised in all my career in the fistic arena. In fact, if he persists in standing before me past the second round, I do not hesitate to say that there will not be more than a few fragments of his anatomy remaining for purposes of sepulture."

Although I couldn't write chapter stories to please the powers, I soon acquired the art of producing signed statements. Any subject, from murder to theology, became easy to me. With the aid of the office encyclopædia I balked at no theme. All that I needed was some name to put at the end, and the news of the day supplied names.

One wintry night the North Side police reporter telephoned that a man and a woman had been arrested, charged with a conspiracy to murder. They were Poles, and couldn't speak English. The woman's husband had been enticed out to the end of a pier by the lover, and shoved into the icy waters of the lake. The crew of a tugboat fished him out. The arrests followed.

I got the details over the telephone. I reported them to the city editor. Before I had ceased talking to him the telephone rang again. There was an addition to the story. Both the woman and her lover were said to have confessed.

"I guess we'd better have a couple of signed statements, then," said the city editor. "See what you can do."

I produced something like the following, and signed the woman's name:

"Existence held few joys for me. My husband had grown old, ugly, and, what was worse, neglectful. He thought only of money-making. Then, like a beautiful dream, there came into my life my young and handsome lover. He was poetic, tender, and kind. Any woman will realize what his love meant to me. From a dreary desert, life blossomed into a paradise. I know it was wrong to plot my husband's death, but if I die, it will be with the sweet memory of at least one perfect love."

I had asked the reporter who telephoned me the facts, if the woman was good-looking. "No. She's a homely bat," he replied. "The lover must have been off his trolley." But the art department saw to it that there was a pretty picture to go with the story, and I wrote a statement like the following for the lover:

"Her eyes bewitched me. They are large, dark, and luminous. Worlds of beauty sparkled from their depths. Without meaning to, she inspired me to the desperate resolve to take her husband's life. The beautiful creature whom he had promised to love and cherish was pining away for lack of that tender regard which was her due. I fell passionately in love as soon as I beheld her, and, as the gods were good to me, my affection was reciprocated. I may die for this, but I've lived in heaven for a while at least."

A few days later the man and woman were given a hearing before a justice's court. The man was held, but the woman was discharged. There wasn't the least bit of evidence against her. She hadn't confessed. For weeks after that the city editor and

I lived in dread of a libel suit. A verdict for the woman would have been certain. But, luckily for us, and for Mr. Hearst's gold-bags, she and her friends couldn't read the newspapers. She never knew she was libeled.

A Hearst Christmas fund for the poor, started by "the usual large contribution from Mr. Hearst," was swelled to great proportions by gifts from many sources. One evening, in the office, a young woman staff member was figuring up the total with the managing editor.

"It's all accounted for, except Mr. Hearst's donation," she said. "I've added it all up many times, and that's always absent. Let's see; it was two hundred and fifty dollars, wasn't it? Each time someone has said that it will be accounted for all right at the proper time. Now, how about it?"

"Oh, that goes to the account of advertising," was the reply. "You see, Mr. Hearst is giving a lot of valuable space in his paper to this matter, and so he should not be expected to give money, too."

Then I heard someone ask someone else: "And is that the way he contributed to the fund for the Galveston flood sufferers, and to other charitable funds?"

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps. It's a good way, isn't it—for Mr. Hearst?"

CHAPTER XX

I HAD so often made news, that I now believed myself as competent as anyone in Mr. Hearst's employ; but I soon realized that I had much to learn.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of Kansas, was attracting much attention at this time. But her saloon-wrecking, thus far, had been confined to her own State. There she had invaded the demon Rum in his many lairs, time after time, and, with hatchet and club, had put him to flight. So the dispatches read. (It is always the demon Rum that haters of liquor attack. Temperance orators seldom mention any other kind of drink. Yet the only people I ever heard of who take rum are sailors, and perhaps even they do it only in fiction.)

When Mrs. Nation began her work, news—the kind the *American* wanted—was scarce in Chicago. Sensations were hard to find or to make. Mrs. Nation was the biggest sensation in the country. But she was out in Kansas, about eight hundred miles away. The *American* had printed many dispatches about her doings. Yet there was lacking the "concrete human interest," as someone remarked, that would be aroused if she were in Chicago.

A conference was held in the *American* office one night, at which it was decided to encourage Mrs.

Nation to come to Chicago. She had abandoned her intention of starting her speech-making tour there at the time this conference was held.

A young woman of the reportorial staff was chosen for the work. She was told to go to Topeka, report the saloon wrecker's doings graphically, have a "heart-to-heart" talk with her, and tell her that the great city of Chicago was waiting to hear her message. The backing of the *American* was to be promised in all she undertook.

"We might as well have an advance story while we're about it," one member of the staff proposed. "Suppose we get up something about a brigade of women, armed with hatchets, on the way to wreck the saloons of Chicago?"

This idea was adopted. Two dozen postal-cards were typewritten. They were addressed to well-known saloon-keepers. The saloon-keepers were warned that the wrath of God was about to destroy their traffic. The signers, it was stated, were the agents of the Almighty in this work. They were coming to smash every store in which intoxicants were sold. The cards were signed:

THE CARRIE NATION HATCHET HOME BRIGADE

These cards were given to the young woman reporter. On her way to Topeka she was to get off at a little station in Iowa and post them.

Two days later there was great excitement in Chicago saloon circles. The *American* contained an exclusive story about it, with a facsimile of one of the warning cards. The other papers followed

suit, unsuspecting. Then other stories were written upon the possible penalty for sending threatening messages through the mails. The Federal authorities were said to be investigating. The *American,* "always first in publishing the news," led all the others with this story. "The machinery of the law has been set in motion against the perpetrators," it stated.

When another day had passed, and the "Carrie Nation Hatchet Home Brigade" had not yet arrived, the *American* explained that its members had probably feared punishment for violating the postal laws, and had abandoned their project for the time.

But Carrie Nation herself was on the way. Accompanied by the *American's* feminine correspondent, she arrived in a few days, and an era of first-page sensations began.

The first night was dramatic. Mrs. Nation, in a tour of the low saloons of the "red-light district," found her own grandson tending bar. She sank upon her knees and prayed for his salvation. Then she visited police stations and denounced the officers for not closing all saloons, regardless of the law. All this made "good copy." It was intended to keep the other newspapers from learning of this trip, but Mrs. Nation created so much disturbance that they all heard of it.

For several days she went about the city, followed by a troupe of reporters. She carried no hatchet. She didn't even threaten violence. She knew better than to do that outside of a prohibition State. But she constantly spoke against the

liquor traffic. And whenever she saw an undraped figure she denounced the owner of it. She condemned druggists for selling intoxicants even for medical purposes. Of course, the *American* got most of the scoops. She felt kindly toward the paper that had helped pay her expenses, and always told it first of her plans.

She visited the *American* office daily, and wrote statements for it, and sat to sketch artists. She was a grandmotherly-looking woman, with commonplace features. Yet, at the beginning of her crusades in Kansas, the *American* had several times published a picture of a youthful and rather handsome woman, and labeled it "Mrs. Nation, the Hatchet-Wielding Terror of Kansas." The *American* always had on hand a supply of photographs for use in any emergency. But when Mrs. Nation came to Chicago, pictures of her as she really looked were printed in all the papers. The *American* then published genuine likenesses of her, too, along with the first used photograph. The latter it explained satisfactorily to Mrs. Nation. It was marked, "Mrs. Nation, as She Appeared a Few Years Ago." When she saw this, Mrs. Nation smiled in approval, and said: "That's pretty good. I wonder where the paper got it!"

From Chicago she started forth on her first lecture tour of the country. Within one week she had become a figure of national interest.

With this masterly news and fame-making I had had little to do. I had rewritten some of the stories about Mrs. Nation, as turned in by the ordinary reporters, but I had created nothing. I be-

came restive. I decided I must do something to prove myself worthy to carry on the work of Mr. Hearst in Chicago.

I got an idea from an advertisement in one of the other newspapers. A famous French castle was for sale. It was owned by impoverished descendants of the Perigord-Talleyrand family. It was to be disposed of at auction within a month. I reasoned that the advertisement, with a picture of the castle, had been placed in a Chicago paper in the hope of attracting some millionaire meat packer, or other captain of industry.

"Who in Chicago," I thought, "is most likely to bid for it?" I ran over in my mind a list of the city's richest men. Then I argued to myself that if any of these became a purchaser, it would most likely be one of French descent. A man of English, Scotch, or Irish ancestry, if he went castle hunting, would probably go to the British Isles, as Carnegie and Croker had done. One whose ancestors were from the European Continent, would naturally seek the land of his forbears. This rule should apply, except possibly in the case of a man of broad culture, or one at least familiar with the French language. And I didn't think many Chicago millionaires spoke French.

Then I had another inspiration. There was *one* local captain of industry with French blood in his veins. Oh, if I could only get him to "stand for" such a story! I had high hopes that he would, too, from what I had heard of him.

This man was Samuel Eberly Gross. Thus his name was always written whenever it was used in

any news item about his claim to the authorship of "Cyrano de Bergerac." As a real estate operator, he was S. E. Gross. This name, in large type, had been for years on many billboards, in street cars, and in newspaper advertisements. The owner of it had laid out scores of suburban towns, one of the largest named after himself, and had built twenty-five thousand or more houses. He was still engaged in that industry while accusing Edmond Rostand of plagiarizing his play, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," and giving it a French name.

"If a reporter wants to make sure of a welcome by Gross, let him write 'About "The Prince of Cornville" ' on a card and send it into his office," I had heard. "He'd rather have that kind of advertising than any other. He loves to pose as a literary man."

I had never seen Mr. Gross. But I could not accept the idea of a real estate broker and a writer of plays being one and the same person. I thought it no more possible than for a hod-carrier to become a great artist—and continue to carry the hod. Also, I wondered why Mr. Gross had never written other clever plays, if he had created one.

I afterward heard an explanation of the case that still seems to me the best ever offered. It was this: "There really was a faint resemblance between Rostand's play and 'The Merchant Prince of Cornville.' This resemblance was doubtless accidental, more so even than the similarity between some plays of Bernard Shaw and those of Ibsen. Well, some years ago, Gross had in his employ a clever Jew, a man with literary ability. Now,

this Jew cared more for money than he did for fame. With Gross, the situation was reversed. Well——"

But my reportorial mind didn't trouble itself with the Gross-Rostand dispute. When a Chicago court decided the injunction suit Mr. Gross brought against Actor Richard Mansfield to prevent his playing "Cyrano," Sarah Bernhardt, interviewed in Paris, had said: "How funny! It must be the first of April in Chicago." I thought it funny, too. But what I principally saw in Mr. Gross was a chance for a big scoop, with some good pictures to set it off, and a French phrase here and there to adorn the narrative. A few days before the castle was advertised I had seen in a cable letter an account of litigation over the same castle. There were charges that an ogress-like woman had kept a half-witted man a prisoner in a gilded cage, in a secret room, for a long time. The man, a descendant of Talleyrand, the great Prime Minister of Napoleon, imagined himself a bird, and to bend him to her wishes the woman had thus humored him.

I clipped out this item, and read up Mr. Gross' history in a book of biography called "Men of Illinois." When I got ready to write the story it was nine o'clock at night. I telephoned to Mr. Gross' residence. He had gone to his club. I called up the club. He was there, but was just about to take a bath. However, the lackey who answered the telephone said he would see if Mr. Gross would talk to me.

"Tell him it's about 'The Prince of Cornville,' " I said.

In less than a minute I heard Mr. Gross' voice. My first words to him were:

"Mr. Gross, is the report true that you intend to buy the Perigord-Talleyrand castle advertised for sale to-day? It's in France, you know, and people are saying that you'll buy it because you'd like to have a home in the land of your ancestors. We'd like to know just what the situation is before we print the story in the *American* to-morrow."

His reply was:

"Er—I—er—a—I don't want to discuss that matter yet, you know. I'm—er—a—I'm not prepared to say anything right now."

"Thank you, Mr. Gross. We won't misrepresent you. We simply want to be reliable, you know. Good-bye."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

That was all I wanted. The historic, romantic Perigord-Talleyrand castle was for sale. Mr. Gross declined to discuss the report that he would buy it. The natural inference would be that he intended to. When anyone says that he won't say anything for publication about a report concerning him, it is generally because the report is true.

Tingling with delight, I dashed off a two-column story. It was full of Talleyrand, prisoner-in-a-gilded-cage, "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Merchant Prince of Cornville," Chicago Multimillionaire Gross, Captain of Industry, French Huguenots, *belles-lettres, mise en scène,* and so forth. It was

illustrated with pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Gross and of the castle.

The next day the paper in which the castle had been advertised copied most of the story on its first page. It also had an interview with Mr. Gross, in which he again declined to affirm or deny the report that he would buy the castle. And when the auction sale took place near Paris, a month later, the correspondents of several American newspapers cabled about as follows:

"The Perigord-Talleyrand castle was sold to-day. . . . There was considerable interest in the sale, on account of the historic associations of the stately pile. . . . Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago, the multi-millionaire littérateur, was not among the bidders."

CHAPTER XXI

It was a few months after this that Mr. Hearst's newspapers started three high-school boys on a race around the world. One boy was from New York, another from San Francisco, and the third from Chicago. They were to make the race, not only against each other, but against time. They were to attempt to lower all globe-trotting records.

Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World,* had sent Nellie Bly around the world in seventy-two days more than a dozen years before. He had greatly advertised his paper by proving that the fiction of Jules Verne was not so strange as the fact he himself could bring about. Mr. Hearst now determined to out-Pulitzer Pulitzer. He owned three newspapers, so he would send out three globe-trotters. And as badly as Mr. Pulitzer's Nellie Bly had beaten Phileas Fogg, Mr. Hearst's schoolboys would beat Nellie Bly.

The first that anyone in the *American* office knew of Mr. Hearst's intention was on a Sunday noon, when a telegram came from his New York office. It directed that a boy be picked at once from among the high-school pupils of Chicago. The boy was to start the next day. A message was sent to every high-school principal in the city, asking him to name a candidate. The head of the Lake School

was the first to act. He hurried to the home of a boy named Charles Cecil Fitzmaurice, and advised him to go to the *American* office.

With his parents, young Fitzmaurice reached the office at three o'clock. He was shy and inexperienced, but he pleased the managing editor because he was Irish. He was chosen at once, and the boys that came afterward were told to go home. At eight o'clock the next morning he was aboard the train for New York. There he was put on a steamer for London, where he was met by a traveling companion who took him around the world.

The New York and San Francisco boys were selected in the same way. The Hearst newspapers announced that all had been chosen by competitive examination. But the school authorities in none of the three cities knew of the race until a few hours before it had begun.

Unknown to the public, a kind of Arabian Nights tale was being enacted. Three boys, whose parents were poor, or, at most, in only moderate circumstances, were suddenly started on a globe-circling journey. They were untraveled, and of an age when they could best appreciate sightseeing and adventure and romance. Perhaps they had just been dreaming of some day looking upon the far cities and strange peoples told about in geographies, and in travel books for the young. But at best, they must have thought such things in the remote future for them. All at once their dreams came true. As though some magic wand had touched them, they were transformed, for the time, into princes, with unstinted wealth at their beck. A

power, strange and unknown to them, lifted them out of the dull routine of life, and sent them flying over sea and land. The fastest trains, the swiftest steamers, horses and carriages, automobiles, jinrickishas and coolies, the mountain-climbing burro, the desert-traveling camel, the jungle-piercing elephant—all were at their command. They saw wonderful cities, towers, cathedrals, palaces, mountains, chasms, rivers, lakes, and oceans, while they flew past on a time-annihilating journey. But the power that started them on this tour was relentless. It would not allow them to pause among old ruins or muse over beautiful or historic scenes, or decipher hieroglyphics, or climb famous heights, or yield to the thousand and one lures of a globe-girdling trip.

It was a truly wonderful thing, this race. It was inspiring, thrilling, romantic, dramatic. It appealed to the imagination of millions. It was a relief to many dull, work-a-day lives just to read about it, and to travel, in fancy, over the same paths.

But like so many other things which filled the pages of Mr. Hearst's newspaper, it was perhaps not exactly what it seemed. In fact, many of us thought it just possible that it was a fake race. From the first, the Chicago boy was intended to win, and he did win. He went around the world in sixty days, and set a new record that is yet unequaled. He was ordered to charter special trains and steamers, and to hasten in any other way that money would aid. The boys from New York and San Francisco, so we heard, used the regular

trains, the regular boats, the regular camels, the regular jinrickishas.

That a Chicago boy, taking as his motto the "I will" of Chicago, should, in a globe-girdling race, beat the representatives of two other cities, including the old and proud city of New York, pleased the Chicago fancy immensely. The circulation of Mr. Hearst's new Chicago paper was increased. Advertising rates were advanced.

The romance of Miss Bessie Macdonald and Baron Rudolf von Hirsch made a good story for the *American*. She was a Chicago girl who had succeeded in grand opera. In Europe she had met the Baron, who was a nephew and heir of the famous philanthropist, and he had wooed and won her. They were married quietly abroad. Nothing but the announcement of the engagement had been published in this country when the couple came to Chicago to visit her relatives.

The Macdonald family lived in a North Side flat. The Baron and his bride had apartments at a fashionable residence hotel nearby. I learned by accident that they were there. I saw a chance for a big scoop. I wasn't expected to do any actual reporting at this time, being a rewriter in the office. But I started out to work up this story. I called at the hotel and at the Macdonald home, and at both places was told that the couple were out driving or shopping.

I heard that the Baroness' brother was a clerk in a wholesale millinery store in Wabash Avenue. When I asked to see him there the floor-walker

faced about to the rear, put his hands to his mouth in trumpet fashion, and yelled: "Harry Macdonald!"

A tall, good-looking young man, who was showing a woman customer a sample of ribbon some distance away, looked toward us and responded: "In a minute, please, Mr. Perkins."

A minute afterward young Mr. Macdonald was answering my questions. He said the Baron and his sister couldn't be interviewed. He himself knew little of the courtship. He didn't know just how it began or where the proposal took place. He gave me a picture of his sister in opera costume. He had no photograph of the Baron, but he told me something of how he looked.

I hurried back to the office. I was fearful that some other paper would get the story first. The city editor was still more fearful. "Tear off two columns of hot stuff," he said. "We've got to beat the town on this. Give full details of the courtship, put in a castle on the Rhine somewhere, and have an interview with the Baron. Couldn't you get his picture, too?"

"No; but I can describe him."

He called the head of the art department, and told me to look over a bunch of photographs with him. The Baron, I had been told, was dark-complexioned, of medium height, and wore a mustache. I saw but one picture in the least like this description, and it was of a man with a beard. The art manager selected that, handed it to an artist, and said: "Take this, and cut the whiskers off, and write under it a fac simile of the Baron's sig-

nature. You know about how he'd write—and if you don't, neither do the people of Chicago, anyhow."

The story I wrote told how Miss Macdonald had met the baron at a reception held in Paris at the home of a titled lady. She had charmed him with her singing. He followed her over Europe, engaging a box at each performance, from which he watched her, enraptured. Finally she accepted an invitation from his mother to visit his castle on the Rhine. And there, amid those romantic surroundings, "near the fabled lure of the Lorelei, and where gnomes and elfins played of yore" (I got that phrase out of an old book), he laid siege to her heart, and their troth was plighted.

After a column of this kind of stuff, I told of their honeymoon in the famous German Black Forest. There were many references to hunting lodges, and to birds that twittered, and waterfalls that gurgled and splashed romantically. His castle in the forest was the abode of art. (I thought it ought to have been, if it wasn't—that is, provided he had a castle there.) The couple's visit to Chicago, and an interview with the Baron finished the story.

Among other details, I related how the largeness of the Baron's tips had almost given heart disease to Chicago waiters and bellboys, accustomed though they were to generous rewards from guests. I afterward learned that fifteen cents was the Baron's limit.

The story made so favorable an impression on

the managing editor that he instructed the city editor to tell me he was pleased.

Some days later I met the Baron's brother-in-law on the street. He laughed when he caught sight of me. "You've certainly got nerve," he said.

"What did the Baron say of the interview?" I asked.

"He just smiled over it, and remarked that you seemed to hit off his ideas pretty well. I think you did, too. You quoted him as saying about what he would have said if he had talked—a little of nothing, pleasantly expressed."

One result of my enterprise was that for a time I was given some very important work to do—the kind that I had been hoping for. The *American* had started a war against the gas trust. It was a most popular war, for the city was at the mercy of a lawless monopoly. It was a mark of favor in the *American* office to be given anti-gas-trust stories to write. Only the best "word-slingers" were so favored.

I now felt that at last I was battling for the people, and making tyrants quail, in a truly heroic-journalistic style. I was forging shafts of ripping, tearing words that would demolish the fort of the robber chiefs who were taking unlawful tribute from the public. I called the gas company "the Gorgon-headed monopoly," "the banded infamy," and "a greedy gorger from the public purse."

I felt myself as heroic as those who had led the crusades of old. I was a lieutenant of a modern Godfrey or a Richard the Lion-hearted in a

holy war. Pen and typewriter, mightier than sword and cannon, were my weapons. In the press was concentrated the strength of an army, and this I directed.

It was many months later, and long after I had left the paper's service, that the *American's* fight on the gas trust suddenly ceased. I still felt a satisfaction in having, at least once, fought the good fight in a righteous cause.

But soon after the *American's* attacks ended, a full-page advertisement of the gas company appeared in the paper. I thought it strange that the company, being a monopoly, would need to advertise. I thought it stranger still that the *American* should be the medium. I talked about the matter with a friend. He was an old-time newspaper man, who had worked on Hearst's New York paper.

I told him how I believed in Mr. Hearst.

"It's time for you to wake up," he said.

"How?"

"Oh, that ad. must have cost the gas trust a good many thousands of dollars. Mr. Hearst will probably use the money to promote the people's interests, you know. He's getting into politics now."

CHAPTER XXII

I WILL now tell how I failed as a yellow journalist.

Eastertide—a fateful one for me—was approaching. The earth was awaking to another spring. The old yet always new miracle of rebirth was being enacted wherever Nature had her way, amid shifting scenes painted by her own lavish hand. But to me the coming of Easter meant only that I had to work harder than ever in helping to get out a big special edition of the *American*. The vernal hues I principally saw were on the colored supplements for an Easter Sunday edition which had been printed in the office of Mr. Hearst's New York paper, and shipped to Chicago several days in advance. It was announced to the night staff that a big Easter spread was to be made.

Mr. Hearst himself was in town. We all looked up in awe when it was whispered about one evening that he was in the office. I saw a tall, youngish-looking man. He must have been six feet in height, and his weight was near two hundred. Yet he was not powerfully built. His shoulders were not broad, his frame not sinewy. His eyes were clear and penetrating, but his face was narrow, and his chin infirm. He was neither blond nor bru-

To me he was the embodiment of much that was great

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nette, neither handsome nor homely, neither strong nor weak. He would not have attracted attention anywhere, except in a crowd of undersized people.

But to me he was the embodiment of much that was great: courageous youth, surpassing enterprise, lavish wealth, devotion to high ideals, journalism militant in the people's cause—to me he was all of these.

After a brief talk with his managing editor, he walked through the big editorial room to the elevator. The night was showery, and he wore a handsome belted mackintosh which came almost to his heels, and gave him an imposing appearance. He lighted a pipe while waiting for the elevator. The smoke and flame formed a halo about his head. An office boy, gazing awe-struck, whispered: "Gee! but ain't he a great guy!"

Mr. Hearst must have been talking to his managing editor about the special Easter edition, for after he left, the managing editor gave orders to the night city editor about it. He told him to send reporters to show copies of the colored supplement to preachers, get favorable interviews upon it, and have a page of the interviews well displayed in the next morning's issue.

When the managing editor had retired to the "throne room," the city editor looked about him in despair. Then he shut his jaws grimly, picked up a copy of the city directory, and called his staff about him. He pointed to a stack of Easter supplements. "Each of you take a bunch of those," he said, "and try to get interviews from the min-

isters whose names will be on a list I'll give you. Remember, we've got to have some interviews. Most of the sky-pilots are probably in bed by this time, but Mr. Hearst is in town, and a good showing must be made. If you can't rouse the preachers, why—well, we've got to have two dozen interviews indorsing this grand and beautiful and gorgeous and scintillating supplement. We've simply got to do it, you know. It would break Mr. Hearst's trusting young heart if we didn't.

"Well, if you go to one of these addresses, and can't get anyone to the door, why, come back and write what you think the minister would have said —or ought to have said—about this supplement. If the minister objects to what's printed, we'll say, 'Someone gave out this interview, and the reporter thought it was you. It may have been a burglar or a night watchman. The reporter was deceived, for the person represented himself as you.' Remember, we're up against it, and we've just got to have the interviews."

Though a rewriter, and not a reporter, I was pressed into this service. I was given a list of four names and addresses. I actually tried to get one interview, from a preacher who didn't live far out. He talked to me through a speaking-tube. He declined to come to the door, and he wouldn't discuss such a subject at such an hour. I returned downtown. At an all-night resort near the office, where certain liquids were to be had, I met several fellow staff members. One of them said he had waked up a well-known West Side minister, who opened an upstairs window and asked what was

wanted. The reporter had flourished a paper in the moonlight, and cried out: "See this beautiful Easter supplement of Hearst's Chicago *American!* What do you think of it? Pretty fine, isn't it? I want an interview for to-morrow's paper. We'll run your picture along with it."

The preacher's head had disappeared for a moment, and when it reappeared the reporter was drenched with ice water.

Another reporter said a preacher had threatened to set a bulldog upon him. Still another had been told that he would be arrested if he didn't go away. A revolver had been pointed at a fourth journalist's head. He had been hammering on a window-pane after having failed to awaken anyone by ringing the door-bell. Only one printable interview had been obtained. It was from a new minister, who had been working late on his Easter sermon.

We all returned to the office and wrote four interviews apiece. We compared them before turning them in, to make sure that we hadn't quoted any two preachers alike. Altogether, twenty such interviews appeared the next morning. With pictures, they filled one entire page.

At ten o'clock the following night the managing editor came from his "throne room" and gave out another Napoleonic order. Mr. Hearst and he himself had been so well pleased with the interviews that they wanted another page of them for the next morning.

They got the interviews. They were more quickly provided than on the first night. No time was

wasted. We took the names from the city directory. Inspiration came from a nearby resort. The forthcoming Easter supplement had captivated the fancy of two score of Chicago's representative clergymen—if what was read in the *American* was to be believed. "The beautiful story of Christ's rise from the tomb, told by illustrations in color, made from masterpieces of art," was praised in the highest terms by all.

Returns began coming in the following week. There were letters expressing surprise, pain, anger, indignation, fury—sometimes all of these in a single letter. Through an arrangement with the office boy who looked after the mail, most of these epistles were made to disappear.

One communication looked dangerous. It threatened exposure from the pulpit and a suit for libel. It was from the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Torrey, head of the Moody Institute, and successor of the famous Evangelist Moody. I had written the Torrey interview. The night city editor showed me the letter, and said: "You'd better go and jolly up Dr. Torrey a bit, and try to stave off that libel suit. If you don't, we may all shoot the chutes."

I called at the Moody Institute. I was admitted to Dr. Torrey's private office. I promised a retraction.

"A frightful injustice has been done you, Dr. Torrey," I said. "The guilty reporter, I am glad to say, is known. He will write no more such interviews for the *American* (which was true). We will tolerate nothing like that on the paper. It is very strange that this should have happened."

Then I got a news item about the Institute, and left. At the end of the item I quoted him as denying the Easter interview, and the night city editor saw that it was published. This was the only way we dared to print the retraction, and we feared that even then the "throne" would take notice, and demand a reason. But it escaped attention in that quarter. A marked copy of the paper, with the denial underscored, was sent to Dr. Torrey. No further complaint was received from him. The other clergymen had quieted down. The storm seemed over. We breathed easier.

But a week later the Congregational Ministers' Association held a meeting. Then those of us who had congratulated ourselves upon our artistic interviews thought differently about them. We realized that we were bunglers. We had forgotten that of all churches, the Congregational is probably the most strongly opposed to Sunday papers. The Congregational Ministers' Association passed resolutions denouncing the *American* for falsely quoting some of its members in approval of a Sabbath-day paper.

A rival newspaper published the resolutions on its first page. Someone sent a marked copy to Mr. Hearst, who had returned to New York. Mr. Hearst wired to his publisher and personal representative to discharge everyone concerned. So the night city editor, four reporters, and myself, were at once separated from the pay-roll.

It was the first time that I had ever been discharged by telegraph. The quickness of it was dazing. Then the monstrous injustice of it in-

censed me. I had been discharged for doing what I had been ordered to do. I was a victim of the paper's policy. I couldn't have remained in Mr. Hearst's employ two days without writing things that were not so. The whole structure of yellow journalism was built upon fabrication and distortion. On no other kind of newspaper was the fancy of the reporter allowed such free play.

"Remember, we want stories that will thrill and charm and entertain the dear people," I had been instructed more than once. "We don't want to inform or uplift them, but to make 'em think that's what's being done. The people—the great majority, anyhow—are a lot of grown-up children, and we must furnish the kind of dope that pleases them."

And now that exposure had come, the men who had carried out this policy, not those who directed it, had to suffer.

My fellow victims and I held a meeting on the sidewalk in front of the *American* office and discussed our wrongs. We had only half a week's salary apiece. We took up a collection to pay for a long telegram to Mr. Hearst, setting forth our side of the case. We received no answer.

Then we decided to appeal to Mr. Hearst's publisher's sense of justice. We would tell him just how it happened. Surely, under the circumstances, we could not be greatly blamed.

I was chosen as spokesman. I went into the office and walked toward the "throne room." Outwardly I was calm, but inwardly I trembled. I had met many personages esteemed by the world as

great, and I could have approached any such with perfect ease and assurance. But I could not so approach the editorially great. Veneration for the editorial presence must have been inborn with me. I was never able to overcome it. I never wanted to overcome it. At such times as I have acted in an editorial capacity I have venerated myself, and demanded veneration of others. To me there has always been something god-like—something of that divinity that hedges a king—in the work of editing. To pass upon the mental products of others, and decide whether any or all of those products shall be given to the world—to determine what one mind shall impart to other minds—to say which creation shall live, and which shall be doomed to the waste-basket—surely that is a high vocation!

My companions in misery looked to me to save them as well as myself. It was a difficult and delicate mission. I felt unworthy of it. But I thought of the gloomy future of Mr. Hearst's newspaper without me, and of my gloomy future without Mr. Hearst's newspaper. I gripped a lead "slug" between my teeth to steady my nerves, and advanced into the white light that, in my reverential fancy, beat about the throne of Mr. Hearst's viceroy. I think his name was Russell.

If he had been chief judge of the National Supreme Court, he couldn't have looked more grave and august. But as I recited the details of the case his judicial calm was broken. When I told how, under the stress of the moment, interviews

had been written from the city directory, he threw up his hands in holy horror.

"Do you mean to tell me," he cried, amazement in every line of his face, his entire being a-shudder, "that you would write anything for the columns of Mr. Hearst's newspaper that was not absolutely true?"

"Well—yes—I have—sometimes."

"Terrible!"

"I—er—I supposed a little exaggeration was expected once in a while."

"Monstrous!"

"I—er—uh—I thought this was—er—understood in headquarters——"

"Preposterous!"

"In fact, I have often heard orders issued to—er—uh—'doctor up' a story a little to make it interesting, you know."

"Outrageous!"

"Pictures, too, have been faked."

"Horrible!"

"And now, sir, since I and my associates are so evidently victims of this policy, do you not think this error on our part should be overlooked, for once?"

"What! Do you ask me to condone such heinous conduct as you confess?"

"I thought you might, for once."

"Never, n-n-never, sir! Anyone who becomes so far lost to a sense of right and justice—to a sense of honor—as to quote a person as saying what that person never said, deserves no consideration. Mr. Hearst and I will tolerate no deviation from the

truth in any item, or from right conduct in any feature of news-gathering——"

"How about the news we crib from the first editions of the other Chicago papers?"

"Eh?—er—uh—what's that?"

"How about the way we get most of the news for the morning edition? Some people might call it stealing."

"I decline to discuss that matter with you, sir. This incident is closed, sir. Good-morning, sir."

And I went out into the bright April sunshine, gloomy and hopeless. Thus ended my dreams of success in yellow journalism.

CHAPTER XXIII

FATE directed my steps toward the *Chronicle* office. I felt kindly toward the *Chronicle.* While it was far from my ideal of a newspaper, it was the only one in all my career, excepting a little paper in Council Bluffs, Iowa, from which I had not been discharged. Here, at least, I thought, my efforts had not been unappreciated. Therefore I would go and take a look at the Chronicle Building. Just a sight of it might drive the gloom from my mind.

It was an ordinary five-story affair, of a faded terra-cotta color, but a view of it had a cheering effect. I went inside, hoping for more cheer. While waiting for the elevator, I was joined by one of the *Chronicle* reporters. He told me there was a vacancy on the staff. "One of the stockholders of the paper is part owner of the biscuit trust," he said. "A reporter wrote something unfavorable about the trust in connection with labor troubles, and the copy reader let it get in. The item was true, but the reporter and copy reader were both fired."

I applied for the reporter's place, and got it, at the same salary the *American* had paid me.

After all, I thought, if Mr. Walsh and the other owners of the *Chronicle* wanted to use it to aid their business interests, it was their affair. I re-

gretted that I couldn't work for a newspaper that fought for high ideals, but I needed the position. In accepting it I resolved to keep on aspiring to do ideal journalistic work sometime.

Meantime, since the best of my genius must be kept down, while necessity drove me to work for material gain, I decided to live in more material comfort. Ever since coming to Chicago, almost a year before, I had roomed in a poverty-stricken neighborhood. A genius should always live so, I thought, until the world recognized his worth. Certain books, and my years of association with many journalistic geniuses had convinced me of this. But I reasoned that nothing, at present, was to be gained by my mode of life. So I hired a room in a well-to-do neighborhood, and ate at good restaurants, and drank less liquor. I felt better physically, but at times I was assailed by fearful doubts. Was I really a genius, after all?

One of my first assignments was to interview Susan B. Anthony. She was no longer the active head of the equal suffragists. She had grown too old. There could hardly be any news in what she might say. But it was on a Sunday afternoon, and there was a large amount of space to fill in the paper for Monday.

Miss Anthony was a guest at the home of Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross, the real estate dealer, who posed as the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. Gross lived on Lake Shore Drive.

"It's another of Gross' ways of advertising—to entertain celebrities," the city editor told me. "He puts his wife up to schemes to gain publi-

city. They don't care anything about Susan, or equal suffrage. But we need stuff to fill the paper, so go see what the old girl will say. Mention the Gross family only at the bottom of the story."

I found Miss Anthony seated on the front veranda, gazing seaward. She made the usual argument for equal suffrage. One new idea was that the increasing number of bread-winners among women would hasten the granting of the ballot to them. "Just as surely as that tide is coming in," she said, pointing with a bony hand toward the lake, "the tide of equal suffrage sentiment is rising. No movement of half the importance ever grew so fast. The abolition of chattel slavery was preached for many decades before it gained half the supporters we have gained in a few years."

Her voice was a bit shaky, and her lips trembled even in repose. Her pale blue eyes were weak. The skin hung loose and wrinkly over her strong, Puritanical jaw. But when she talked her eyes lighted up, and her whole being seemed afire with the purpose that had guided her life and the lives of many thousands of her sex.

I looked at her dim eyes and wondered if the love-light had ever shone in them. Seeing her thin and wrinkled hands, I speculated as to whether they had ever felt a lover's tender, clinging clasp. That head, well formed, but now covered with gray hair plastered unpoetically down on each side, and combed back over the ears—that head of a female general of a great cause—had it ever reposed in sweet abandon on a lover's breast? Had this woman of firm purpose and unalterable aims

never wandered at dusk with someone down flower-scented, moonlit paths, and known that "loving languor which is not repose"? Was she a real woman?

I determined to try a compliment with her, as I had with Mrs. Lease.

"What a shapely hand you have," I said.

A faint flush of pleasure came to the withered cheeks, and the dim eyes lighted up. She held out her hand and looked at it. "I've often been told so," she said. "Many women have said they envied me my hands." And then we talked about palmistry for several minutes.

When I returned to the office the city editor asked: "Well, have you been flirting with Susan?" And then, without waiting for a reply, and never suspecting that a real flirtation had taken place, he added: "Write about a column of the lady's talk as soon as you can, for I've got another story I want you to handle this evening."

I was then sent to report a Yiddish play in the Jewish colony, and afterward went to interview Rabbi Hirsch about it.

A few days later I reported the annual regatta of the Columbia Yacht Club. A regatta is a race in which several boats contest for prizes. Originally, the name was given to the gondola races in Venice. I didn't know this till I looked it up in the office encyclopædia, that fount of journalistic knowledge. Neither did I know a jibboom from a spinnaker, nor the difference between luffing and tacking, larboard and starboard, nor any of the terms yachtsmen use. But on the way to the club

house I bought a hand-book on yachting, and charged it to my expense account.

I expected the reporters for the other papers would be experts in yachting. I had been drafted by the sporting editor for this assignment because both of his regular aids were too busy to go. But I found that my four associates on the trip knew less of the subject than I. They had neither sailed on yachts nor studied yachting. I had studied it for twenty minutes.

But they had the advantage of me in one way. They all wore yachting caps. And two of them had brought along binoculars. With these they calmly swept the sea at intervals. Thus, while I could stun them occasionally with my nautical terms, I felt crushed whenever I saw how nautical they looked.

The course was from Chicago to Michigan City, Indiana, about forty miles across the lake in a southeasterly direction. A score or more of yachts of many sorts and sizes took part. A steamer was provided for guests, and to this the reporters had tickets. The judges watched the start from this steamer, which then proceeded to the other side, in advance of all the yachts, for the finish.

The yachts were allowed to get miles out before the steamer started. As they skimmed over the distant waves, their spreading sails puffed into graceful curves by the breeze, the large ones looked like great swans, the smaller like gulls, dipping their wings into the sea in flight. I stood at the rail, gazing at this picture so long that I almost missed the finer scene we were leaving behind. But

I turned in time to see the city of Chicago before it faded into the western horizon.

I expected a commonplace sight. I had seen little of Chicago that was grand or inspiring in my eleven months there. At close range the city is crude, ugly, and dirty. There are monstrous skyscrapers beside low, squat buildings. There are many filthy streets, glaring signboards, monotonous rows of cheap flats; and there are unused, trash-covered lots even in the main business section. At close range, too, the ears are often filled with the clamor of a thousand discordant sounds.

But Chicago from the sea! It is an imperial metropolis, a dream city, with the afternoon sun gilding its towers and steeples, and distance melting and blending its harsh shapes into harmony. The water-front of Chicago gives it a setting which no great city of ancient or modern times ever boasted. The foundations of the Old World capitals were laid miles from the sea, to make them safe from pirate ships and other hostile fleets. And New York, the only sea-coast city in Chicago's class in size, is on a narrow point of land, hemmed in by islands. But Chicago, the city of magnificent distances, of far-flung boundaries, is bordered on the east by twenty-six miles of liquid blue.

As I looked from afar over the waters, I saw a splendid city, swathed in a soft, celestial haze. The sun's rays, piercing this haze, lent opal tints, and the breezes, shifting and swirling it about, gave the effect of an immense skirt dance of aerial spirits in and out among the great buildings. These buildings reared somber, stately heads above, like

mountains overtopping clouds, and seemed to frown upon the frivolity of the creatures of the air.

Glimpses through the fairy-like mist showed other beauties. There were grand domes, and splendid pinnacles, on one of which a weather-vane, in the form of a golden Mercury, flashed in the sun, and seemed to be flying through space. Below were massive blocks of buildings, orderly thoroughfares with rows of handsome residences; fair stretches of greensward, dotted with pretty groves of trees; elevated railway trains silently threading their way on silvery rails above thronged but noiseless streets; here and there, on the edges of the scene, smoke curling gracefully from tall chimneys. It was a picture painted with a lavish brush upon a vast canvas, colorful but harmonious, pulsating with the life of two million human souls working out their earthly destinies—one of the mysterious, master works of the Master Artist—framed by the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea.

"Wake up, and let's begin work on this story," said one of the reporters, tapping me on the shoulder. "You can't see much of old Chicago now without these glasses. Want to borrow 'em? No? Then let's find our friends and get together on what we're going to write."

I agreed to furnish the technical knowledge if the others would get the facts. One of the judges on board was a former commodore of the club. He was referred to us as an authority. We found him seated on the upper deck. We took seats about

him. The boat had got into the trough of the sea, and was rolling somewhat.

I was thinking that life on the ocean wave must be pretty fine as a regular thing. My fellow craftsmen probably felt likewise. Their yachting caps were set jauntily upon their heads, and they were puffing cigars or pipes, anon thoughtfully gazing through binoculars at the half dozen yachts in sight.

"I see the 'Siren' has taken in her jib, Commodore," I remarked, casually.

He made a reply loaded with technicalities. I didn't understand, but said something, anyhow. My associates looked at me with awe and envy. One of them, not to be left out, chipped in with, "She's a trim little craft, all right, all right, and behaving beautifully," and then rose and walked to the rail before the Commodore could reply.

Just then the steamer began to roll more violently. I suddenly felt dizzy. I soon became more nauseated than nautical. My stomach seemed to be filled with cold lead. I looked at my friends. Their faces were pale, their lips bluish. They had thrown away their cigars and put up their pipes.

I rose and tottered toward the companionway. They followed. We hurried to our cabins. And we didn't leave them till the steamer lay quietly in the dock at Michigan City.

In the sandy, but firmly anchored streets of this town we speedily became our nautical selves again. I hurried to a store and bought a yachting cap so that I could look like the others. As all the yachts would not be in for a couple of hours, we spent

the time strolling about town. In the course of our saunterings we let drop many hints to passers-by as to our mission in life. We probably lit the flame of journalistic ambition in the soul of many a youth, just as such exhibitions by fine young men of our profession had fired us when we were young.

At the leading hotel the five of us engaged one room containing four extra cots. But each charged his paper with the cost of the whole room. Reporters on out-of-town assignments together always do this. At least, I never knew one who didn't. It is argued that the paper would have to pay for a whole room if its reporter didn't share his apartment. And if he is willing to do this the money saved is his, not the paper's.

Dinner over, we assembled in our room, and started a poker game. After the yachts came in the judges would be an hour or more figuring out the time each had made. Size and build of craft, kind of sails, and other points of difference had to enter into the decisions. The judges were to send us the list of awards as soon as it was ready. The editor of the local paper, in return for our promise to mention him first among the citizens' reception committee, furnished us with the details he obtained from the yachtsmen as fast as their boats arrived. Thus, having no work to do, we decided to pass the time pleasantly.

At nine o'clock, after two hours of play, one of the party had all the money the others had saved on their expense accounts. At that point the judges sent us the list of prize-winners. The game was reluctantly stopped for an hour while we wrote.

We resumed play soon after ten o'clock. We decided to make an all-night session of it. We could have returned to Chicago on a late train, but preferred to remain over and go back on the guest boat the next morning, which was Sunday.

This decision proved to be the best thing for our papers, for at half-past eleven the yachtsmen sent us word that the awards were all wrong. They gave us a new list of winners. Then we had to write new stories—and we couldn't write so well at half-past eleven as we had at nine, for a bell-boy had been kept busy bringing in full glasses and taking out empty ones.

We recommenced the poker game some time after one o'clock. As the night wore on, and the bell-boy's services continued, we grew philosophical, poetic, gloomy, waggish, or hilarious, according to our natures.

"A journalistic career is a continual round of toil, hardship, and disappointment," remarked Jipsom, of the *Inter-Ocean,* moodily sipping from his glass. He had just lost his watch in a jack-pot, and had removed his tie-pin for a last desperate stand.

"What's the matter with you, now?" queried Johnston, of the *Record-Herald.* Johnston had lost everything of value but his clothes, and had borrowed ten dollars from Crawford, of the *American,* who had won nearly all the stakes, thus far. Yet he was not downcast. "Have you had to toil much on this trip?" he asked. "Think of the laboring ones in the ordinary walks of life who never know the romance of our vocation—the splendor

of achievement—the glory of telling the history of each day—of interpreting humanity to itself."

"Every day the world, in its manifold activities, passes before our vision like a kaleidoscope," I put in, catching the spirit of Johnston's words, and feeling that I could express the thing better. "We see the millionaire in his palace, the toiler in his hut, the preacher in his study, the statesman on and off the platform, the actor in his dressing-room——"

"But not often the actress," said Jipsom, sorrowfully.

I was disconcerted for a moment. Desmond, of the *Tribune,* lifted his glass and quoted:

> "'Ah, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears
> To-day of past regrets and future fears:
> *To-morrow!*—Why, to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.'"

We gladly drank to this. All journalists love Omar Khayyam. There may be among them some who are not familiar with the works of all the great poets, but I have never met one who didn't worship at the shrine of Omar.

"Omar expresses so well the feeling of those who have seen all the glories of this life and care not for them—who wish only to enlighten humanity to the best of their ability, and merely for the sake of doing it," I remarked.

"Of course, if one paper will pay more than another for this work, we, as a rule, prefer it to the paper that pays less," put in Jipsom, cynically, "although the first may have more readers

who need enlightening. Even if its politics is opposed to ours," he added.

This was a long speech for Jipsom. He relapsed into gloom. I went on:

"A journalist is, in some respects, like an actor. He must wear many disguises. He must simulate the feelings of others, but be prepared to put off those feelings at a moment's notice, and assume other feelings. Like an actor, too, his character must be submerged in those he portrays, if he would portray them well. But, unlike a player of the stage, he has no time for rehearsal. Out of his broad general knowledge—the broader the better—he must construct instantly the characterization he has to feel to express it on paper for a vast number of readers. To-day, for instance, we had to write of yachtsmen for the instruction of hundreds of thousands of people——"

"What do you know about yachting?" interrupted Jipsom.

I paid no attention to him. "And to-morrow, which is the Sabbath, each of us may have to enact the rôle of Gospel interpreter. We may have to attend some great religious teacher's discourse on immortality, and report it for the benefit of the multitudes who read the papers——"

"Easy enough, if he hands you a typewritten manuscript," muttered Jipsom. "Anyhow, it's not hard to fake up the average preacher's bunk yourself." Jipsom was still gloomy, although he had won back his watch and the total of his expense account.

"Journalism is a great training-school for other

high vocations," I persisted, after another round of toasts. "If one is not satisfied to continue the study of life in all its phases, the broadening and deepening effect of journalistic work will aid him in preparing for a career elsewhere. There are many statesmen, authors, financiers, lawyers, who have left journalism——"

"Too wise in the beginning to stay long," snarled Jipsom, ringing for the bellboy again.

"——for their present positions of eminence. Taken all in all, there is no greater, more widening, more satisfactory, more really important and eminent career than that of the journalist. No one has such opportunities to acquire the best outlook upon life, and to express his views through the various characters which he can make speak——"

"When the business policy of the paper doesn't prevent—which is about all the time," from Jipsom.

"In brief, the true journalist is, in a way, a king among men, for he leads and directs, informs and uplifts his fellows——"

"As long as you're happy in that belief, it'd be a shame to wake you up," said Jipsom, as the light of dawn shone upon our pale faces, and the game ended.

CHAPTER XXIV

I HAD always wanted to attend a bohemian party. For years, day dreams of such a party had haunted me. I desired to touch elbows and exchange repartee with geniuses of many sorts. I longed to meet, face to face, creators of books, of plays, of statuary, and of pictures, as well as writers of great news stories and editorials. The latter persons were, of course, the most congenial to me. But I saw such every day. I had yearnings to know other varieties of genius.

I dreamed of that "feast of reason and flow of soul" that was always to be had among true bohemians. At meetings of journalists, generally held long after midnight, after the papers had gone to press, there was often more flowing of bowl than of soul. But journalists, at such times, are more in need of recreation than of mental pleasures, tired out as they are after hours of intellectual toil.

My dream suddenly came true. One night Stirk, the star man of the *Chronicle* staff, said to me: "To-morrow's your day off, isn't it? Well, can you come out to a little bohemian party at the home of a friend of mine, in the evening? He's sporting editor of an afternoon paper. There'll be a few artists and authors there, including some nice dames, besides a bunch of newspaper men you'll probably know. It'll be the real thing."

I concealed my joy as well as I could. I said, calmly, that I would be glad to go.

Stirk's friend lived on the top floor of a South Side flat-building of five stories. There was no elevator. Lonfeel, the host, answered our ring. The hallway was dark. We were out of breath. Stirk and Lonfeel recognized each other only by voice. I guessed from the host's breath that the party had already begun. He came into the hall from the parlor, which was also dark, and shut the door. After the introduction he asked me to excuse him for a moment. Then he took Stirk into a corner and said, in a hoarse whisper, which I heard plainly:

"Stirk, old man, I'm up against it. I've invited a lot of people out here, and there's not a thing in the house to eat. Mrs. Lonfeel didn't know they were coming—I forgot to tell her. Neither of us has a sou. If you could loan me a dollar or so I could fix things up with a steak and salad, and a few drinkables. The gas company shut off the gas to-day because we forgot to pay last month's bill, so we'll have to buy some candles."

Stirk felt in his pockets. Then he sidled over against me in the gloom. "For Heaven's sake, slip me a dollar!" he said. I slipped it. He shuffled back to Lonfeel's side and handed something to him.

Then we entered the parlor. I saw several shadowy forms in the faint light that came through the windows from electric street lamps. Stirk and I were introduced to five or six persons. Only by voice could we distinguish sex.

"I hope you'll excuse me now for a few minutes," said Lonfeel. "I've got to help Mrs. L. a bit. Our girl left us without notice to-day." And he disappeared. A moment later I heard a door open and shut, and then the sound of someone madly descending the stairs.

"I don't mind the darkness a bit," gurgled a feminine voice to my right. "It's so delightfully bohemian."

I had caught a good glimpse of the owner of this voice as she stood near a window for a moment. A ray from the street light had shone upon a comely face and outlined a passable form. "I prefer the unconventional myself, as a rule," I said, moving nearer.

In one corner a discussion upon Emerson was in progress. An elderly man of the name of Budkins, who had written a book on "The Beauties of Suburban Life," was defining the philosopher. Before he became an author, Budkins had been real estate editor of a morning paper for fifteen years. "The Beauties of Suburban Life" had found so much favor among his friends, the realty dealers, that they circulated it by thousands of copies. The income from the book had enabled him to retire from journalism. He lived near the center of town, so as to indulge his habit of midnight eating at restaurants. At forty-two, he was bald, wrinkled, and anemic. He was regarded by himself, and by some others, as a success in journalism. His views of Emerson were being opposed by Hoyle, the assistant sporting editor of a morn-

ing paper. The essay on "Compensation" was the subject.

"Emerson was grand, wonderful. All things were comprehended by him," said Budkins. "He tells us in 'Compensation' how Nature always repays what is due, and demands of all full payment in some manner for what is given. Thus the balance of the universe is preserved. Achilles is not quite invulnerable, for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx, and the sacred water did not touch that part. Siegfried, in the German fable, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back while he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and left a mortal spot. And so, as the Concord sage so well says, it is always——"

"Oh, cut it out!" said the sporting authority. "Emerson was full of bunk. He may have meant all right, but he wrote bunk just the same. If he'd ever stirred out among people and seen what life was, instead of sitting in his study and having pipe-dreams, he would have known better than to string out a lot of the dope he signed. When I was in college—and I have been to college, all right—I used to bank on Ralph Waldo. But I realize now that he didn't know the game. Why, those characters in mythology he cites to prove his case only go to disprove it. They were the exceptions. That's why they were noticed and got their names in print. There were plenty of others in mythology, though, who were entirely immortal, and who got more than their share and kept it. There was Apollo, who hardly ever lost out, and was god of several things at once.

"And Emmy tells us of a statue the Thasians erected to Theogenes, a victor in the games. One of his rivals went out and threw it down one night, and it fell on him and killed him. But such calamities don't always happen to destroyers. They're the exceptions, and, as I said, that's why they're mentioned. Why, I was with a bunch of college boys once that threw down a statue put up by a rival frat, but it didn't fall on any of us. And how about the man that hit Billy Patterson? He hasn't been found yet.

" 'The voice of fable has in it somewhat divine,' said Emmy. Why didn't he say 'something divine'? 'Somewhat' isn't a good noun. I think he used it in many places just to be odd and attract attention. But, anyhow, let's take the proposition of the fable's being divine. Why, it's preposterous in at least half the cases. All sorts of stuff and nonsense are in fables and proverbs. You can prove anything by 'em. But the people who make home-run hits in this life are the ones who pay no attention to proverbs, or to Emerson, or to most of the other philosophers, either. The philosophers are always going 'round in a circle in their arguments, and so they don't get anywhere."

Mrs. Lonfeel came in at this moment with a lighted candle. One young woman was seated in the lap of a journalist friend of mine, but she didn't get up. She merely arranged herself more comfortably. No one seemed to notice. The room was full by this time, several other persons having arrived after we did. One of them was the pessi-

mistic Jipsom, who had reported the yacht races with me.

It was now half-past seven. Still there was no sign of dinner for us, but a delicious odor of broiling steak came up from the flat below. This made us all the hungrier. Conversation was being forced. We were trying to enjoy an intellectual feast, but we wanted food for the body more. Mrs. Lonfeel now spoke cheering words. "We'll soon have dinner," she said. "Our gas was turned off by a mistake to-day, and we have to cook on the stove of our neighbors below. Our girl left us last week, so Mr. L. and I have to prepare dinner."

Mr. Lonfeel here entered with two quart bottles of cocktails. No one declined. After two or three rounds of these we felt ravenous. Conversation buzzed, and the more we talked the hungrier we got. Art, literature, the drama, and politics, were discussed. I had read but one of the essays of Emerson, and only enough of that to get a quotation to use with some news story. But I entered warmly into the discussion of his philosophy. I declared my admiration for all that he had written.

A dramatist was in the party. One of his plays had been presented for three nights in South Chicago. There was an artist who illustrated book covers for a map publishing house. Both of these men wore their hair long. One of the young women wrote fiction for magazines. Another had written poems that had been published in Sunday newspapers. To her the world was indebted for these lines:

"O bluebird, sing your joyous lay—
You don't give me the blues.
O I could list to you alway,
Despite your doleful hues."

Cigarettes were passed around. Everyone smoked, and the air was soon thick. In a cloud that obscured the candlelight, Stirk came near, and whispered to me to go with him into a corner. There he said: "Don't get too interested in that party you've been sitting close to. She's the first Mrs. Lonfeel, and the present Mrs. Austin by courtesy. Austin is market editor of a morning sheet. He's over there on the piano stool, and he's been watching you. He's had a quarrel with her, and she's trying to make him jealous. You may be the victim."

"The first Mrs. Lonfeel—Mrs. Austin by courtesy?" I repeated. "How is that?"

"Why, Lonfeel and Austin are friends of years' standing. Each admired the other's wife more than he did his own—so they traded. This was about six months ago. The couples remain on good terms with each other. They all four say they are happier than before. The Austins' quarrel is just a little tiff, and I advise you not to get tangled up."

As we were talking, Lonfeel came to the parlor door and said dinner was ready. It was then after eight o'clock. The dramatist was criticising the plays of Clyde Fitch, and the artist was declaring that J. McNeill Whistler was "ultra-impressionistic." The poetess was playing on the piano, and

the magazine writer was doing a skirt dance, ever and anon trying to kick the chandelier.

All hurried to the table. The Lonfeels and the Austins had adjoining seats, and all talked pleasantly together. Lonfeel and "Mrs. Lonfeel by courtesy" got up between courses to wait on the table. They seemed to serve the choicest bits to Mr. and "Mrs." Austin, whose quarrel was now ended. Both of these women were good-looking. The main difference was in size. "Mrs. Lonfeel the first" was considerably smaller than her successor, and Mr. Austin was much larger than Mr. Lonfeel. The latter was somewhat undersized, and the one he preferred as a conjugal partner was several inches taller and weighed much more than he. The two men were dark-complexioned, and the women were blondes. The exchange of mates had proved, even more than the marriages, the theory of the attraction of opposites. The brunette not only sought the blonde, and the blonde the brunette, but the small had preferred the large, the large the small.

To the surprise of all, champagne was served. Stirk whispered to me: "Lonfeel must have touched the others as hard as he did us, or harder. This is a great spread."

There were champagne, soup, champagne, steak, champagne, baked potatoes, champagne, pickled beets, champagne, stewed carrots and cream, champagne, lettuce salad, champagne, apple and mince pie, coffee, and cordials. Almost any food would have tasted good by this time. As it was, the dinner was a royal feast. Lonfeel held a napkin over

the label of the champagne bottle as he filled our glasses, but the fluid tasted so good that we didn't mind what the label said.

Wit flowed with the wine. There were quips and jests, bon mots, epigrams, badinage, airy persiflage —all those things that I had so longed to hear in such an assemblage. My spirits soared to great heights. I was entertaining the poetess, who was on my right. Stirk was talking with the magazine writer. Everything I said pleased the girl at my side. At least she laughed at it all. Her dark eyes shone with delight, and her cheeks, rather pale before dinner, were now full of color. After the fourth glass she had a fit of laughter on my shoulder. "Oh, you're just too funny for anything!" she shrieked. And I hadn't reached the climax of the story, either.

"Mr. Dooley for mine, when it comes to philosophy," the assistant sporting editor was saying to Budkins. "He's the only really wise boy——"

"Of all philosophy, ancient or modern, I prefer the Baconian philosophy of usefulness," I interrupted. I had read that phrase, "Baconian philosophy of usefulness," the day before, and I wanted to use it. "Everything should tend to some practical benefit in this life, or be left undone. Bacon, you know, died as a result of a cold contracted while stuffing his chicken with snow, to prove——"

"But he can't stuff me," said the assistant sporting editor. "Dooley for mine, or George Ade——"

"Did you ever hear how it really was that Ade butted in?" asked Jipsom. We had all reached

the point where no one waited for another to finish talking. If we had, the party would have lasted for weeks.

"No. How?" queried the dark-eyed poetess, raising her head from my shoulder.

"Why, he took 'Gene Field's 'Tribune Primer' for a model. Field wrote a series of one-syllable stuff which he called 'Primer,' when he was on the Denver *Tribune*—'See the man! What is the man do-ing? He is tear-ing his hair! Why is the man tear-ing his hair? His fourth girl ba-by has been born, and he has no son as yet'—that kind of stuff, you know. That gave Ade the idea for his 'Fables in Slang.' He admits it, and he says anyone could have written 'em as well as he, after the first two or three——"

"That shows how easily fame is achieved sometimes," said Lonfeel. "It's often a matter of the merest chance. There's many an unknown genius who only lacks opportunity to burst in splendor upon a waiting world. Here's to the unrecognized geniuses!" And he stood up and raised his glass.

Everyone at the table quickly rose to drink to this.

When we had sat down again the Lonfeels and the Austins started a kissing party among themselves. Mr. Lonfeel and the real Mrs. Lonfeel and Mr. Austin and the real Mrs. Austin would bestow kisses upon each other for a while, and then the kissers would exchange places, and the program would be resumed, with the added spice of variety.

There were several toasts from Omar Khayyam. After this, Budkins arose and proposed a drink

to the memory of Emerson. Then Hoyle got up and said: "Here's to Mr. Dooley, the profoundest philosopher——"

At that instant Budkins lurched against him and cut short his speech. The author's arms, waved vigorously to emphasize his final words, had started him in a circular motion that caused him to miss his calculations as to where his seat was. Coming in contact with Hoyle, he grabbed him with such force that both fell to the floor. Their wineglasses clashed, and were broken into many pieces.

Out of Budkins' pocket fell half a dozen fountain-pens, which rolled in many directions. "Pens, pens everywhere!" cried the poetess. "And not a thought to write," growled Jipsom.

After the men were helped into their seats I rose and held up my glass. "And now," I said, "a toast to journalism: Here's to the prince of professions, the more than Argus-eyed guardian of the people's rights, the omnipotent champion of the oppressed, the scourge of the oppressor, the light of the land, the greatest uplifting force in civilization."

"Just a moment," said Jipsom. "Before you drink to this toast I wish to give my definition of journalism." And he rose, and looked about him with a half-sneering expression that never left his face. He was always pale, and there were many little lines about his mouth and at the corners of his eyes. He would have been handsome without the lines and the sneer. He might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty-five years of

age. He smoked cigarettes incessantly, and never declined a drink.

"Journalism—do you know what it is?" he asked, with a kind of snarl. "It is the biggest fake of modern civilization. It is the people's Judas. It is the betrayer of their trust, the self-constituted but recreant guardian of their rights. A power that, rightly wielded, might end every public wrong, it is prostituted for gain every hour of every day in the year.

"And what are we—we who call ourselves journalists? We think ourselves geniuses, doing noble work which few mortals are capable of doing, or are permitted by Fate to do. Oh, yes, we all think it, or have thought it, during most of our careers. What we really are I will tell you. We are fools, dupes, literary prostitutes. Our souls are not our own. What do our individual opinions count for? Not one of us could hold a place a minute after declining to write what the sordid business policy of our papers might dictate. And the business office rules at every newspaper plant. Do you know any paper that refuses advertising from lawless corporations, or from any other source, that pays enough? And do they attack those who advertise? I've worked on papers in every big American city, and know that conditions are practically the same everywhere. There are no life positions—there is no honorable old age in office, in our end of the game. Why? Because the work we do has become so systematized, so commonplace. Because there are so many fools ready to take our places, and

fritter away their lives as we are doing, like moths about an alluring but stifling flame."

Jipsom took his seat amid silence. He turned down his glass and stared moodily into space. The rest raised glasses and drank to my toast.

"What a dreadful cynic you are, Mr. Jipsom," gurgled the poetess. He didn't seem to hear.

"But let us not be borne down by pessimistic thoughts," I cried, rising again. "Let us not talk shop. Poesy, art, music, literature—these are more appropriate for discussion with our charming friends of the gentler sex. Let us see who can think of the most beautiful poetic quotation. I read one the other day that struck me as both humorous and poetic. It was about Chicago girls' feet. It was a parody on those famous lines of Longfellow:

> "'Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.'

"Those lines are doubtless familiar to you all. The parody goes this way:

> "'Chicago girls, where'er we find them,
> Think the bakery they take,
> And, departing, leave behind them
> Footprints no one else could make.'"

Instead of the general burst of laughter I expected, this was greeted by only a few giggles from the men. The ladies looked displeased. The poetess I had been entertaining turned her back to me, and began to talk to someone else. I sat down.

"You've made a frightful break," whispered Stirk. "All the girls here to-night must have been born in Chicago."

He was right. I had thought there would be little risk in repeating the rhyme. It was my only chance to be witty. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the verses could have been safely recited at a gathering of a dozen men and women in Chicago. A city that quadruples its population in twenty years must have only a small per cent. of native residents. But by a freak of fate my calculations had been entirely upset.

I was hardly noticed by the feminine part of the gathering after that. The party ended an hour later. In the dark hallway, Lonfeel mistook my poetess for the first Mrs. Lonfeel, and kissed her good-bye. Shouts of laughter followed. Everybody but myself joined in. I went home, alone and gloomy. My only comforting thought was that I had attended a real bohemian party.

CHAPTER XXV

THE next Sunday afternoon I was sent to see ex-Governor Altgeld at his home. A rumor had been printed that he had intended to retire from politics to become counsel for some trust in New York.

"Show him this clipping, and see if you can stir him up about it," said the city editor. "It probably isn't true, so he may cut loose and roast somebody for it. A Monday paper is generally dull, and we particularly need stuff for to-morrow."

Mr. Altgeld lived on the far North Side of town, near the lake shore. His house was a modest one, of two stories. He himself answered my ring. "Surely," I thought, "if he had been a dishonest Governor, he would have been wealthy enough to own a fine house and have servants attend to the door." I had seen him the year before, when he made a speech in the Presidential campaign. He was not robust then. But now he was thinner, and more wan-looking still. His black beard made his pallor all the more striking. The disease that ended his life within a year had already made great inroads upon his constitution.

"It's a contemptible lie!" he said, when he had read the clipping. "Just another blow from behind by some cowardly enemy."

"Is that all you wish to say about it, Governor?"

"It's all I'll say about that. But I'll say something about newspapers that publish such idle, malicious gossip. But your paper, of course, won't want to print what I say. It is basely unjust to print slanderous rumors of this kind before investigating them. But these big newspaper corporations of which you reporters are merely tools—as a rule, honest, hard-working and innocent tools, but still tools—are as heartless and as soulless as any corporations that exist. They are birds of prey. The *Chronicle,* as it is now conducted, is one of the most vulture-like of all. These papers care nothing for truth or justice or honor. They aim only at profits. The big advertiser alone is protected. And woe to others who offend, and cannot propitiate this mercenary giant, the press."

When I reported this interview to the city editor he said: "Mr. Johnny Walsh wouldn't appreciate seeing those remarks of Mr. Johnny Altgeld in his paper. We won't print anything about him. Altgeld is sore because the newspapers dubbed him 'the anarchist governor,' and got him out of office."

That evening I was sent to report a meeting of Dowie and his followers. Dowie was then building Zion City, but most of his followers were still in Chicago. His main temple was an old church edifice at Sixteenth Street and Michigan Avenue. The interior walls and ceiling were decorated with crutches, braces, syringes, and medicine bottles. These physical aids to the cure of physical ills had been discarded by those who had accepted Dowie as a prophet. They believed in spiritual healing

only, although they contributed material money to build a material city to glorify the return of Christ in a material form.

Dowie, short and fat, with a shining bald head and a flowing white beard, came upon the platform, wearing a dark blue robe that trailed behind him. Melancholy-looking men, with faces like pictures of the old Puritans, sat about the stage, dressed in black robes. Dowie spoke in rasping, unmusical tones. He prayed loudly and long. I attended many of his meetings after that, and always he prayed at least ten minutes.

"The papers made Dowie," I had heard more than once. "They began attacking him in World's Fair times, when he used to hold services in a tent near the fair grounds. They called him an Australian adventurer and a fakir. The only effect was to advertise him and increase the number of his followers. An editorial in the *Tribune,* headed 'Drive Dowie Out of Town,' was the first gun in a war that has lasted for eight years. The longer it goes on the more people flock to Dowie, and he grows more rich and powerful all the time."

There were now ten thousand people in Chicago alone who believed in him, and the sun never set upon his followers. Each of these gave him regularly a tenth of his or her income, to do with as he pleased.

On this Sunday evening he denounced the newspapers, the Masons, the Pope, and all of the orthodox churches. He talked in a rambling way. He used vulgar phrases. Often his grammar was not good. He made mistakes in history, such as

the statement that Napoleon once had the title of President of France. Yet none of his audience seemed to notice his errors. They applauded him, and punctuated his remarks with "Amens."

Toward the close of his harangue he began talking of birds. He said winter was approaching, and that many of them would be out in the cold.

"The poor little b-b-birdies," he blubbered, wiping away tears. Many of the deacons behind him put handkerchiefs to their eyes, too. And in the audience I could see a large number of people doing likewise. "What a kind-hearted saint he is," said a woman near me, weeping in sympathy.

I went away from the meeting with the idea that Dowie must have his followers hypnotized. He dominated them completely. They responded to his every mood. He seemed to hold them in a spell. To them he was perfect. He could do no wrong, make no mistakes. When he waved his arms, their heads swayed. When he laughed, they laughed. When he wept, they wept.

In less than a decade this strange character, starting penniless, had built out of the religious and social discontent of a city a church owning millions of dollars' worth of property. He had erected this structure from the refuse of other churches. From the side streets, the slums, the gutters, he had gathered his followers. To the incompetent, the half-witted, the lowly, the neglected, he preached new doctrines of hope in familiar words. He would not only show them the surest way to heaven, but would secure for them material benefits which an unjust world had denied. He

would build for them an earthly paradise while they waited for eternal bliss. Never before had they been promised so much. They flocked to him from many directions.

Out of chaos he created a force that made him a figure of world-wide interest. He was preacher, prophet, and politician, captain of industry, and self-mitered ruler of a theocracy built by himself. He rode in a private carriage, had a coachman and a footman, was guarded by uniformed men, and lived in luxury, worshipped by those who furnished him his princely income. And he had really benefited most of those who believed in him. He made them practice honesty, morality, and industry. They all had more money now than when they joined his church, although they gave him such a large share.

When I returned to the office I offered to write of Dowie's weeping about the birds. That was the only thing that struck me as unusual. Anything that would put Dowie in a ridiculous or unfavorable light was generally wanted by all the papers. But I was told to write nothing.

"We've just got orders to let up on Dowie," said the city editor. "Mr. Walsh wants to increase the paper's circulation among the Dowieites. Our political views have cost us subscribers lately, and we want to make up for it. If there is any good hot news about Dowie, of course we'll print it, but not unfavorably."

The following day I went to the office of the State Pure Food Commission to verify a story that had appeared in another paper. While there I

learned that an investigation of the ice trust was going on. Impure ice, cut from stagnant ponds, was being sold to thousands of families in the poorer quarters at high prices. Chemists had found disease germs in many samples.

I got all the details and hurried back to the *Chronicle* office. I wrote a story two columns long. The city editor read it and laid it aside. An hour later, when he called me in for another assignment, the manuscript was in the waste-basket. "I couldn't use your story," he said. "The ice trust people are too close to Walsh. I'm sorry, for it would have been a hot scoop."

At eleven o'clock that night, as I was leaving the office, the city editor frantically called to me:

"Sit down and write all you can about that ice investigation," he said. "I can't find your story about it. The janitor has emptied it out of the waste-basket. I heard that another paper intended to make a spread on the investigation. We can't be scooped. I had a hard time convincing the powers here that it was news, but I finally did it. Don't hit the trust too hard—don't call it a trust at all, just say 'most of the big dealers'—but tell all the news."

And the next morning the *Chronicle* had an ice investigation story. It wasn't so good as the first one I had written, but it was enough to keep the paper from being scooped.

After that I was told to cultivate the food commissioners. I got them to start several other investigations. There were two reasons: The investigations made news, and they helped to attract

attention away from Mr. Walsh's friends, the ice barons. In company with the genial assistant commissioner, Mr. Rudolph M. Patterson, I investigated the soda fountains, the Ghetto market, the flour trade, the patent food supplies, and lastly the Chinese chop suey restaurants. Mr. Walsh owned no stock in any of these, so I could write what I pleased about them.

One evening of this same week I reported a meeting of the Single Tax Society. I was instructed to write a favorable account, because Mr. Walsh believed in the society's principles.

"How is that?" I asked. "He is so rich that I should think he would be opposed to putting all the tax on land. Most wealthy people are."

"But Mr. Walsh's money is in stocks and bonds."

There were twenty to thirty persons at the meeting. I have attended many Single Tax meetings, and have never seen more at any of them. The same people always attend, and they nearly all make speeches expressing the same ideas. They all applaud each other. And at every gathering someone will be sure to tell, to show the injustice of one man's owning land to the exclusion of others, a certain story.

This story dates back to the Crusades, or even farther. It is about an Irishman caught poaching on the estate of an English earl. The earl orders him off his land. "How does this happen to be your land, sor?" the Irishman asks. "I inherited it from my ancestors," the earl replies. "Sure, and how did they git it?" the Celt wants to know.

"They fought for it," says the earl. "Bejabers, an' I'll fight ye for it now!" declares the poacher, peeling off his coat. (Laughter and applause.)

The story was told that night, as usual. It was listened to, and applauded as though new. Each of the others had probably told it in turn, or was only awaiting his time to do so. Yet this seemed to take away none of their enjoyment.

Besides the telling of this story there were the usual speeches. One of the speakers referred to the *Chronicle,* which was the only paper that reported their meetings, as "that great champion of justice and humanity, that liberal newspaper which fearlessly prints the news about the progress of our grand cause in spite of the fact that its owner is a member of the wealthy classes." He was loudly applauded.

The arguments for a single tax seem unanswerable. A tax on land values alone, and the abolition of all personal property taxes, would appear to be the best solution of many vexing problems of government. A few individuals could not then own most of the land of a country. There would be no tracts held idle for a rise in values brought about by the industry of others. The owner would either have to sell, or improve his land until every bit of it was profitable enough to hold. A personal property tax truly seems a tax on industry, and a tax on land alone the most just of all. But always at single tax meetings I have had such thoughts as these:

"You single taxers will never make any progress talking among yourselves. You few thoughtful

ones were converted by reading Henry George's books, but the way to reach the people is to make your dry arguments pleasant by some kind of vaudeville attachment. A coon song or a leg show between talks would cause the people to listen. The masses are drawn to the Salvation Army by its music and uniforms. Dowie is attracting them, too, with music and display. If you please the eye and ear first, you will reach the reasoning faculties of the average mortal a thousand times quicker than by appealing to his reason alone. The Catholic Church would soon be abandoned by four-fifths of its members if it went back to plain services. In this dull, workaday world, people want to be entertained first and educated afterward. That is what makes yellow journalism popular. That is what upsets peace plans when a nation is rushing into a war, just or unjust. At such a time the army needs no orator. All it needs is to march in bright uniforms down the street, bands playing and banners flying, to set the populace aflame with enthusiasm. The eye and ear pleased, the heart is won, and reason trails behind."

On Saturday of this same week I obtained a big piece of news in a strange way. I had become interested to some extent in an actress. She had asked me to buy her a bracelet. She had seen one she wanted in a North Side jeweler's window. She told me the price. I didn't have that much money. Then I remembered that a reporter I knew had won that particular jeweler's friendship. He had made prominent mention of him in reports of some public movement. Since this jeweler was fond of

seeing his name in print, I reasoned that he should be willing to do a favor to a reporter.

I had heard that retailers in jewels make a big percentage of profit. Also I had heard that they sometimes let their friends have goods at cost prices. I telephoned the jeweler. He said he would be glad to do me such a favor in the case of the bracelet. I gave the actress the money. She got the jewel, and met me in a downtown café. In the course of the conversation she remarked:

"Your jeweler friend is very obliging and talkative. He told me he would soon be part owner in a department store. It is to be different from any other. Each department will be managed by an expert who is now running his own shop. I think he called it a co-operative scheme. Anyhow, he said there was never anything just like it."

A few minutes later I started out to get that story. I learned the name of one other promoter. Neither he nor the jeweler would admit much. But a word here and there gave me an outline of the scheme. An immense building in the downtown district was to be rented.

The Lilliputians were combining to fight on his own field the department-store Gulliver. They would group their wares and pool their capital. Singly, they were powerless against him. Yearly, more and more of them were defeated in an unequal battle. He was entrenched in the heart of the city, where rents were highest. He was forcing his small competitors into side streets and suburbs, or to become his vassals at clerks' salaries. By employing an army of girls at wages

that few men could live on, and by buying and selling in immense quantities, this giant maintained his advantage. Only by adopting some of his methods could his enemies hope to stand against him.

But they must work while he slept. The two promoters of the co-operative store begged me not to write of their plans. To make them public too soon would probably be fatal. I told the men I couldn't promise—that the city editor must decide.

I went back to the office, holding in my hands the future of that scheme. The plans for a battle that might change the history of the business world were in my keeping. To let the other side know of these plans would probably decide the issue. But I felt all this only in a vague way. What I principally thought of was that I had the facts for a first-page scoop. I saw, in fancy, big headlines over my story. I thrilled in advance over the thrills I was to cause others. Thousands would read my story in the *Chronicle,* and all of the rival papers would copy it, and many more thousands would read it the following day. Only those who have been reporters can know the satisfaction that such a thing, merely in itself, can give. To "beat the town" on a big sensation—that is the first aim.

When I put the case before the city editor, he said: "I'll have to see what Walsh says." He returned from the telephone to order me to write all I knew. "The people who are getting this thing up are not advertisers," he added. "The big department stores are. Besides, Walsh doesn't be-

lieve in co-operation or municipal ownership, or anything like that, so go ahead."

I wrote two columns. All the other papers copied the story.

The co-operative department store was not started. The owners of the big emporiums in the downtown district joined forces against it. They got an option on the only available building by greatly overbidding the small merchants. The latter, whose combined capital was less than the wealth of any one of their powerful rivals, gave up the fight in despair.

Thus was nipped in the bud by the frost of publicity a project which might have revolutionized trade—and all because an actress wanted a bracelet, and a reporter wanted a scoop, and a newspaper wanted to protect its advertisers.

CHAPTER XXVI

"TEDDY ROO-SEY-VELT is coming to town to-morrow, and I want you to follow him everywhere, and get a good story," said the city editor, on the night of Friday, August 30, 1901.

He pronounced the name as I have spelled it. I thought that anyone should know there were but two syllables to the name of the Vice-President; also that the double "o" was sounded like one, as in other Dutch words, and that the correct pronunciation was therefore, "Rose-velt."

At the beginning of my career in journalism I had thought that anyone who attained to the dignity of editorship must be god-like in wisdom. But in at least a few instances my idols had fallen short of this, and it always jarred upon my editor-worshipping soul to hear one of them mispronounce words or abuse grammar.

The *Chronicle's* city editor, I regret to say, was not among the intellectually great of the earth. He was fat, and mentally and physically lazy. He seemed to care for little beyond drawing and spending his salary, and reading books like "The Decameron" of Boccaccio.

I was glad to get the Roosevelt assignment. I was glad, even though I had to break an engagement with my actress friend. I liked her rather

well, but a journalist can seldom allow personal pleasure to interfere with duty. Social life, as others know it, is seldom for the reporter.

So I broke the engagement, and the actress cast me off forever. "If you care more for running around with old Teddy Roosevelt," she declared, tearfully, over the telephone, "why, you can just——"

"But, my dear, it's a journalistic necessity. Listen——"

But she wouldn't. I drew a long sigh, and hastened to cover my assignment. I was late in making connections with the Roosevelt party. I joined them as they were about to go on board the "Dorothea," of the Illinois Naval Militia.

I depended on the afternoon papers, and on those of my friends representing the other morning papers, for details of the party's doings up to that time. Governor and Mrs. Yates, and several of the Governor's staff, were with the Vice-President. The reporters trailed along in a group by themselves. The day was gloomy, the skies lowering, and Mr. Roosevelt, the Governor, and the Governor's colonels, wore mackintoshes.

I had never seen Mr. Roosevelt before. I got my first view of him as he and the Governor were talking together. A cutter, rowed by blue-jacketed sailors, was approaching.

I saw a strong jaw working, a thick, tanned neck, gold-rimmed spectacles, darkish, close-cut hair, and stocky, muscular shoulders. Then the Vice-President turned and faced me while talking. He was not beautiful. As he drew back his lips to

emphasize his words, I thought of a strenuous bulldog a friend of mine had once owned. The next instant he reminded me of a Dutch grocer I had known.

Then I drew closer, and watched him. His face was never dull, but always animated, always expressing something. The Dutch nationality of his ancestors was strongly marked, though their blood had been mixed with generations of other blood in his make-up. He looked the sturdy Dutchman to perfection. He was the kind of man my history books had pictured as battling with Indians, and raising crops, and going to church, and laying the foundations of a new nation in America, or fighting to the last ditch and dyke in the army of William the Silent against the yoke of bloody Spain. And, too, he was like the men that I afterward saw on the canvases of the old Dutch masters. His face had the strength, and his eyes the idealism of a Rembrandt, at times lighting up with the jollity and the love of life of a Franz Hals.

On board the training-ship the official guests were entertained in the officers' quarters. We reporters kept huddled together as we walked about the boat, gathering such scraps of information as we could. The vessel went out to sea about six miles, then up and down the coast for ten or twelve miles. The water was rough, and Mrs. Yates and several other ladies became seasick. So did some of the reporters.

Mr. Roosevelt's admirers had said that he was never known to retreat. That day, as he stood by the rail with a naval officer, a big wave splashed

over and nearly drenched him. The wind was fast gaining force. The officer moved back. Mr. Roosevelt gripped the rail harder and set his teeth. Then he saw another wave coming, bigger than the first, and behind that still mightier ones. Suddenly he let go and bolted after the officer, just in time to escape the waters which crashed against a hastily shut door.

I decided to make this retreat the feature of my story for the next day—for I was on a Democratic paper.

At the end of the trip out the vessel was halted while the Vice-President and the Governor addressed the "jackies," who lined up on the rear deck. The Vice-President's first words were:

"I have the right to claim to be one of you. I well remember the pleasant associations we had with the men of the navy in the days before Santiago. (He pronounced it "Santi-ey-go," the American sailors', not the correct Spanish way—a diplomatic thing to do, I thought.) I met the gallant commanders under whom most of you have served. You should all be proud, as you doubtless are, of having fought in a navy which, in so brief a time, achieved so many glorious victories," and so forth.

After the speeches, as the boat was turning for the homeward trip, and he was chatting with a group of officers, we reporters began discussing whether we should interview Mr. Roosevelt about the Schley-Sampson matter.

"He wouldn't talk about it for publication," said one. "I tried him at the hotel. He'd be pleas-

He let go and looked after the officer *Page 250*

ant enough, but there'd be nothing doing in the way of a real interview."

"Of course not," added another. "A Vice-President can't talk, any more than the President can. He might have to be the whole thing himself at any time, you know. If someone should hit Mac in the head with a brick to-night, and do it hard enough, Teddy would be President to-morrow."

This was on Saturday, August 31. Six days later, on Friday, September 6, President McKinley was shot at the Buffalo Exposition. A week afterward he died, and Mr. Roosevelt became President.

The man who made this strangely prophetic remark was H. S. Canfield. I had first met him four years earlier, in Kansas City. He had been the friend of Lafcadio Hearn in New Orleans. He had edited *Brann's Iconoclast* after the picturesque character who founded that paper had been killed in a duel. He had worked on newspapers in many parts of the country. He had written books. Two years after this particular time a leading magazine had begun to publish a series of stories by him, and when his prospects seemed brightest he committed suicide, following a debauch.

When the training-ship returned to her moorings, Mr. Roosevelt said good-bye to Mrs. Yates and the other ladies of the party. The Governor's wife simpered like a country schoolgirl. "Seems like she doesn't know how to act," remarked an officer. The Vice-President tore himself away to take the launch waiting for him and the Governor.

His last words, addressed to Mrs. Strong, wife

of one of the Governor's staff, were, "Hull House to-morrow, remember—Hull House to-morrow!" He spoke in much louder tones than he had been using.

"I believe he said that for our benefit," declared a reporter. "That's a way he has of letting us on to his movements. It's good of him to inform us."

Later, in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel, we got the Vice-President away from the politicians long enough to ask him if he were going to Hull House the next day. He said: "Yes, but it's a private visit, and there's no need of mentioning it. I'm going over in the afternoon, to have a chat with Miss Addams, the admirable head of the settlement." He shook hands cordially, and we let him go.

It was then six o'clock. We all sat down in a corner of the hotel barroom and matched coins for refreshments while we compared notes. Then we separated.

After gulping down a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee at a lunch counter, I hurried to the *Chronicle* office. I was all keyed up to write the greatest story in my career, but the city editor said, in cruel accents: "Turn your stuff over to one of the men in the office—Stirk is the man to write it, I think. I want you to go back and keep on Teddy's trail. Don't lose sight of him, if you can help it, till he goes to bed."

I left the office feeling like a messenger boy. But as I neared the Auditorium my spirits gradually rose. I had made occasional stops along the way

at certain places—the kind with large mirrors, and long counters having shining brass rails before them. "After all," I was now reasoning, "it's no ordinary work, following the Vice-President of the United States about."

From the Auditorium, at seven o'clock, I and four others trailed Mr. Roosevelt to the Chicago Club, a block north in Michigan Avenue. He was to attend a dinner there, but the affair was private. As we couldn't have got in with any excuse, and knew that he was safe for three or four hours, we went to a theater. At eleven o'clock I returned alone to the front of the clubhouse. My associates had abandoned the trail for a poker game. I had no money, so I decided to remain faithful to duty.

I had to wait till after midnight. Mr. Roosevelt finally came out with two men. One of them walked rather unsteadily, and clung to the Vice-Presidential arm. At the hotel corner "Good-nights" were said. I lingered near, hoping they would get into an argument, and that the Vice-President would say, in a voice loud enough for me to hear: "McKinley and Hanna may go to the devil! I defy them, and I'll run for President on my war record!" Or, "It looks like we'd have war with Germany," or something equally sensational—anything to make a big scoop. Or, I hoped some villainous-looking man would come out of the darkness and flourish a gleaming knife above the Rough Rider's head, and cry out: "Death to this man, and hurrah for Hanna!" but be thwarted by a lightning-like move on the part of his intended vic-

tim. (For I didn't wish for much real harm to befall the Vice-President—only enough to make a great story.) I desired that the villain should escape up an alley, and that the three men would decide not to report the affair to the police, so that the other papers wouldn't hear of it.

But nothing happened to suit me. Mr. Roosevelt simply said "Good-night" in the ordinary way, and entered the hotel lobby, with me a few feet behind. I saw him get his key from the clerk, who handed him a batch of mail. As he stood glancing over the addresses, as though deciding which to open first, a Jewish traveling man, leaning against the clerk's desk, looked hard at him, then at the clerk, and raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips, as though asking, "Is that really he?" The clerk nodded. After a moment the Vice-President put all of the letters in the pocket of his mackintosh, shook hands with the clerk, went to the elevator, and disappeared in it up the shaft.

"A darned good fellow he is, too," said the clerk. "He's just as pleasant and unaffected as anyone could wish."

I went disappointedly to a telephone booth, and told the city editor that only a few words need be added to the story. I was instructed to follow Mr. Roosevelt all the next day.

On Sunday morning he was to attend services at a little Dutch Reformed Church on the West Side. I hated to get up early enough for that, but I dared not remain in bed. A reporter always dislikes a Sunday morning assignment of any kind. I not only charged the paper with one extra meal

this time, but also put on my expense account "One cab fare, $1.50." I felt entitled to this for getting up so early. I rode out to the church in a street car.

I arrived late, but the Vice-President himself was not there yet. He came a little while afterward, with one of the men who had walked from the banquet hall with him the night before. The pastor's face lit up with pleasure when he saw the visitors. Seats had been reserved in the front row. As they walked up the aisle there were many head-shakings and whisperings among the congregation. I and two other reporters were seated near the center. "I don't belong to this church, but I admire him for standing by his religion," I heard one man say. "So do I," said another. They had come out of curiosity, to get a close view of Mr. Roosevelt. I didn't quote their remarks in my paper, because it was Democratic.

After the regular services ended the pastor, with a little cough of embarrassment, said: "We have with us this morning a distinguished visitor, who, a year ago, did us the honor to visit our church. On that occasion he promised that the next time he was in Chicago on a Sunday he would address us from the pulpit. Unlike many men in public life, who, I am sorry to say, do not keep their word very well, this gentleman will make good his promise. He is one who, by his services to his country, has risen high in the councils of the nation, and will, many of us hope, rise still higher."

Mr. Roosevelt got up on the platform, showed

his teeth to the pastor and the congregation, and opening the Bible, began talking at once. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only," was his text. He repeated the words several times. Occasionally he put one hand in his trousers pocket, but took it out immediately to make motions with. He used simple words, and used them forcefully.

His frock-coat and trousers needed pressing. The clothes he had worn at the banquet the night before were immaculate. But a man sitting behind me didn't know this. He remarked to his wife: "Why, I've heard he was an aristocrat, but he don't look it, or talk like it. He dresses plain and simple, and he talks common and earnest-like. He's just one of us."

Mr. Roosevelt was talking about the duties of parents to children, and of children to parents. He was telling a homely story to illustrate a point. It was about a peevish, inconsiderate boy, of eleven or twelve years, who had annoyed his mother during a railway trip. The Vice-President had sat in the seat behind. "I'd just like to have been that boy's father for a few minutes," he said, gritting his teeth. "I'd have shown him how to treat a poor, overworked, careworn mother." And many parents nodded in approval.

Then he talked of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He told of Christian's experiences in the Slough of Despond, and of his encounters with the Giant Despair and the many monsters that had beset his path. He urged the tired and the despondent and the ailing to take new courage and throw off the gloom which would weigh them down.

"There are moments in the lives of all of us," he said, "when Despair grips us with his horrid hands. There are times when we must fight that fight alone, so far as mortal aid is concerned. Then it is that we need our faith—when, without the armor and sword of belief, we should be overcome. But with courage born of deep faith—faith like Christian had—we may arise once more in the darkest and most dismal hour, and put to flight the ugly fiends of darkness."

I wrote this part of the address along with the rest in my account, but it was cut out by some all-wise sub-editor. The other newspapers didn't use it, either. The reporters with me seemed not to be listening to him at this point. What all the newspapers printed the next morning was a commonplace speech on the duties of good citizenship—the kind the Vice-President was in the habit of making at nearly every public appearance.

When services ended, the Vice-President spent half an hour in shaking hands and chatting with the congregation. Many almost fought to get near him, but he seemed not to notice that.

From the church he went back to the Auditorium Hotel, where he lunched with some notorious machine politicians. After luncheon he was driven to a meeting of the Gideons' Society, composed of Christian commercial travelers. There he made an address on the necessity of high ideals in public life. He was elected an honorary member of the society. As he hastened from the hall to his carriage he was cheered by a small crowd that had

collected in the street. He was then driven to the Hull House, on the West Side.

We used the elevated railway, and reached the social settlement before Mr. Roosevelt did. We saw him and his friends enter the main building. Crowds gathered about the carriage and near the entrance. They were poorly dressed, and of many races and creeds, but mostly Poles, Bohemians, Italians, Greeks, Jews, and Irish. Their surroundings were unbeautiful. The houses were of such various heights, colors, and materials, that they jarred even upon eyes used to nothing better than downtown Chicago. Billboards, clanging street-car bells, rattle-trap cars, and shouts and curses in many dialects, added discord of sound to discord of sight. And in the center of this was Hull House, rising like a modern Tower of Babel, above the squalid colonies clustered about it.

Hull House originally was the mansion of a family named Hull. The family had nothing to do with the founding of the settlement, but the name had now become synonymous with social settlement work in Chicago. It was even better known than the term "social settlement" itself, and this was due to its chief founder and head, Jane Addams.

She was daily blessed in more languages than any other woman in the world. She was spoken of by most people simply as Jane Addams. No title or prefix ever seems necessary to the names of the very great. Jane Addams had come to Chicago twelve years before, after studies in foreign social settlements. She saw in the immense West Side a limitless field for good work, and there the lowly

and oppressed now found sympathy, aid, and encouragement at all times. She and her assistants shared the daily life of the people. They brought beauty and an understanding of the better things of life to them. They softened race hatreds and harmonized colonies of opposing faiths. The sad-eyed, sweet-faced woman at the head was known on two continents for her good work. She was often consulted, in a single week, by Greek fruit peddlers, university professors studying sociology, political reformers, city officials, clubwomen, aspiring young musicians and painters, factory inspectors, novelists, reporters, washerwomen, socialists, European scientists, and members of the British Parliament.

It was this woman whom Vice-President Roosevelt visited on this Sunday afternoon. He spent about half an hour talking with her while we lingered outside. After his carriage rolled away she told us that the conversation had merely been about social settlement work in general, in which Mr. Roosevelt was "so good as to take an interest."

We followed him back to the Auditorium. It was then about six o'clock. A number of politicians were in the lobby when we arrived. When the Vice-President saw the two groups, the politicians and the reporters, he at once walked over to us, and, shaking hands with us, asked: "Is there anything I can do for you gentlemen before I go?"

We talked with him for a while, and then he went over to the political group.

"It shows what a good fellow he is, to come to us first," remarked one of our party.

"It simply shows where he's wise, that's all," said another. "What we'll write about him will be read by two million people to-morrow. What those politicians say will get to very few."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE next day I walked jauntily into the office. Two days in the company of the Vice-President of the United States had made me feel that I was an eminent journalist. As such, I expected I would now receive assignments of only the greatest importance. As I glanced over the letters in the reporters' mail-box, I made a remark about "my friend Teddy."

"Are you looking for a letter from him already?" asked someone, rather sarcastically.

I ignored him, knowing that he was simply jealous.

Just then the city editor called me. "Go and attend the meeting of the Gravel Roofers' Union," he said. "They'll be at Labor Headquarters. We don't want much about it—not more'n a hundred words, even if they decide on a strike."

I went out, crushed in spirit. The Gravel Roofers' Union! What a trivial, ignoble task! Any cub reporter could report such a meeting. Why should a journalist of my ability be made to waste his time thus?

I learned later that it was a custom on the *Chronicle,* as on many other newspapers, to give reporters commonplace assignments after important ones, so that they wouldn't have too good an opinion of themselves.

I did ordinary work for about two weeks. At the end of that time I was given another important mission. It was on a Saturday night—the night following the one on which President McKinley had died of his wounds at Buffalo. Abner McKinley, the President's brother, was to pass through Chicago on the way to Buffalo early the next morning. He would be in a special car, in a train from Colorado, where he had been in the mountains with a party of friends.

I was told to meet this train and get an interview. It was due at five o'clock in the morning. To be sure of meeting it I decided to stay up all night. I called up the other newspaper offices, to learn who were on the same assignment for those papers. As a result, five journalists met at half-past twelve in the rear room of an all-night resort. We played poker until a quarter to five, when we hurried to the Union Depot. The train hadn't arrived. We waited almost an hour in the cold, gray dawn of a mid-September morning. Then the night station-master told us the McKinley car was being transferred to a train half a mile away.

We ran over wooden ties and across steel rails till we reached the spot. Then we heard that the car had been switched to another part of the yard. We pursued it again. Three times it eluded us. We were sore in body and spirit when we finally came upon it, just as the train was ready to leave.

We climbed upon the rear platform and hammered on the door. A negro porter came out, and was given a half-dollar. He brought one of Mr. McKinley's friends to the door. This friend told

us who were in the party, the progress of the journey, how shocked and grieved Mr. McKinley was at his brother's fate, and so forth. He asked us to excuse that gentleman from appearing.

We swung off the car as the train was beginning to gain speed on its way East. The next morning the readers of the *Chronicle* read what was stated to be an interview with Mr. Abner McKinley. The reporters for the other papers hadn't thought to put Mr. McKinley's friend's words in the mouth of Mr. McKinley. But I decided that, under the circumstances, there would be no denial, and there wasn't.

The next evening I was sent to a meeting of Socialists on the West Side. A noted speaker was to be there. Thus far, I hadn't learned to care much for Socialists or their teachings. I thought the idea of public ownership or control of monopolies was good, but I couldn't favor the "socializing" of everything—not if it were to be done by the Socialists I had met.

I had mingled with Socialists, shaken their soiled hands, listened to their bad grammar, and smelled their onion-and-beer-scented breaths; and I had seen how vain their orators were, how they liked publicity, and were fond of money, and of indulging their appetites and passions, just as other people were. And I had thought: "If such people as you are to reform the world, I would rather not see it reformed."

At this meeting the crowd seemed even dirtier than usual, and the weather was warm. The noted speaker had no new message. He aroused the most

enthusiasm when he said: "The time is nearing when, with harmonious action, you can elect a Socialist President; and you can do it in eight years, if you behave yourselves."

Then followed a tumult of yelling, hand-clapping and waving of soiled handkerchiefs. The yells struck me particularly. They were cries of rebellion, and more. They were such yells as soldiers must give when they come in sight of a city they mean to loot. Among all the voices I could distinguish none that seemed to express enthusiasm over the near triumph of a high principle. No. These were the yells of men who hated authority when it pressed upon *them,* and who saw *their* turn coming to hold office and grab spoils, ride in carriages, and drink wine, wear fine clothes, and have an easy time.

I had met many kinds of socialistic speakers, and I found that they all belonged to one of these four classes:

Agitators ignorant of history.

Idealists who ignored history.

Authors who advertised themselves by advocating socialism, but who kept all the profits from their books.

Wealthy young men who wanted popularity, and found this the easiest way to get it, but who didn't give up their fortunes to the cause.

I learned that many who had been Socialists early in life afterward became bitter enemies of the cause. One example was the shining light of my own

profession, Editor Dana of the New York *Sun*. As a youth, he lived with the famous Brook Farm Colony of dreamers. But the *Sun*, as he edited it, always attacked every form of socialism. And I had concluded, from all I had heard and read, that Roscher, a German economist, must have been right when he defined socialism as "those tendencies which demand a greater regard for the common-weal than is consistent with human nature."

A few days later I was sent to interview Marshall Field, upon his return from Europe. Here was another contrast. After gravel roofers and Socialists, the toil-stained and the lowly, I was to come into contact with one of the world's richest men. He was one envied by many millions of people in many parts of the world. He was a merchant prince, and more. Few persons, even in Chicago, realized the extent of his holdings. He owned the largest wholesale and retail dry goods business in the world, and he had factories in Europe, Asia and South America. He was one of the biggest stockholders in the greatest of trusts—the United States Steel Corporation. He owned most of the Pullman Palace Car Company. He possessed great shares in many railroads, steam and electric, and in the street railways of Chicago. He was thought to be the third richest man in the country.

"Go out and see if you can get a talk with Marshall Field," said the city editor. "I'm afraid you can't see him, but you might try."

There were many larger and finer houses in Chicago than Mr. Field's. It was simply built, of red

brick, with white stone trimmings. There was a pretty lawn at one side. But there was nothing grand or imposing about the home of the man who could have built himself a palace to rival in splendor that of any emperor.

When I rang the bell, I expected the butler would come out and say, "Mr. Field is not at home to callers this evening." Then I would go away, disappointed, but feeling that I could do no more. For no reporter would risk offending anyone like Mr. Field by insisting on being seen. He might take the risk in the case of almost anyone else. But a big advertiser must ever be treated with the utmost respect.

The butler showed as much surprise as I felt when he brought back word that his master would be pleased to see me. I was ushered into the parlor. Mr. Field smiled as he shook hands, and then motioned me to a seat near him. I saw a man with fine eyes set in a strong, handsome face. At close range, lines of care were visible. His forehead was high, his hair and mustache white and silky, his complexion clear and pale. His figure, tall and commanding, was slightly stooped. He looked more like a statesman than a business man.

"How do you like newspaper work?" he asked, before I had put any questions. I told him it was my chosen vocation.

"It must be very interesting," he said, "to one who wants to study life."

I said it was.

"Do you find life interesting?" he asked.

There seemed to be something of melancholy in

his tones, and, in the instant before replying, many thoughts flashed through my mind. My principal feeling was one of pity. I wasn't much of a philosopher, but I realized that in the game of earthly existence my capital of the really valuable things was much greater than his. He was nearing the age of three score and ten years. I was in the middle of my twenties. He must soon be leaving life. I was entering its best period. My veins were full of good, rich blood, my capacities for enjoyment were the greatest. He was becoming poorer in the life forces every day, and the sands of his life must run out in a few years, at most. He had material wealth beyond the dreams of avarice —so much wealth that he could never spend a tithe of it in the time remaining to him; and there could be nothing left in the way of earthly joys or triumphs to compare with what he had already experienced. He had little more than recollections. I had dreams and anticipations. He had only a past, and in his past, I knew, the sorrows outweighed the joys.

These sorrows were little known. This because the newspapers don't print unpleasant stories about big advertisers. Newspaper men have a proverb, "There's many a good story that's never published on account of the business office."

So I, a penniless reporter, pitied this grave and melancholy old man, who was a hundred times a millionaire, and who wanted to know if I found life interesting. His own life embittered by domestic sorrows and troubles, he dwelt alone in the

shadow of the past, imperial wealth at his command, but happiness beyond his grasp.

"Yes," I replied, "I find life interesting. It's not always interesting in the way I'd like it to be, though."

"Few of us find it so," he said. Then he talked about the Chicago newspapers. He asked if the *Chronicle* was prosperous, and wanted to know about the other dailies. Next he inquired as to what I thought the best kind of a newspaper story. I said that, next to a declaration of war, or a big battle, anything that involved the honor or the life of a statesman or a prominent clergyman or a famous actor (or a great multimillionaire merchant, I thought, too, but I didn't say it), would make the best news. "If a daughter of the President of the United States, or of an ambassador, or of a noted Senator, were to elope with a distinguished actor, or an eminent divine, or a foreign lord," I said, "people would sit up nights to read about it. And if a duel were to follow, the story would be twice as good. But I don't like to work on scandal stories. It makes me feel too much like a scavenger."

Then suddenly I realized that I had come to interview him, and that he was interviewing me, instead. I told him so.

"There's only one thing I wish to say," he replied, "and that is, the tariff is too high. It should be reduced."

"How much too high is it?"

"I can't say exactly as to that, but it's too high. That's all I desire to say about it. It's too high,

and ought to be reduced some, in the interest of international commerce."

I tried several subjects—politics, finance, the condition of the streets, the labor question—but it was useless. He was firm, though kindly. And after a half hour's talk I went back to the office and wrote twenty to thirty lines, which told all that Mr. Marshall Field wished to say for publication. I had no desire to enlarge upon his words, or to twist them into a sensation; and if I had wanted to, I wouldn't have dared.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE interviewing of notable persons now became my specialty. I was appointed hotel reporter.

The regular man on the hotel "run" had fallen by the wayside. He had proved himself incompetent and unfit to stay on Mr. Walsh's payroll. He had been sent to a meeting of the Board of Education. In his report he wrote something about school-book contracts unfavorable to one of Mr. Walsh's many interests. The report was true, but was not the phase of truth which the *Chronicle's* owner wanted to see in print, and the next day there was a vacancy on the staff.

At this time there was much talk against anarchists. The killing of the President had stirred up feeling everywhere. The first interviews I got were on this subject. Congressman Hull of Iowa proposed transportation to some lonely island for all anarchists. My interview with him was widely copied.

One evening a party of Congressmen were at the Auditorium Hotel. I and the reporters for the other papers divided them up. One interviewed Senator Allison of Iowa, another talked with a Representative from Nebraska, a third seized upon a member from Indiana, and a fourth buttonholed a Californian. Senator Clark of Montana fell into my hands.

It was not long after the Senate had heard charges that he had spent half a million dollars to be elected. His income was reported to be nine thousand dollars a day, but he didn't look like a millionaire, or even like a rich man. He had on a suit of clothes that showed signs of wear. His silk tile was not new. His necktie was old, frayed, and travel-stained. I heard that his early habits of economy clung to him so that at dinner that day he chose a sixty-cent steak instead of an eighty-cent one.

His auburn whiskers were his principal mark of distinction. He was almost womanly, with his soft hands, white skin, and quiet ways. Yet he had gone into the West as a poor school teacher, and with a knowledge of minerals as an open sesame, had wrested from its mountains treasures like those told of in the Arabian Nights Tales. He had surpassed all of the strong, masterful men who had ever struggled for riches in the land of vast resources beyond the Mississippi.

The Senator didn't like to be interviewed. He was edging away, when his friend, ex-Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, of the State of Washington, who resembled him in whiskers, but who far outshone him in dress, came to my aid. He seized him by the arm. "What the devil's the matter with you?" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "You ought to know, by this time, that the best way is to stand up and talk. If you dodge it, the chances are that you'll get the worst of it."

Mr. Clark then consented to an interview. He said he was against anarchy, but he had no clear

idea as to what should be done. He changed the subject to art. He had just bought some masterpieces for his New York residence. Then he talked of automobiling. "France is the home of the automobile," he said. "I've got the craze, too. I paid eighteen thousand dollars for one just before leaving Paris." And for ten minutes he discussed automobiles.

I tried him on newspapers. "There ought to be a bond of sympathy between us, Senator," I remarked. "I understand you are interested in one or two newspapers out West."

"Yes," he replied, "they *say* I own twenty-seven."

This gave me a shrinking sensation. "What am I, compared with this colossal figure?" I asked myself. "And what hope is there for ideal journalism in America when such a man can control so many papers?"

Then he began talking of pictures and automobiles again, and as I couldn't get him to say anything newsy, I soon let him go. He shook hands as though he liked it, and then hurried away. The title and dignity of Senator seemed to be merely one of the frills to his existence; and he had bought it, just as he had bought a palace, beautiful works of art, and costly automobiles. Statesmanship? He appeared to know nothing about it, and to care less.

If I could only have read his mind at that time, I would have obtained one of the biggest scoops of my career. He had just returned from a secret marriage in Algiers with his ward, whom he had

been educating in Paris. A child was born within the year. But it was more than two years after I saw him that news of the union was made public.

The story would have made a great sensation. Romance, mystery, a beautiful and clever young bride, a Crœsus-like American Senator for a groom, and stage-settings from the far West to the Orient. The Rocky Mountains, the broad Atlantic, the blue Mediterranean, the boulevards of Paris, the surroundings of a picturesque retreat in Spain, and lastly, ancient, sleepy, colorful Algiers —all were scenes in the story. Out in Montana, where the attachment began, people didn't call it romantic. Nevertheless, it would have been a good first-page story, with enough to run over to the second page. But, alas! I was not a mind-reader.

Mr. Lewis joined me as soon as the Senator had retired. Mr. Lewis was willing to be interviewed. He had been twice elected to the Lower House, and once defeated in a race for the Senate. The year before, at the Democratic national convention, some of the far Western delegates had favored him for Vice-President. "After the election," said Mr. Lewis, "I saw Mr. Roosevelt in Washington. 'Well, Ham,' he said, 'you didn't get to be Vice-President, but you're still a leading candidate for president of vice.' Ha! ha! Teddy will have his joke at times."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you looked like Senator Clark?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. He's often mistaken for me. But I tell him I grew my whiskers first—that he's infringing upon my rights in wearing his this way."

I quoted Mr. Lewis on anarchy, along with the others, next morning. A few days later I again saw him at the hotel. He beamed upon me. "That was a nice little interview with me you printed," he said. "I sent copies to several of my friends."

Thus began an acquaintance which was valuable to me. In the course of his many visits to Chicago, where he afterward re-entered public life, Mr. Lewis introduced me to many public men. I gave him favorable mention whenever I could. Sometimes the only way I could write anything about him was by reference to his whiskers. But no kind of "write-up" displeased Mr. Lewis very much. He came into the hotel lobby one evening with a clipping from the New York *Sun*. It was an editorial, inspired by an account, mostly imaginary, of how he had been mistaken for a Boer. He had become indignant, according to the legend, that his whiskers should be thought Boer-like. Mr. Lewis read the editorial to a group of us reporters, remarking beforehand, "Now see what unmerited notoriety you boys are bringing upon me." But he didn't seem very angry. The editorial concluded something like this:

"Mr. Lewis was justly indignant that the fantastic and beautiful hirsute appendage of his lower facial regions should be classed with those of the rude Boers. There is nothing just like the Lewis whiskers on the face of any other mortal. There is nothing in art—not even upon the canvases of the old masters—to approach them in splendiferous beauty. There is nothing, even, in all the varied and wonderful manifestations of nature, to compare with them, except, perhaps, the rays of the setting sun, aided by iridescent cloud effects. But the comparison is a feeble one, for, alas! you cannot part the setting sun."

After reading this, Mr. Lewis folded up the clipping and put it carefully in a card-case which he kept in an inside pocket.

Several days after this the American Consul to Morocco was at the Auditorium Hotel. He was acquainted with former Senator Carter, of Wyoming, then a member of the Government's St. Louis Fair Commission, and who was staying at the same hotel. We were given an interview by Mr. Carter, and then we tried the Consul. The latter at once became important.

"I have no time to talk with you repohtahs just now," he said. "I'm to lunch with Senatuh Cahteh and Mrs. Senatuh Cahteh. Later on, perhaps, I may see you, and tell you something of affayahs in Morocco."

We didn't take the trouble to see the Consul again. Instead, we held a little meeting, and decided upon a story from Morocco. Someone suggested that it would be interesting if the Consul had told us that the Sultan had got the automobile craze and bought a machine, and upon his first attempt to operate it had upset it and bruised the royal anatomy.

"Yes, that would be a timely and entertaining tale," said another. We all agreed. Each of us furnished an idea or two. The main idea was that France, being the home of the automobile, and Morocco being near France, and subject to French influence, Sultan Muley Abdul Aziz had caught the fever. He had declared he wouldn't be happy until he got an automobile. He summoned a council of his ministers, and an agent was sent to Paris. He

returned with the auto and a chauffeur. When they arrived, the Sultan had run out of his palace, cast dignity and the chauffeur to one side, leaped into the vehicle, and turned on full power. The machine, after gyrating about for some time at terrific speed, finally crashed into a tree, sending the monarch flying into a thicket. As a result, the agent who had bought the machine was put in solitary confinement for two weeks, and a professional chauffeur was now operating the Sultan's automobile.

All of this we attributed to the Consul. It was published in all the papers next day, and was copied in many parts of the country. By a strange coincidence, we read in a magazine article, a few weeks afterward, that Morocco's ruler had really bought an automobile, and was learning to operate it.

But what gave us more satisfaction than anything else was the news that the State Department had reprimanded the Consul for telling unpleasant tales about the official head of the country to which he was accredited.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE hotel reporters formed a congenial group. Soon after I became one of them we reduced our work to a science. We accomplished the largest results with the least effort. We combined to do this. We argued that since most of the newspapers of Chicago had formed a combination, their reporters should have the same right.

We organized a trust. Among ourselves we referred to it as the Hotel Reporters' Association. Among others we never referred to it at all. Our motto was, "One for all and all for one." We abolished the scoop. It was only a will-o'-the-wisp, anyhow—a something which reporters wore out their lives pursuing, and found, in the end, to be only vanity.

We made our headquarters at the Auditorium and Auditorium Annex hotels. Most of the notables registered at these twin establishments. We found that the chairs were more luxurious there, too. Besides, there was a pleasant and secluded room, on the mezzanine floor, provided for our special use by the management. A mahogany center-table and half a dozen easy chairs were there. In a drawer of the table were a box holding fifty-two cards and several stacks of round ivory chips of various colors. To the hotel management we

were obliging in turn. We never wrote anything unpleasant about the hotel if we could avoid it.

Those were delightful, dreamy, almost workless days. They were days when the life of a journalist didn't seem so full of hardships, and when, I confess, I thought less about ideal journalism and more about easy reporting. Our system worked beautifully. It was almost the only thing about us that did work. We took turns in going to theaters, and allowed each other several days off each week in addition to the regular day off.

Much of the time we spent sitting in the lobby, exchanging opinions about politics, literature, the drama, and other subjects, including our employers, or studying the many-hued mosaics of the walls and ceiling, or simply watching the passing show. Almost every day we saw pass before us governors, senators, captains of industry, globe trotters, famous actors and musicians, bishops or archbishops, titled persons from Europe, or lords and potentates from the farthest corners of the earth.

There would be dull days when only ordinary rich people or business men were among the hotel guests. If several such days came together, we had to exercise our wits. The possibility of war in the Far East inspired interviews with many a person who never existed. Yet a name was always on some hotel register to go with the interview, if we had to write it there ourselves. The clerk would help us out by putting the number of a room opposite it, and then "checking out" the imaginary guest.

One day news was scarce, and the Hotel Re-

porters' Association met to take action. We had talked with imaginary men from Japan and Russia, declaring war inevitable. We had exhausted the South African situation long before. Our last made-to-order interview, by a German merchant from Berlin, predicted the commercial ruin of England by Germany. A magazine article on the subject had inspired that. We had now almost run out of ideas. One of us suggested a South American revolution.

"That's been overworked," declared the president of the association, Shayne, of the *Record-Herald.* "The only things revolving in South America now are the wheels in Castro's head. He's crazy, but I don't see how we're to make a story out of it."

"The very thing," spoke up Halden, of the *Tribune.* "We'll interview a leading business man from Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, to the effect that Castro is really insane, and that the conservative citizens of Venezuela fear him. I read the other day that he indulges in orgies something like that fellow Sardanapalus that Byron wrote a poem about. We can have this Caracas man compare him with Sardanapalus. A classic reference like that will help dress up the story."

This idea was adopted. All the papers printed the interview the next morning. It was copied widely, and caused much discussion. Some of the papers published Castro's picture, and under it, in black type, the words, "Of whom it is now asked, 'Is he insane?'" Our consciences would have troubled us if we hadn't believed Castro to be such

a reprobate that nothing like that could hurt him much.

At another time when we needed news, two Mexican bull-fighters on their way to Spain were at the Auditorium. Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, was at another hotel. The Hotel Reporters' Association delegated me to see him, and try to get him to challenge the bull-fighters to some kind of combat. But he wouldn't. "I want nothin' to do with those dagoes that torture poor dumb animals," he said.

Then we found an interpreter, and through him tried to get the bull-fighters to challenge Fitzsimmons to something. But they declined. Then we adjourned to our room to play poker, while we thought over the situation. As I was losing my third jack-pot a plan came to me. I stopped the game and told about it. "Fine," "great," "hot stuff," and "bully," were the opinions.

Turning to the telephone, near my right hand, I called up the manager of the Coliseum, the building in Michigan Avenue where the Republican national convention was afterward held.

"Hello!" I said. "I am Mr. Um-te-um-m, representing Senores Lopez and Calderon, the famous bull-fighters, of Mexico, now on their way to Spain to give an exhibition before the royal family. They think of displaying their art for the benefit of the Chicago public. I would like to engage the Coliseum for some night this week, and want to know your terms."

"Um—ah—well, you know, I'd have to put such a matter before the directors of the Coliseum

first," the voice answered, "and then perhaps the police department might object to——"

"Oh, I'll see the chief as to that," and I closed the conversation. Then I called up the office of Chief of Police O'Neill.

"Never, so long as I am chief of police, will I permit such a disgraceful exhibition as a bull fight in the city of Chicago!" cried the chief, when I had spoken, and I heard the sound of a clenched fist being banged upon the desk.

That was all we wanted. Two famous bull-fighters from Mexico were in the city. An attempt had been made to arrange a bull fight in Chicago. The management of the Coliseum had been approached. But the chief of police was aroused. He had declared that he would surround the hall with an armed force, and bathe the city's streets in blood, if necessary, to prevent such a barbarous display. Big headlines appeared over the story the next morning.

A story of more far-reaching consequences was the result of a discussion started on another dull day, when the poker-chips were rattling. This was a year earlier. The hotel reporters got to talking of the great number of rats to be seen in Chicago alleys. "We need a Pied Piper of Hamelin," remarked someone. "We ought to get up a rat story of some kind," was then suggested.

All agreed. Then the details were made up, piece by piece. "Dr. Nagushi, Tokio, Japan," was written on a hotel register by one of us, and in all the papers next day appeared an interview with him. "Dr. Nagushi" was a famous Japanese phy-

sician, who discussed the cholera epidemic then prevailing in some Oriental country. He said the disease was always spread by rats, who took filth wherever they went. Besides disseminating the germs of cholera, rats caused most other epidemics. They carried disease and death throughout the world, and should be exterminated everywhere. But it would be of only temporary benefit to slay all the rats in one country. They were such great travelers in ships' holds, that colonies would soon be re-established anywhere. Therefore, said "Dr. Nagushi," the only way to accomplish their destruction was for all the countries of the earth to combine against them—have a world-wide rat hunt!

Of all the papers, the conservative and reliable *Tribune* "played the story" the hardest. It devoted columns to it day after day. Chicago physicians and public men were sought for their opinions. Some of them said that diphtheria, smallpox, measles, and many other diseases, contagious or infectious, were doubtless helped along by the peripatetic rat.

Thousands of people were roused to a frenzy against the rodents. Without waiting for an international movement, they went a-ratting. The *Tribune* printed pictures of block after block of sidewalks that were upheaved in the search. The city government was at an expense of thousands of dollars to make repairs, and private property suffered. Many cellars were flooded with water in efforts to drown out the vermin. Two barns

were burned down. Hundreds of persons, seeking expert advice on the subject, addressed letters to "Dr. Nagushi, Tokio, Japan." They are still waiting for answers.

CHAPTER XXX

THAT methods like ours were being followed in other American cities, we often heard, and an account we had of news-making in New York made us feel much cleverer than our contemporaries there. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, statistician and anti-imperialist, was at the Auditorium Hotel one day. He was a genial, kindly man, with silky white hair and beard. We had a pleasant chat with him.

"I am simply going to make a speech to some insurance men this evening," he told us. "It will be upon a business subject, and there will be little or nothing of public interest in it. And I hope you gentlemen won't do as a New York *Herald* man did in reporting one of my speeches. I spoke at a club there one night. No reporters were admitted, as it wasn't a public affair. I had declined to tell a reporter what I was to discuss. The next morning I was surprised to see in the *Herald* a speech of about two columns on imperialism, attributed to me. I hadn't mentioned that subject at all. The reporter had obtained a copy of a recent magazine having an article of mine about it. He wrote a very good review of the article, I'll admit, but it wasn't my speech."

We all told Mr. Atkinson that *we* would never do such a thing.

About this time I interviewed Fournier, a noted French automobilist, in his bathtub. He had come to attend the Chicago automobile show, and had just arrived when I sent a card to his room. I was invited up. When I knocked on the door, the valet opened it, and showed me into the bathroom, where I talked to Fournier as he splashed about. He afterward took me out in his automobile. I rode by his side while he ran his machine sixty miles an hour.

I saw Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, in the Auditorium Hotel lobby one summer day. He was just preparing to leave on a speech-making tour, under the direction of the Chautauqua Society. He and Senator Burton, of Kansas, were to debate the race question. He had but one minute before getting into a cab.

"I'm going to tell the people of the North that if the fifteenth amendment isn't repealed, the coons will be wiped out in the South," he said, as he ran for his cab. Taking that statement to start with, I and my friends wrote a thousand-word interview with him. I remembered enough of a speech he had once made in Congress to fill out a column. He had said: "Yes, we shot niggers down South, and hung 'em, and burned 'em, too, and we'll keep on doing it, if necessary to maintain white supremacy," and much more to the same effect.

The Senator was back at the hotel two weeks later. The interview had been widely copied. But he had no complaint to make. Rather, he smiled pleasantly when he saw me in the lobby, and gave me a real interview of greater length.

When I left him I sauntered over to the cigar-stand. "Who is that terrible one-eyed man you've been talking to?" asked the young woman in charge. "The tough-looking one, wearing the hickory shirt and no vest."

I told her.

"Mercy!" she cried. "I'd be scared if I saw such a looking man on a lonely road."

The fat and jovial Senator Mason made his Chicago headquarters at the Grand Pacific Hotel. He was always pleasant to us, although nearly all the newspapers in the city were opposed to him. He would often entertain us at a convivial table, insisting upon paying all the bills. At such times he would freely give his opinions of our employers. He had the most contempt for Mr. Kohlsaat, of the *Record-Herald.*

"What the hell do you suppose I care for Herman Kohlsaat?" he once remarked. "I care no more for him than for thirty cents' worth of sour dough. What'll you have, boys? Waiter, fill 'em up again."

The interviewing of Senators and other notables became a commonplace thing to us. Sometimes we would match coins to see who should do the work. One day Beveridge, of Indiana, was at the Auditorium, and we debated whether he should be seen. A reporter who had worked in Indianapolis opposed the idea. "He wouldn't say much for publication, and besides, he's tiresome to meet," he argued. "He'll refer to the books and the articles in magazines he's written, and look as though he thought you stupid if you haven't read them. I

knew him before he got into office. I used to draw sketches of court-room scenes for an Indianapolis paper. Whenever he was at a trial, he'd always strike an attitude, so as to be an important part of the sketch. Sometimes I'd keep him posing for half an hour or so after I'd really finished, just for the fun of it."

So we decided not to interview Beveridge.

There were telephones in each room at the big hotels. I interviewed ex-Vice-President Stevenson and Senators Jones of Arkansas, Stone of Missouri, Bard of California, Dubois of Idaho, Foraker of Ohio, and many others over the telephone from hotel lobbies, when I felt too languid to go to their apartments. Foraker was the only one who objected. He came down and complained to the hotel clerk about being annoyed. After that his comings and goings were seldom mentioned in Chicago papers.

Another public man I interviewed by telephone was Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York. It was when the first whisperings of his possible candidacy for President were being heard. A statement from him would have made interesting reading. I called up his room. A grave but pleasant voice responded to my question: "No, thank you. I've nothing to say."

I often congratulated myself, however, upon having obtained as lengthy and important an interview with him as any journalist ever got before the campaign was over.

Colonel Henry Watterson was once pointed out to me in the lobby. I asked him for an interview.

"Come with me," he said, and he took me by the arm and walked me over to the news-stand in the other end of the lobby. There he bought a copy of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* He opened it at the editorial page, and, pointing to it, said:

"There, young man, you will find my opinions. What I say to the public I say here, day by day. It's the only sure way of having my opinions accurately expressed, sir. You may be all right, sir, but I take no chances, sir. This modern commercial journalism in the North, with its faking and sensationalism, is not to be trusted, sir. It's all commercial, and it's all getting yellow. A man will give out a few harmless words to an interviewer one day, and wake up the next to find himself notorious for having said things he never dreamed of saying. Why, you're getting all the public men afraid of you. If you're given a little more rope, you interviewers will hang yourselves, sir. Reform before it is too late. Have a drink, sir?"

"Thank you, sir," I said. "I believe I will, sir." And then we discussed several other things. But not a word did he say for publication.

I had always admired Colonel Watterson from afar. He seemed to me more nearly the ideal journalist than anyone of whom I had ever heard: writing fearlessly what he believed, influencing the minds of many thousands daily through a long life, a master of language, both spoken and written, avoiding rather than seeking public office, high-minded, courteous, chivalric—a very knight of

journalism, whose lance any cause would welcome, and whose enmity none would despise.

After leaving the Colonel I joined my friends in a game of cards. One of them, who had once worked on the *Courier-Journal,* said: "Colonel Watterson is a fine man, but don't get into a poker game with him. He's too absent-minded. He's apt to reach over and borrow a stack of chips from you when he's losing, and after the game he'll forget to square accounts. He's a fine old fellow, though."

Governor Shaw of Iowa used to visit Chicago several times a year. At first he registered at the Palmer House. After he was mentioned as a Presidential possibility he changed to the Auditorium Annex. He could be approached at any time. He always greeted a reporter with a kindly, fatherly air, and never said anything out of which a sensation could possibly be made. He would sit with his legs crossed, and would often pick his nose, or rub one ear, while talking. This was to show, perhaps, that he was just a common man, who put on no airs, and didn't feel himself above others—especially not above a journalist.

I once tried to get an interview from him, and he began to talk about the Dooley stories. At another time, Lincoln was mentioned, and he said: "Lincoln's name recalls something that happened a year or so ago out in Iowa. An old farmer, who had once seen Lincoln, was introduced to me. After a while he said: 'Mr. Shaw, the reason I wanted to meet you was that I had heard you was as homely as Abe Lincoln. But I want to say I don't

think you are. That is,' he added, backing away from me, and looking at me critically, 'not quite so homely—not quite.' "

At another time I talked with Mr. Shaw in his room at the Auditorium for half an hour or more. He had a high opinion of ex-Senator Vest of Missouri, although Vest was a Democrat. "There is a man who should have been a great constructive statesman," he said, "but fate placed him in a State and in a party that made this impossible. So he has had to waste his surpassing abilities in opposition, and generally fruitless opposition. To retain his political life he has had to tear down instead of build up. And the closing years of the life of this rightly named 'Little Giant' have been embittered by the degeneration of his party. In the last two Presidential elections he has had to support a losing fight, led by a 'damned cuss,' as he termed him, who is not worthy to shine his shoes."

We then talked of newspapers and their relation to politics. Mr. Shaw said a newspaper man should be with a paper whose political principles were his own. I told him this point had never made much difference to me. I added that about ninety-nine out of every hundred newspaper men I knew felt the same way. And if they didn't, I told him, they would probably be unemployed about half the time. I said a man didn't need to feel what he wrote, except for the moment, as an actor feels what he speaks only while uttering it.

"No, sir," said Mr. Shaw, earnestly, tapping a bony finger on the arm of his chair. "A man who

declined to write what he didn't believe in would be so respected by the papers in whose politics he did believe that they would make a place for him——"

"Perhaps you don't know newspaper managers very well, Mr. Shaw," I interposed.

"——and every man should individually stand for something," he went on, without noticing my remark. "Let him represent some principle, some idea, whether it be party politics or a religious principle, or an educational movement of some kind. And in the swing of ten or fifteen years, or a quarter of a century, if he be a man of ability, his neighbors, or his fellow townsmen, or his party in the State or nation, will then be enabled to turn to him, and, pointing him out, say, 'This man stands for such and such an idea, and therefore we want him to represent us.' "

"But suppose one doesn't care for public office, Mr. Shaw?"

"He should stand for something, anyhow. He should have political principles, and stand by them."

And so our talk ended. It was not long after this that Mr. Shaw's second term as Governor ended, and a little while after that he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. One of his first acts was to name a Chicago newspaper man, whom he had known in Iowa, and who had always worked on Republican papers, as his private secretary. Several months later he made this man the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, at four thousand dollars a year.

"Ah, well, he wouldn't have appointed me, anyhow," I reflected. "He didn't know me well enough. Besides, I'm destined to be a journalist, and a journalist only."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE members of the Hotel Reporters' Association were engaged in philosophical discussion one afternoon, when a bellboy, sent by the clerk, informed us that the Countess Wachtmeister, a noted Theosophist, had arrived. We matched coins to determine who should interview her, and I was chosen.

She was sweet and serene-looking. Her hair was white, but her eyes were bright, and she had a youthful complexion. She was one of the kind of persons who may grow old, but seem never to age. She was gracious, simple, kindly, natural. No worries seemed ever to have sat upon that brow, and no melancholy to have been reflected from those eyes.

I thought that her belief must have had much to do with this. But then, I reflected, I had met some other persons of different beliefs who radiated sweetness and amiability and serenity in the same way. Some were Theosophists, some were Christian Scientists, some were Catholic priests, one was a Buddhist missionary, and still another was an aged author and philosopher. All seemed to be as they were because they had arrived at what, to them, was a solution of life's mysteries. They believed that "All's right with the world," or would be in due time. Doubt, pessimism, gloom,

had been banished from their lives. They, themselves, were evidence that their way of living and thinking was the right way, at least for them, and for those who could think as they did.

I was rather glad that I had been chosen to see the Countess. She said many beautiful things about life and reincarnation and the eternal progress of souls. She defined Theosophy thus: "Search after divine knowledge—the term divine applying to the divine nature of the abstract principle, not to the quality of a personal God. That is the definition of Colonel Olcott, the friend of Mme. Blavatsky," she added. "I don't know a better one."

She sat in the hotel parlor talking to me for only twenty minutes, but in that time she imparted to me, possibly by telepathic waves, so much of serenity and amiability that I felt at peace with the universe. I allowed nothing to trouble me for the next forty-eight hours. The spell was broken, however, on the third morning, when I had to get up two hours earlier than usual to interview, at a railway station, some notable person who was to pass through town, but who never arrived.

One day I saw on the Auditorium register the name "Carl Browne." It recalled visions of tramping armies of ragged and hungry men. Carl Browne was the name of the chief lieutenant of the famous "General" Coxey, who, in 1894, led legions of the unemployed to Washington, fired with the belief that the Government should give them work or bread. After the Coxey movement fell to pieces Browne had become a socialistic lecturer.

I learned that it was the same Carl Browne who was now paying three dollars a day for a room, without meals, at the leading hotel of Chicago. And he was paying this out of money contributed to the cause of Socialism. For the present, however, he had turned aside from Socialism to woo the muse of art. He had painted a picture of the assassination of President McKinley.

"You ought to see the picture," the hotel clerk told me. "It's a wonder. He's not in his room now, and if you won't tell anyone, I'll let you look at it."

I promised. The clerk took me up to the room and unlocked the door. The painting was certainly unusual. "The people look like wooden images, don't they?" asked the clerk. "There stands McKinley, with his hand out, as if he were saying, 'Come on, now, and assassinate me. Here I am.' And those angels who are swooping down to take the President's soul away are like witches in a nightmare."

A half hour later Mr. Browne himself, bewhiskered and tired-looking, was showing me his picture, and I was looking at it as though I had never seen it before. "And just think," he said, "I never took an art lesson, though I have painted signs. This whole work was inspired."

"Then you must believe in inspiration pretty strongly," I remarked.

"Sure," he said. "Why, the whole Coxey army was inspired, you know. The spirit of Christ was with us. Each of us had a small piece of Christ's soul, and that kept us marching onward."

Mr. Browne was on the way to Columbus, Ohio, where he hoped the Legislature would appropriate about a hundred thousand dollars to buy his masterpiece. He showed me an indorsement from an art critic in Iowa, which read: "Mr. Browne's painting is truly a wonderful work. It must be seen to be appreciated."

I never heard that the Ohio Legislature bought the picture, but I did hear, some time afterward, that Mr. Browne was exhibiting his picture and himself in a dime museum.

A few days after this I met and talked with Lieutenant James McKinley. He told me he had served as a private soldier in the Spanish War. He was now a staff officer in the regular army. It made me feel more respect for him, and for the memory of his uncle, to learn that the Presidential power had not sooner been used to make him an officer.

Some weeks later I had an experience which made me feel still more respect for the McKinley clan. I found a family of that name on the West Side of town. They were related to the Presidential family. None of them had ever held any public office, yet they all spoke highly of their famous dead relative. They were now living in poverty. They earnestly asked me not to publish anything about them. It was this request that made me feel sure that they were related to the family of the President.

One day I talked with three Irish members of the British Parliament. Two of them were the Redmond brothers. They had come to organize

leagues in this country to aid the downtrodden Irish peasants. And they used a large part of the money contributed by the downtrodden peasants to pay their bills at the most expensive hotel in Chicago. It cost them about thirty dollars a day during the several weeks they spent agitating in the city.

I interviewed the members of the French Industrial Commission that came to study American methods of manufacture. A count and a baron were among the party. They treated us reporters to wine and cigars.

The next day I met a Japanese historian. He had been commissioned by his government to study methods of history-writing in Europe. He had been there two years, and was now on his way back to Japan to write the first complete history of his country. He spoke four languages besides his native tongue. He seemed to be informed about everything. He knew so much about American history that I didn't talk upon that subject long, for fear of showing what I didn't know. And he was only five feet tall.

"I intend to give credit to the United States for Japan's awakening, and for much of her advancement since that time," he said. "Commodore Perry's action, in 1853, in penetrating the veil that shut my country out from the world and kept her on a level with the half-civilized Chinese, was the hinge upon which Japan swung to civilization."

He said much more along the same line. I went back to my office elated. I thought I had a good story. I told the night city editor about it.

"A few lines will do for that," he said. "History-writing is a dry subject. Just who was this Perry, anyhow?" I told him, but he didn't seem much impressed, so I wrote only ten lines. The other papers printed no more than the *Chronicle,* although I had told their reporters all that the Japanese had said to me.

Some time after this, news being scarce, we arranged a story that all the papers thought "good stuff." We saw Elbert Hubbard, lecturer, sociologist, and a few other things, walking about the Auditorium lobby. Pat Sheedy, the noted gambler and "square sport," was also in the lobby. It was about a year after Sheedy had come into special notice by aiding detectives to recover in Chicago the famous Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which had been stolen in England a generation before.

"There sits Sheedy, and Elbert Hubbard passed us a minute ago," remarked Shayne. "We ought to get a story about one of them."

Hubbard was dressed in his usual careless way. There were greasy marks on his shirt-front, and he looked as though he needed a bath. His clothes were old and soiled. Sheedy was fashionably attired.

"I think Hubbard's a four-flusher, myself," Shayne remarked. "He's always looking for advertising. But we need a story. Suppose we say the clerk wouldn't give him a room because he looked like a tramp, and that Pat Sheedy stepped up and told who Hubbard was, and vouched for him?"

We all agreed, and the papers printed the story on their first pages the next morning.

A party of Montana capitalists were at the Auditorium one evening. It was at the height of the copper war. These capitalists invited us all to their apartments, where a banquet was spread. In an adjoining room one of them was dictating to a stenographer. After a time he came out with half a dozen copies of a typewritten statement. He gave us each a copy.

"This statement sets forth our side of the case, which is, of course, the only true side," he said. "And now, gentlemen," graciously waving his arm toward the table, "be seated."

We were treated as guests of honor. One champagne bottle after another was opened. Our glasses were always filled first. We were told that journalists were the finest fellows in the world. We were slapped on the back. Every time one of us told a funny story, uproarious laughter greeted it. "Drink hearty, gentlemen," we were told. "There's plenty more downstairs, and plenty of good Montana money to buy it with." "Sure. We have champagne for breakfast, out in Montana," added another of the party.

We lost count of the bottles. By midnight the fun was so fast and furious that capitalists and reporters were doing an Indian war-dance about the table.

At half-past twelve we tottered from the hotel. We had the typewritten statements in our pockets. We meant to have them published. But we couldn't find our offices. The last thing I remember of that

night was seeing two of my associates trying to drink out of a horse trough somewhere. We all woke up the next day in a Turkish bath-house.

The Montana magnates had overdone it.

CHAPTER XXXII

I INTERVIEWED Actor E. H. Sothern one night in his dressing-room. A Professor Clark, of the University of Chicago, had criticised his "Hamlet." He discussed the professor while he put on grease-paint. One of the things he said was:

"A man may have a lot of learned lumber in his head, but it doesn't necessarily follow that he knows what acting is. Acquaintance with dramatic writings doesn't argue ability to know whether a character is well portrayed, any more than knowledge of the habits and characteristics of monkeys fits a man to tell when he is making a monkey of himself. These ponderous pedants amuse me. In the language of the poet:

> " 'Such neither can for wits nor poets pass,
> Since heavy mule is neither horse nor ass.' "

Sir Henry Irving came to Chicago some time after this. I had heard that he never granted interviews. I tried to see him, and failed. Then I talked to his valet. I found him in a small apartment across the hallway from his master's rooms. He was an odd-looking little person, who seemed only half as tall as Sir Henry. He wore a modest suit of clothes, an enormous gold chain dangled from his vest, and he had on a frayed puff necktie, which had probably been discarded by the actor.

"Me mahster never gives out hinterviews, ye know, sir," he said. "'E doesn't believe in it. Hit's not the custom in Hengland, ye know."

"What does Sir Henry think of President Roosevelt?"

"Thinks 'e's a ripping fellow, 'e does so many things. Don't care so much about what 'e writes, though."

"What's he read of his books?"

"Well, 'e read 'is 'Holiver Cromwell' not long ago, sir, an' I 'eard 'im say hit wasn't nearly so good as Mr. John Morley's 'Cromwell.'"

"Does Sir Henry like America?"

"Uh—er—yes, O yes—er—uh—w'y, certainly, ye know, sir. Hand w'y shouldn't 'e, sir? The people are very good to 'im 'ere. They pay much more to see 'im hact than they do at 'ome, sir."

He told me Sir Henry had taken a ride on one of the elevated railroads, just to see what it was like. He said Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's manager, might talk about it, or give me some other news of his master, but that he, the valet, couldn't tell me anything without permission.

That evening I and my associates went to the Illinois Theater to see Mr. Stoker. He was in the lobby, attired in evening clothes, and stroking his reddish beard with satisfaction as he watched the crowds pour in. He was an author of some reputation in England.

"Tell us some news about Suh Henry, Mistuh Stokuh," said Shayne, as we surrounded him. Shayne usually dropped his "r's" when talking to well-known foreigners.

"Well," he replied, "Sir Henry is delighted with his present tour of America. He thinks the American people are——"

"Oh, never mind that bunk," broke in another. "We want news. Of course Sir Henry's delighted. But what about his riding on the 'L' road?"

"But, gentlemen, that isn't interesting. That concerns only Sir Henry, you know. He rides upon one of your public conveyances to see what it's like, just as an American, visiting London, would take a 'bus trip, or, in the future, will ride in the tuppenny tube that your Mr. Yerkes, of Chicago, is building for us. Please don't write about it, gentlemen. Sir Henry wouldn't like it, you know. It wouldn't profit you much, as it couldn't be made a very long story, you know."

"Mr. Stoker, perhaps you don't know what news is in America. Besides, we're not penny-a-liners. We work for salaries, and we get paid the same, no matter what we write."

"Come in and see the show, gentlemen, and we'll talk it over."

We stayed through one act, and then went back to the Auditorium. We had made no promises, and there is no telling what kind of a fantastic tale about Sir Henry would have been sprung on the Chicago public next day, if something better hadn't been provided by the arrival of two other notables. One of these was Verestchagin, the famous Russian painter of battle scenes. The other was his friend, Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis?" Two of us sent cards to the artist's apart-

ments, and were invited up. We found him and Mr. Curtin together.

Verestchagin's silky, flowing brown and gray beard was the first thing I noticed. His kindly, dreamy eyes drew my attention next. He was tall and straight, and strongly built, and his every gesture was refined. He talked in broken English, with a French accent. He introduced us to Mr. Curtin, who looked more like a farmer than a literary man. His red beard, spotted with gray, appeared not to have been barbered for many weeks. He was careless of his dress. Almost the first thing he told us was that he had been born on a farm near Milwaukee, and that his father and grandfather were farmers.

"Vassili—that's Monsieur Verestchagin's first name—and I have been friends for thirty years," he added. "It was that long ago that I was secretary of the American Legation in St. Petersburg. I first met him there, and we liked each other from the start."

Here the two men got up and threw their arms about each other and hugged, to show their friendship, as I had heard that men do in Russia. They laughed boyishly as they sat down again.

Verestchagin had come to Chicago to exhibit his pictures of Napoleon's retreat from Russia, and his later paintings of Philippine war scenes. He had just returned from the Philippines. He was a great traveler, having been in nearly every important country in the world. He had climbed the Himalayas and other high mountains. He had seen battles in many countries. In the war be-

tween Russia and Turkey he was present at every important engagement, including both naval and land fights.

"He hates war, too, and only sees battles to paint them," said Mr. Curtin. "His parents intended him for the navy, but he ran away to study art in Paris. I tell him he'll lose his life if he doesn't stay off the firing-line."

It was less than three years after this that Verestchagin met death on board the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk, which sank, with nine hundred men, in the Japanese war.

"The first principle of art is truth," Verestchagin told us, in slow, carefully spoken phrases. "And if true pictures of war offend, it is not the fault of art, but of war. I have always tried to paint truthfully, first seeing that which I intend to paint. War is horrible. I would like to see it abolished. But I fear mankind must progress much farther than it has before this is possible." He said the sound of battle was like the grinding of a great coffee-mill, and the scene often like a slaughter-house. Then he told of exhibitions of his pictures given by him in the great cities of the Old World.

"While I was in Berlin," he said, "the Emperor invited me to his palace. He was interested most in the canvases showing Napoleon's campaign in Russia. Pictures of the great snow-drifts, in some places higher than your head, with dead men's arms and legs, the carcasses of horses, and pieces of guns and broken wagons protruding, impressed him deeply. No one who has not seen snow in

Russia can understand what a part it played in that war. It was the snow in which Napoleon left buried his hopes of a universal throne. The real contest was not so much between armies as it was between the Man and the Winter. And the Winter won.

"After he had gazed long at these scenes, the Emperor turned to me and said: 'And to think, that after that, there should still be men who aspire to rule the world!' "

"What do you think of President Roosevelt?" I asked, after a time. It was a rule of mine to inquire of persons of note their opinion of the President.

"Oh, he's an interesting man, very," replied the artist, "and I may paint a picture of him as he looked at San Juan Hill." He said such a picture should be one of the best subjects of that war. "For," he explained, "the San Juan fight was the most important and picturesque of the land battles. Colonel Roosevelt was the most picturesque figure of that battle. And since he has become President, he should be the most interesting figure from every point of view."

I put this part of the interview first in my story for the next day. The story was widely copied. Verestchagin afterward made a trip to Cuba to sketch the battlefield. Then he went to Washington, where the President posed for him in his army uniform.

After leaving the artist's rooms we adjourned to the hotel barroom. A few minutes later Mr. Curtin came in and sat down with us. He gave

us some interesting facts about Verestchagin. Then we fell to talking of "Quo Vadis?"

"There's one thing I want to ask you about that book," said one of the party, "and that is, was your translation of that part about the night orgy of Nero and his court, on the lake, an exact one—I mean that scene in which everyone drinks so much, and Poppæa pursues Vinicius like Venus did Adonis, you know?"

"Yes," replied the author, "I preserved the spirit and the letter of it as much as I did any other part of the book. And as I am quite familiar with the Polish language, and went over the book thoroughly with Sienkiewicz, I believe the entire translation is as true as could be made."

"How many languages do you speak, Mr. Curtin?"

"Well, I've been learning languages most of my life. I think I speak more than any man living. I am familiar with about seventy languages and dialects."

"That was a great book, 'Quo Vadis?' When are you going to give us another one as good?"

"Oh, hell! I know it was good work. We Americans have got to do good work to make any impression on the literature of the world, but we haven't done much, as yet. All I have written heretofore is merely prolegomenary. My principal work—— Eh! You know what prolegomenary is?"

At that word, four out of the five of us had looked mystified for an instant. Only one, who had studied Greek, knew the meaning. But being jour-

nalists, who must always appear to know everything, we at once looked as though we understood. I guessed, from the sound, and from the way it had been used, that "prolegomenary" must be something like "preliminary."

"Why, it means the work you have done heretofore—er—uh—preliminary, in a way," I ventured.

I was right! Mr. Curtin nodded in approval, and all my associates did likewise. I knew that three of the four of them must be secretly envying me. The author continued:

"My chief work I am now engaged upon. I shall call it 'The History of the Mongol Race.' I spent three months in 1900 among the Buriats, the only tribe of Mongols who have retained the great horse sacrifice and preserved the splendid creation myths of their race. I found them the most interesting of the many primitive peoples I have visited. In my history I shall show Genghis Khan to be the greatest military chieftain who ever lived. He was the superior of Napoleon or Cæsar or Alexander. He was their superior because of his greater organizing ability, and because of the obstacles he overcame. Each of those three men found a nation of martial people waiting to be led to conquest. Genghis Khan found his people divided into seventy warring tribes, of which his own was an insignificant part. Yet out of that chaos, by the magic of his genius, he created a force with which he conquered a great part of the world. He subdued Asia, and overran Europe up to within a few miles of where Berlin now is, and yet history gives him little credit."

We all drank to the success of Mr. Curtin's book. There had been several other toasts, and we were preparing for still another, when the tall and stately figure of Verestchagin entered the place. He walked up to Mr. Curtin and gently took him by the arm. Then, bowing to the rest of us, he escorted his friend from the room. Mrs. Curtin had sent him after her husband.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Soon after this I met Madame Sarah Grand, who wrote "The Heavenly Twins," and several other books. She came to Chicago to lecture. I and a fellow journalist talked with her for half an hour in the parlor of the Palmer House.

The day was dark and misty, and generally disagreeable. Madame Sarah had been out, and she still wore her street dress. It was plainly made, of a gray material.

I had never read any of her books. When I was sent to interview her, I hurried to the public library, and read enough of "The Heavenly Twins" to be able to discuss it with her. I asked her if she intended writing a book about America. She said not unless she should live here for many years. "I think it presumptuous for an author to attempt to write about any country after being in it but a few weeks or months," she said. "It is authors of this sort who perpetrate historical novels, which are generally literary monstrosities."

"I hope you will soon give us another book as good as 'The Heavenly Twins,'" I said. "It is by far the best thing of yours I have ever read. The character-drawing is superb. It is something like Kipling's best efforts in——"

"I don't like to be compared with Kipling," she

interrupted. "I think he is a vastly overrated writer. His books will probably die with him."

She particularly admired Emerson. "He belongs to the whole English-speaking world," she said. "Indeed, you must not keep him to yourselves, but let us of the mother country have some share in him."

At this time I had read one whole essay, and half of another by Emerson. "Truly he is great," I said. "Throughout his whole work shines the light of a universal sympathy and understanding."

After a time I asked if "Madame Sarah Grand" was her real or her pen name. She said it was a pseudonym. I wanted to know her real name. She declined to give it. She said that she was Madame Sarah Grand to the world, and only as such did she wish to be known.

It was easy enough for me to learn her name from "Who's Who?" A copy is in the office of every big newspaper. I respected her wish in writing of her that day, but for my own satisfaction I looked up her history. I found that she was born in Ireland, of English parents; that she was a daughter of Edward John Bellenden Clarke, a lieutenant in the royal navy; that she had been married at sixteen to Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel McFall, who died in 1898, and that she had traveled for five years in the Orient. She was interested in the woman's suffrage movement in Great Britain.

After I had been talking with her for about twenty minutes, Madame Grand observed: "You American journalists are a source of wonder to

me. You will talk with a person for half an hour or more, and then report the main features of the whole interview, without taking a note, and report it correctly. Why, in England, an interview is quite a formal affair, an engagement being made in advance, every word written down, and the printed proofs sent to the one interviewed for correction. Here it's all done in a few hours. The majority of you are marvellously clever, compared with most of our British press men."

Of course, after this, the most favorable reports appeared in the newspapers about her. I have since thought that perhaps Madame Sarah was even cleverer than she seemed that day. It is barely possible that her praise of us was the result of forethought. At any rate, her lectures were well advertised, and she drew large audiences.

One rainy afternoon, not long afterward, I met Clara Morris, the famous ex-actress. She was then on a lecture tour, which poor attendance later forced her to give up. As I sat and watched her while she talked, I thought of the glory that had once been hers. For many years she had charmed and thrilled great audiences. She had been the favorite of legions of playgoers, and was envied by thousands of stage-struck girls. But now, the plaudits of the people, the praises of the critics, the flowers, the curtain calls—all of those marks of favor which are almost as the breath of life to stage folk—were hers no more. Other and younger actresses reigned instead. The public that had once been hers now cared so little that it wouldn't

pay her even a decent living to entertain it from a lecture platform.

But I found her cheerful, though her own future seemed so gloomy. She talked only of pleasant and amusing incidents in her career. She told how, in an affecting scene in "Camille," in excitement she had mistaken a vegetable dish for a vase, and had handed Armand, the lover, a bunch of celery instead of a bouquet.

"And when I was with a company playing 'Julius Cæsar,'" she went on, "a worn-out old actor, who was over-fond of liquor, applied for an engagement. He had several times lost positions on account of his habits, and we feared to hire him. But he took a solemn oath to reform, and as we badly needed someone for the part of the corpse in the second act, we finally engaged him. For about a week he kept straight. Then, one afternoon, he fell into his old ways, and became quite tipsy. Yet he didn't forget the part he had to play. Instead, he prepared for it hours in advance by going to the theater and stretching himself on Cæsar's bier. He covered himself with the pall, and went to sleep. He was still there when the time came for the body to be carried on.

"He slumbered peacefully, and was as well behaved as any corpse should be, until the mob began shouting over Marc Antony's oration. The noise awakened him. He moved uneasily. He had forgotten where he was. He determined to find out. He slowly and very carefully pushed the cover back from his face, raised his head slightly, and looked about him. In a flash he comprehended.

Then he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole audience to hear: 'Oh, excuse me!' and covered his head up again."

Admiral Schley came to Chicago about this time. I followed him one whole day, but nothing that he said, except that he was not a candidate for the Presidency, lingers in my mind. I have heard many other men say the same thing while I knew they were desperately seeking a nomination. Probably the reason that I remember his statement at all is because of something told me by a newspaper correspondent who had been with Schley throughout his journey from the East.

"Schley will never be President, nor hold any other big office," he said. "He has no diplomacy. Like many high army and navy officers, who are used to being looked up to, and treated as demigods by the men serving under them, he seems to expect the same thing from everybody else. He has acted toward the correspondents on this trip as though they were lackeys. He had certain hours when we could come into his private car and talk to him, and even then he was condescending and offensive. Very few people will ever rally round Winfield Scott Schley to boost him into the White House."

And Admiral Schley was seldom heard of after that trip.

I thought if there was anything in a name, the first two-thirds of the one fastened to the Admiral might have had something to do with this. "Winfield Scott" was a name that had never been joined with success in American politics. The original

bearer of it was defeated in a race for the Presidency. He had won fame as a general, but as the Whig nominee he couldn't command enough votes to put himself in the White House. A generation later Winfield Scott Hancock was named by the Democrats for the same office, and he was defeated. He was a famous general, too. And now Winfield Scott Schley was proving a poor politician. And he, also, was a military man.

Was it his name, or the fact that, like the other Winfield Scotts, he had spent too much of his life commanding men who *had* to obey him, to win success in politics, where men give obedience for different reasons?

Some time afterward, when I met General Miles, I thought it must be the latter reason, for he, too, had been obeyed by soldiers most of his life, and, like the others, was not a good politician. Then I remembered that military men had, as a rule, been passed by when the American people chose their Presidents. Such men as Grant, and Jackson, and Garfield, were soldiers only when there was fighting to do. They didn't spend their lives in uniform.

General Miles tried to be a politician, though. He shook hands more than he needed to, and smiled and looked pleasant at everything, but he didn't do it naturally. He was more used to having men come before him and salute him respectfully, and await orders from him, for he had been a commanding general most of his life. He was a Major-General of Volunteers in the Civil War at twenty-

five years of age, and had been in the army ever since.

I felt, all the time he was talking to me, that he was pleasant because what I wrote of him would be read by several hundred thousand people, and I knew he wanted to make a good impression on those several hundred thousand, because that would help him toward the Democratic nomination for President. Of course, he "wasn't a candidate," and "couldn't talk politics." But it was known among all the party leaders that he wanted the title of President even more than he had ever wanted a glittering uniform and military honors.

But he was so poor a politician that I didn't think he would get the nomination. He could hardly have deceived anyone. I could almost feel the ice behind his hand-clasp. It was a dress-parade hand-clasp, and his smile was a dress-parade smile —and dress-paraders are not elected to the Presidency.

A few days afterward I met a noted warrior of another race and another country. He was Colonel William D. Snyman, of the Boer army. A price had been set upon his head by the British. In their eyes he was a traitor. He had been a resident of the British Cape Colony, and when the war broke out he had joined the enemies of the government. For many months, as a raider, he was a terror to the British arms. Finally he had to flee the country to escape a traitor's death. He had now come to the United States to raise money for the Boers' widows and orphans' fund.

A newspaper correspondent, who had known

him in South Africa, took me to his room in the Auditorium. This correspondent told me that Colonel Snyman had not only risked his life many times, but had lost all of his property by going over to the Boers.

The Colonel was six feet tall and powerfully formed. He talked well on many topics. On a table near him he had a decanter and several glasses. The decanter was well filled. After half an hour it was much less full, and the very best feeling prevailed. I had been a soldier, too, once (for about six months, fighting sham battles), and had met some famous warriors, so there was a bond of sympathy between us.

After a time my friend left the room. Then I asked the Colonel what he thought of President Roosevelt.

"He's one of the grandest men in the world," he said.

I asked him if he thought the President's Dutch ancestry would make any difference in this government's attitude toward the Boers.

"I'd rather not answer that question," he replied. "And while I have a very good opinion of the President, I'd rather not say that for publication, either."

"Do you mind saying why, Colonel?"

"Well, no, I don't; but if I do, it must be in sacred confidence for the present."

"You've spoiled my hope of a big story, but I'll promise. So go ahead."

"In Washington," he said, "I met and talked with the President, unknown to anybody except

to one other person, who arranged the meeting. Just where we met I will not say. But we had a long talk about many things. Colonel Roosevelt was greatly interested in all I told him of the war. He was kind enough to say some pleasant words about my fighting ability.

"And then he drew from me the fact that I had been ruined by the war, that my wife was in London, in need of money, and that I had none to send her. I can't go to her because my life is sought as a traitor. Then he forced upon me, in the kindliest and gentlest way, three hundred dollars to send her. I finally agreed to accept it as a loan. Now you know upon what I base my opinion of President Roosevelt.

"And you understand, too, why I don't want to be quoted about it. In fact, my dear sir, if you do print the story, it will mean your life or mine. Let's have something more out of this decanter before you go."

So I had to keep to myself one of the best stories I had ever heard. And what a story it would have been! It would have interested the people of two hemispheres. Rulers and statesmen would have discussed it, and asked each other what it meant. Particularly on the banks of the Thames would persons in the highest councils have pondered it. The President of the American Republic, a nation supposed to be on the friendliest terms with the British Empire, personally giving aid and comfort to an enemy of the Empire—to one upon whose head a price had been set!

CHAPTER XXXIV

Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox registered at the Auditorium Annex one afternoon. His lordship was a younger son of the Duke of Richmond. His wife was known as the best-dressed woman in England, so the New York papers had said. The couple were on their way to Colorado, where they were to be the guests of ex-Senator Wolcott.

We sent up cards to their apartments, and Lord Algernon invited us up. There were four of us, and we all went. His lordship greeted us all with a handshake. He told us to help ourselves out of his cigar box, just as an American politician would have done. Lady Lennox remained in another room, but this fact didn't prevent her being quoted. We attributed to her some of the things her husband had said.

Lord Algernon wasn't the kind of a man I had expected to see. He didn't wear a monocle. His mustache didn't droop. He didn't talk with a drawl. He wasn't languid in his movements. He was erect, square-shouldered, stalwart, handsome, and manly. He didn't indicate in the least that he felt the difference which he must have felt between our social positions and his own.

None of us knew just how to address him. I

started every question with "My lord," and the others followed suit. But when I said, "My lord, what does your lordship think of the appearance of Chicago?" I felt that there was too much "lord" in the question. I didn't want to be too respectful. One of my friends remarked: "My lord, your lordship's cigars are very fine. Where does your lordship buy them?"

As he answered, there was the ghost of a smile on his face, but he quickly banished it, and made some inquiry about Chicago. Then another of the party spoke.

"My lord," he began, and then: "Oh, hang it all, Lord Algernon!" he broke out, "I'm not used to talking to British lords, you know. I'm just going to talk as I would to an American citizen. I'll just say 'you,' instead of this 'lord' business, which I don't understand."

"That's right," said Lord Algernon. "Speak to me as you would to any good American. 'When in Rome,' you know."

And after that the conversation went smoothly. Lord Algernon himself asked some questions. One was as to the growth of Chicago. I answered him. "Why, Chicago is the marvel city of all ages in material development," I said, getting eloquent. "Twenty years ago its population was five hundred thousand. Now it's two million. That's a record never approached in any age by any other city."

The next day, after our stories appeared, Lord Algernon was interviewed for the afternoon papers, and then I realized that, noble lord and ex-

cellent gentleman though he was, he could plagiarize, for to a query about his opinion of Chicago he had said: "I think Chicago is the marvel city of all ages in material development. Twenty years ago its population was five hundred thousand, and now it is two million. That is a record never approached in any age by any other city."

Lord Algernon showed us pictures of his castle and of his family. He loaned us photographs of himself and "Lady Algy," as he called his beautiful wife, to be used with the stories about their visit. He had served through most of the South African campaign. Early in life he had been a naval officer. Later he had won a medal and the Khedive star in the Egyptian campaign. But he didn't tell us this. I learned it by looking up his record in "Who's Who?"

The next afternoon, in the Auditorium Annex lobby, we saw a man who looked like Richard Croker, pacing up and down in front of the clerk's desk. He had sent a card to the apartments of Lord Algernon half a dozen times. Each time the bellboy brought back word that no one was in. The man had been waiting for an hour. He was Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln. He had met his lordship while Minister to England under President Harrison. I don't know how much longer he waited, but half an hour later, when the hotel reporters went out for a stroll, the son of the great commoner was still there, pacing nervously up and down, waiting for a chance to shake the hand of a titled foreigner.

Before that winter and spring passed we met

many persons of high rank. Even royalties passed before our view. After a time, a very high title was required to arouse our blasé curiosity.

Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor; the Marquis Townshend of England, the Count de Montebello of France, the Marquis Ito of Japan, and a dark-complexioned prince of the once ruling house of the Sandwich Islands were among those we wrote about.

The Marquis Townshend had a private secretary who wrote verses for him, and bought liquid enjoyments for reporters in a suspicious way. A conversation overheard on the steamer that landed them in New York caused an unfavorable story to be published there. It was said that the Marquis had offered a certain "social agent" a large commission to get him an American wife worth a million dollars. This was denied by the noble gentleman. He declared he had come to this country to view the scenery, and after viewing that in New York he came direct to Chicago.

When I heard he was coming, I looked up his record in "Who's Who?" This is what I found:

"Townshend, 6th Marquis of (created 1786), John James Dudley Stuart Townshend, deputy lieutenant; baronet, 1617; Baron Townshend, 1661, Viscount Townshend, 1682; High Steward of Tamworth. (Sir Roger Townshend became Justice of Common Pleas under Richard III and Henry VIII; his great-grandson distinguished himself in the Armada, 1588; his son was present at the siege of Cadiz; third baronet was one of six commoners and six peers despatched to request Charles II to return to England, and was created first Viscount; the fourth Viscount served under George II at Dettingen, 1743; was present at Fontenoy, 1745; Culloden, 1746; became commander at the surrender of Quebec after the

death of General Wolfe, 1759; and became Viceroy of Ireland, 1767, and created Marquis; third Marquis died 1855, at which time the baronies fell into abeyance.) Present Marquis born Oct. 17, 1866; son of 5th Marquis and Lady Anne Elizabeth Clementina Duff, daughter of 5th Earl of Fife, K. T.; succeeded father, 1899. Owns about 20,000 acres. Heir: Cousin, Charles V. F. Townshend. Address: Reynham Hall, Fakenham, Norfolk; Balls Park, Hertford."

After this I expected to meet a grand personage, of the kind I had read about in certain kinds of fiction: tall and stately, with a high and noble brow, commanding of presence, courageous of mien, imperious of gesture, and so on.

I first saw him in the Auditorium lobby. The clerk pointed him out. "He's that little fellow with the squinty eyes," he said. "That's his secretary with him."

I beheld a frail, misshapen figure, about five feet three inches high, that walked with the aid of a cane. He had a head far too large for a thin little neck; a weak face, unhealthily pale; watery eyes, blinking behind spectacles; and a few straggly light hairs in place of a mustache. His secretary kept close to his side, as though to catch him if his thin legs should crumple up under him.

As he came near us the clerk said: "Marquis, here are the gentlemen of the press."

The Marquis and his secretary both shook hands cordially. "C-c-come into the bar, g-gentlemen, and have s-s-something, won't you?" asked the Marquis. "W-w-we can talk there better, you know."

As the Marquis stuttered somewhat, his secretary did most of the talking. He seemed to do

most of the thinking, too, for his lordship referred nearly every question to him.

"We like your country very much, you know," said the secretary, as we sipped costly wines. "We like it in spite of the ridiculous stories that have been published about us in some of the New York papers. In England, you know, we get some strange ideas about America. When we really see your beautiful country, though, many of our erroneous impressions are removed. Now, most of us over there regard the United States as an elderly gentleman would an overgrown, upstart boy, lacking in culture and refinement. But the Marquis is charmed to find that his countrymen are utterly mistaken in their view.

"Now, the Marquis likes the American people. It may seem strange, since it was his ancestor who introduced in Parliament the measure placing a tax on tea, which brought on the American Revolution. But the Marquis is broad-minded, and he realizes that bygones should be bygones, and he wants to promote the best of feeling between two sister nations."

The Marquis blinked and nodded as his secretary talked. Occasionally he stuttered out orders to the waiter that must have considerably reduced his bank account. He managed to tell us that he had letters of introduction to Mrs. Potter Palmer and the family of ex-Congressman Adams. Before we separated he gave us each his card.

It was plain that he wanted to make a pleasant impression in Chicago, and as he had been so courteous, we wrote rather favorably about him. We

touched lightly upon the possible wife-seeking side of his visit, but we all gently hinted that he wouldn't run away if he heard that there were young women in the city with millions to give for a title.

The next day I saw the Marquis' secretary in the hotel lobby. His lordship was in his apartments, asleep.

"How'd the Marquis like the stories about him?" I asked.

"Oh, they weren't at all bad, you know; but some of you took deuced liberties with his name. You American press men will have your fun, though, I suppose."

Then he invited me up to his own room. I went, little suspecting his motive. He first poured me a glassful of good liquor, which he said was from the Marquis' private stock. Then he opened a trunk, and took out an armful of manuscripts. "The dream of my life," he said, "is to see an alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations." He selected a manuscript and began reading:

"THE AMERICAN-ENGLISH ALLIANCE

"No longer do the English people bold
Resentment 'gainst their Yankee cousins hold.
To all of us it's fast becoming plain
We should stretch hands across the raging main."

There were about eighty-eight stanzas of this, and he read them all. Then he read about thirty-three other effusions equally good. He then gave me a package of verse to print. It was half-past three when I entered his room. Two hours later

I tottered forth, haggard and worn. For the next several days, whenever I saw him, I sneaked out of sight.

On the next Sunday night news was scarce. Only two of the regular hotel reporters, Shayne, of the *Record-Herald,* and myself, were working that night. We fell to talking about the Marquis. Nothing had been heard as to his reception by anyone in Chicago society. I wondered if the rumors of his mercenary motives in wife-seeking had prevented his being received. I went to a telephone booth and called up the homes of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mr. Adams. From each, after much questioning, I got a statement something like this:

"Don't quote us, but you may say the Marquis hasn't been invited here, and probably won't be."

That was enough. Shayne and I wrote graphic stories of how an English marquis had been snubbed by Chicago society. We hated to do it, for the Marquis had acted the part of a good fellow toward us. But we wrote nothing that was not true. A few days later he left town. He first gave out an interview, in which he said he was amused that anyone should think that he, the Marquis Townshend, had been snubbed because he hadn't been invited to the home of an innkeeper's wife. (Mr. Potter Palmer owned, though he did not manage, the Palmer House.)

When Prince Henry of Prussia came to town there was much excitement in newspaper offices. His visit was the biggest thing of the kind that Chicago papers had ever been "up against." Vast preparations were made. Relays of reporters were

assigned to keep the Prince constantly in sight during his waking hours. Encyclopædias were consulted, and ponderous volumes borrowed from the public library. Magazine articles that had been filed away in newspaper "morgues," under the index, "Ger. Imp. Fam.," were dug up and read for information about the German imperial family.

For Chicago journalists, possibly contrary to the general belief, don't know everything about the reigning families of the Old World. At the time Queen Victoria died this was indicated by a headline in the conservative and reliable *Tribune*. Pictures of King Edward's eldest son and the son's wife were published under the caption, "The New Prince and Princess of Wales." The couple were really the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. They remained so until a long time afterward, when the King conferred upon his son the title of Prince of Wales. This title is not acquired by succession. It can be bestowed only by the living ruler. I knew this because I had read it in several encyclopædias.

I was sent to follow the Prince from the Union Depot, west of the Chicago River, to the Auditorium Hotel. With a crowd of other journalists, I stood shivering in the street, while his royal highness and his suite got into carriages and rode away. Then we boarded an elevated railway train, and reached the Auditorium in time to see the Prince's party arrive. From our accounts, newspaper readers probably thought we rode in the royal carriage.

There were cheers for the Prince at the depot, in

the streets, and as he entered the hotel, where ropes had to be stretched to keep the mob back, and the people who did the cheering were the kind I had seen at Socialistic meetings, shouting for equality. But when they saw a real royal personage, with gold lace on his uniform, looking down upon them and touching his military cap in response to their yells, they seemed almost wild with joy. And few of them were of German nationality or descent, either. They were of all nationalities, including American, and they lived in a city where the democracy is the fiercest and freest in the world.

Fate did not grant me another sight of Prince Henry. I saw the uniforms and the Prussian beards of several of his suite about the hotel lobbies in the next few days—but theirs were not royal clothes, theirs not royal whiskers.

The journalists who saw most of the Prince confessed later that I had been as close to him as they. "Why, we couldn't get anywhere near him," one of them told me. "His staff officers kept us back, and we had to trail along behind all the time."

But while I saw no more of the Prince, nor he of me, I had the distinction of "doing the lead" of the ballroom story. The Auditorium Theater was the scene of "the grand ball given by Chicago's socially elect to the distinguished Prince of the house of Hohenzollern," as the papers all referred to it. The familiar manner in which I and the other journalists wrote about "the ancient house of Hohenzollern," "the imperial purple of Germany," "the princely representative of the

German eagles," and other things like that, probably led many to believe that we knew all about the subject.

The parquet seats of the big theater had been overlaid with smooth flooring, and canvas was stretched over this for the dancers. German and American flags and bunting were intertwined about the pillars and boxes, and hung from the balconies. At one end of the room was a throne chair, and, appropriately, some white lights beat upon it. Only a few of the dancers had arrived when I looked upon the scene. I tried to think of it as fairy-like, to help me in my description. The Prince was not due for half an hour when I hurried back to the office to write an account for the first edition.

It had been rumored that Prince Henry and Mrs. Harrison, the Mayor's wife, would tread the measures of a dreamy waltz together. So I described the graceful figure the couple had cut as they floated upon waves of music about the fairy-like ballroom, the strong arm of the great Prince of the Hohenzollern dynasty clasped about the form of the witching wife of Chicago's Mayor. It was, I said, "as though a fairy tale had come true, and the characters had stepped forth from the book to hold a revel in this enchanting place. The flesh-and-blood representative of royalty could easily be imagined as a Prince Charming, who had lifted his Cinderella into her proper sphere, and with her was now moving through the mazes of a waltz, amid a brilliant company of courtiers, in an atmos-

phere languorous from the scent of flowers, and pulsating with the strains of dreamy music."

Some of the papers had descriptions which I now admit, though I wouldn't admit it then, were even better than this. One also had a picture of the Prince and Mrs. Harrison leading the grand march.

But the Prince didn't dance at all. He arrived late, after having been entertained at several other places that evening, and he remained only a few minutes—only long enough to walk about and be introduced to half a dozen persons. I afterward heard that court etiquette prevented his waltzing with Mrs. Harrison. According to the rules laid down for royalty, he couldn't dance with a burgomaster's wife. Some of the papers corrected their descriptions in time for their regular city editions, but others didn't.

Another noble person whom I saw that winter was the Count de Montebello of France. I exchanged only a few words with him. He had come to study sociology in Chicago, he said. But he couldn't have learned much about it, for he spent all his time visiting Mrs. Potter Palmer and her friends. He was a tall, fair young man, with pleasant ways. I heard that he was different from most French titled persons in that he really had money.

Marquis Ito, called by some "the Grand Old Man of Japan," passed through Chicago, spending a day at the Auditorium Annex. He had a short, solid body and a powerful face. He wore a mustache and a tiny goatee. He kept to his room most of the time because of illness. Members of his

suite did the talking to reporters. In conversation with one of them I mentioned the Mikado. He at once got up, took off his hat, and bowed.

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"Oh, we love the Emperor so much that when you speak of him we like to show it."

One day, when news was scarce, I saw the names of two French nobles, a Count and a Baron, on the Auditorium register. I sent up a card, and was invited to the room of one of them. They were there together, and both seemed pleased to see me. We emptied several bottles. They told of a number of large business projects which they had consented to further by a trip to America.

"I use to theenk," said the Count, "that beezness was not much eenterest. Eet haf no charm, I theenk. But I find there is much poetry in beezness, so I engage some, to oblige wealthy friends in Paree."

They were so pleasant that I wrote several favorable items about them. I had my friends on the other papers do likewise. And often, in the next few weeks, I "cracked a bottle" with them. They seemed to be the finest kind of gentlemen, and to like me immensely. They would tell me risqué tales of life among what they called the "beau monde" of Paris. When I told anecdotes in return, they slapped me on the back and laughed heartily.

At this time I felt that I was associating with the very best people in the world. The great personages of two hemispheres I mingled with almost daily. The wit, the culture, the blue blood, and the

wealth of all the world was well represented by those with whom I hobnobbed. Here I was, a good-fellow-well-met with two of the French nobility to-day, and to-morrow I might be in the company of other titled persons.

I was musing thus, one day, when I entered the Auditorium and sauntered up to the clerk's desk. He told me there was "a good story loose." My two French friends had been arrested for promoting fraudulent business schemes, and were now in jail. They were suspicious characters whom the police of France had asked the American authorities to watch. Their baggage was now being held by the hotel management for board bills long overdue.

There was not evidence enough against them to convict, and they were finally released; but their board bills were never paid.

CHAPTER XXXV

It was soon after the Mont Pelée volcanic eruption that I saw William J. Bryan again. I had seen him in Kansas City, a few days after his first nomination for the Presidency. In the fall of 1900 I followed him about Chicago in one of his speech-making tours. Almost two years had now passed. Most of the editorial writers had long since decided that his political career was ended by that campaign, yet he always received more yells and hand-claps than anyone else in his party whenever he appeared in public.

He seemed as vigorous as ever, and almost as youthful—when he kept his hat on. But when he removed it, the hairless top of his head shone forth in a way distressing to lovers of beauty. I saw him at the Sherman House. He was buying a magazine at the news-stand. I noticed that his trousers needed pressing. I had heard that his trousers always needed pressing. It was said that he feared to have them pressed, lest a million or two of his followers desert him.

When I asked him for an interview he said he was about to have luncheon. He invited me to join him, so that we could talk while he ate. He was to leave the city immediately afterward, and he wanted to save time. He gave me a carefully word-

ed statement attacking the Fowler bill then pending in Congress. Then I said: "And now, Mr. Bryan, tell me what you think of the report that David B. Hill will run for the Presidency, and that he wants Mayor Harrison on the ticket with him."

He had just dipped a handful of Saratoga chips in butter and stuck them in his mouth, which was now too full for utterance. He simply smiled, causing his cheeks to bulge until he looked like a Hallowe'en pumpkin with a wide slit in it, and shook his head slowly.

"What do you think of the theory that the Mont Pelée eruption is related to other volcanic disturbances, and to earthquakes that have since been felt in various parts of the world?"

At this he simply raised his hand, and, with an eloquent gesture, brushed the whole subject aside. When he had swallowed the mouthful of potatoes, he said: "I'm not a scientist, but a lawyer and a farmer." And his tone seemed to mean: "You don't catch me making a fool of myself talking of things I know nothing about."

Then I left him, and that was the last I ever saw of Mr. Bryan, or he of me.

Mary MacLane, the Montana girl who wrote such a frank story of her life, and made a fortune out of it, came to Chicago on her way East. She didn't register at a hotel, but stayed at the home of a young woman friend on the North Side. Each of the newspapers sent an able journalist to get an interview. When she came into the parlor to see us she looked capable of taking care of herself.

We asked her the usual questions about her pri-

vate affairs—questions which journalists always have the right to put to anyone. And then Bricker, of the *Tribune,* made a few queries on his own account. He was noted for questions which no one else would dare to ask. He had read Miss MacLane's book. The rest of us hadn't, so we let him do most of the talking. But well as we knew him, we were surprised when he inquired:

"Miss MacLane, is it true, as you say in your book, that you have the best-shaped leg of any girl in Montana?"

"Well—er——" replied the literary lady, looking up to the ceiling, "I think everything in the book is true, you know, or I wouldn't have written it."

"And you also say," he went on, remorselessly, "that when you meet your ideal man, you will yield——"

"Well, I hope you gentlemen will excuse me," she broke in, wrathfully, "if I decline to discuss my book further with you." And she rose and bowed us out.

As we walked down the veranda steps, one of the party remarked: "My God, Bricker, but you've got an awful nerve!"

"Not as much as she has, to put all that brazen stuff in her book," said Bricker.

He afterward told us that he wrote the interview in full for his paper, but a sub-editor cut out the most entertaining part.

After interviewing a Nebraska Senator one night, I returned to the *Chronicle* office at half-past eleven o'clock, to learn that I was still a re-

porter. For months I had been a real journalist, so I thought, but now I was to realize that my time and efforts were at the disposal of those who paid me a reportorial salary.

I finished writing at eleven-thirty. I was about to go to a nearby restaurant for my midnight repast, when the night city editor yelled at me: "Hold on, there! We've just got a private tip that two suburban towns are in a squabble, and some blood may be spilled. You're the only man available, and you'll have to go. Take the 'leven-forty-eight for Berwyn, out on the Burlington road. It's the last train out. We've heard that the officials of Berwyn intend to wreck the Cicero water-works."

I felt like resigning. In my early reportorial days I would have been filled with delight at such an assignment, but now—now, I was a journalist. I chronicled the doings of the great, the opinions of statesmen and publicists, the progress of political movements throughout the world, the rise and fall of empires.

But instead of resigning I ran out and boarded a street car, and put "Cab hire, $1," on my expense account. I just managed to catch a train. Hunger gnawed at my vitals long before Berwyn was reached, and there was not even a ham sandwich to be had out there. With hours of work and hunger before me, I cursed my luck—and fattened my expense account again by writing, "One extra meal, 90 cents," under the item for cab hire.

Two suspicious-looking men got off with me at the lonely station. They asked me the way to the

village fire-engine house. I inquired whether they had been sent out by a private detective agency to take part in the war between the villages. They wouldn't answer that question, and then I felt sure that I had guessed aright. The station agent, about to lock up for the night, gave them directions. I concluded that the engine house must be the scene of a council of war. I followed them. They tried to discourage me. Then I walked alongside and reasoned with them. I said I knew the whole story already, and that if they acted decently they would see their names on the first page of the *Chronicle* the next morning.

This partly won them over. A couple of cigars, given me by the Senator a few hours before, completed the conquest. We arrived at the engine house on good terms.

The war council was then on. Our reinforcements were welcomed. The village president, the village counselor, the chief of police, and the chief of the fire department shook hands with the detectives. One of them introduced me by saying: "This here reporter is on to the whole story already, and he ain't ag'inst us, so we might as well let him in on the council."

The prospect of seeing their names in print won over the entire party. The village president acted like a father toward me. (I afterward heard that he wanted to represent that district in the State Legislature.) The council was resumed. The engine house looked like an arsenal. Weapons were being cleaned and loaded. Two firemen, who, with the chief, comprised the entire department, were

armed with pickaxes and pistols. The three policemen had a pair of pistols each. The village counselor carried a shotgun. A pistol was loaned me.

A dispute over the water-works that jointly supplied Berwyn and Cicero had reached a crisis. Cicero was proud and haughty in possession. Special embassies had failed. The Ciceronian ultimatum of the day before had given the government of Berwyn but a few hours in which to accept its terms. The penalty of refusal was the shutting off of the water. This would have left Berwyn at the mercy of the flames. It was easily to be seen that Cicero meant to crush her rival. She projected for herself supreme dominion in all that section of the plains commanding the western approach to Chicago.

But the Ciceronians had reckoned without a knowledge of the character of the president of Berwyn. He was an able and resourceful man. He had obtained an opinion from his village counselor to the effect that, as water is one of the fundamental necessities of life, the law of self-preservation—the first law of nature—could be invoked by the Berwynians. And now, while Cicero slept, and her statesmen dreamed not of danger, Berwyn's leader was planning a masterpiece of strategy. The water-works were to be seized and held by force!

"I think," declared the president of Berwyn, gravely, after stating the case for the fourth time, "that the hour for action has come. We must resort to desperate measures—to a veritable——"

"Coop de ettet," put in the village postmaster,

who had now come to add his opinions to the council.

"I don't care who eats the coop, or who's goin' to eat it, s'long as I git a piece o' chicken," said the chief of the fire department, who was fat and lazy-looking.

"Gentlemen, this is no time for levity," cautioned the village counselor.

It was now half-past one. I had begun to worry. The first edition must already have gone to press. I feared that action wouldn't begin soon enough for the press time of the last edition, which was three o'clock.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, think of the paper!" I broke in. "I want to get this story in this morning's *Chronicle*. If we don't start soon, there won't be a line of all you do in print!"

In less than two minutes we were all running toward the Cicero water-works.

I did not lead the attack. I realized too well the responsibility that was mine. If I should fall, the world might never get a good report of the battle. I let the besieging force get a little ahead. In fact, without meaning to, I fell so far behind that I collided in the dark with the village president.

When he recognized me he explained that he had dropped back to think out a plan of attack. The others had now reached the plant and were surrounding it.

"Say," he said, after a moment, "you'll treat us right in the paper, won't you?"

"Sure!" I replied. "Only it's got to happen quick, if I get much of it in this morning's issue."

At that he ran forward and exhorted his troops to hurry.

When I arrived the battle was over. One white-faced man, wearing blue overalls and a jumper, was surrounded by the victorious Berwynians.

"Fer Gawd's sake, men, I n-n-never done n-n-nothin' ag'inst n-nobody," he was saying. "I'm j-just the enjuh-juh-juhneer."

Only the engineer and fireman had been at the plant when the attack was made. Neither was armed. They were working as usual, when the Berwynians swooped down upon them. The fireman had fled into the darkness. The engineer had been roughly seized and searched, then he was put to work again. Two of the Berwyn troops were detailed to shovel coal.

It was now past two o'clock. Less than an hour remained till press time. The village president ordered one of his men to break open the office of the water-works manager. There I found a telephone. I called up the *Chronicle,* and recited a thrilling tale of a bold and courageous attack, and a desperate but hopeless defense. The story filled the last column on the first page, and ran over on to the second.

CHAPTER XXXVI

For a few months after this, that part of the Chicago public which depended upon the *Chronicle* for news had to do without my reports of visiting notables. I was promoted for brilliant work. I became a Copy Reader.

Few outside of newspaper offices know what a Copy Reader is. I capitalize the title because, having once borne it, I know the respect due it. A Copy Reader is an assistant editor. I was about to write "sub-editor," but every Copy Reader in this country would resent the "sub." A true Copy Reader never feels that he is a sub-anything. "Co-adjutor" would probably express it better. In the book by Crabb, the authority on words, is shown the difference between "assistant" and "coadjutor":

"A *coadjutor* is more noble than an *assistant:* the latter is mostly in a subordinate station, but the former is an equal; the latter performs menial offices in the minor concerns of life, and a subordinate part at all times; the former labors conjointly in some concern of common interest and great importance."

On every big newspaper each city editor and telegraph editor has two to half a dozen such coadjutors. They read the "copy"—that is, the stories of the day's news—before it reaches the printer. They see that the grammar and punctuation are correct (or in accord with the "style" of the paper). They see to it that the facts are rightly stat-

ed (or in accord with the paper's policy), make what changes they think necessary, and write the headlines. Through their hands must pass all the news of all the world, every day, before it is given to the public. Yet little do the readers of a great newspaper, as they pass by its office, realize how much they owe to a small group of men within, sitting beneath green-shaded lamps, and wielding blue pencils in an all-knowing way.

From this much may be gathered a faint idea of the importance of a Copy Reader. But only the initiated know their real importance.

When the city editor told me that I was to be put on his Copy Reading staff I declined. I felt unworthy of the honor. Thrice it was offered me, and thrice I declined, though I fain would have accepted. Finally he said: "If you make good, you'll get a salary boost." Then I replied: "All right. I'll take the job."

Two years before I had been telegraph editor of the Omaha *Bee* for several months. There I had learned how to write headlines and "boil down" news from a column in length to a paragraph; also, how to string out an item from a paragraph to a column. And this knowledge was now valuable to me. Soon I was rewriting or changing at will (but always in accord with the paper's policy and "style") almost every story that fell into my hands.

It was no easy matter, either, to be a Copy Reader on the *Chronicle*. In addition to the average Copy Reader's immense fund of knowledge, one had to know almost by heart the names of the six-

teen corporations in which owner Walsh was interested, such as banks and street railways and gas and contracting companies. He had to know, too, the names of the prominent men Mr. Walsh liked or disliked, so as to treat them accordingly. A mistake in such things would much more quickly bring a telephone order from Mr. Walsh's banking offices for changes in the staff than any other error.

But I never gave offense in these particulars. I memorized the names of the Walsh corporations and of the Walsh and anti-Walsh citizens, and learned what the Walsh public policy and the Walsh private policy were, and I never talked, except with bated breath, in chosen company, about these things. So I became a very trustworthy officer on Mr. Walsh's city editor's staff. I handled many of the important stories, and I wrote some of the biggest headlines. After a time I was able to create such works of art as the following:

BATS IN HIS BRAIN

Well-known Citizen Has Strange Hallucinations

UPPER STORY A ROOSTING PLACE

Fancies Feathered Ones There in Fierce Frolics

DENIES THAT HE IS DAFT

Would Welcome Other Winged Wanderers

EVIDENCES OF ECCENTRICITIES

Believes One Bank as Good as Another, Almost Any Stone Quarry Equal to Any Other, and New Gas Companies Better Than Old Ones

When I could write a head with as many alliterations in it as this, I was delighted. I would often change the facts in an item in such a way as to allow of alliterative headlines. In one like the foregoing, if it had originally read that the man fancied doves or pheasants in his brain, I would have changed it to "bats," so as to have "Bats in His Brain" for the top line. Any Copy Reader would rather write "Leaped in the Lake" than "Leaped in a Pond" over a suicide story, even if the person had been rescued from the pond and couldn't have been saved from the lake.

The *Chronicle's* local and telegraph Copy Readers were fairly typical of their class. At first I was a mere upstart and a stripling among these intellectual giants. I felt that I didn't quite know it all. It was weeks before I was admitted into full communion. Over all of us—over the Copy Readers, the city editor and the telegraph editor —brooded the night editor. The managing editor went home every evening at eight o'clock. After that the night editor was supreme.

Like most great men in America, he had been born on a farm. From the barnyard he had progressed to a country newspaper office, thence to reportorial work in the cities, thence to a Copy Desk, and lastly to a night editorship. Among other accomplishments, he had an English accent. Some of us gave him a great deal of credit for that accent. We wondered how he had acquired it, for we knew he had never been further East than Ohio.

Only an occasional remark by him showed that

he felt his importance. Not more than two or three times a week did he say something like this: "They say Cæsar could dictate orders to four or five assistants at once, and at the same time be planning a campaign. But if he had had a job like mine, he would have gone crazy trying to hold it. Why, I sometimes have to give orders to half a dozen or more persons at once, and plan the make-up of the paper, and keep in mind the news features of every department at the same time. I tell you, it's maddening sometimes." And then he would send the copy boy out with a bottle.

Other night editors have compared themselves with Cæsar or with Napoleon—also many managing editors and city editors, and other kinds of editors. But Napoleon is a favorite comparison with most of them. At such times as I have been editor I have preferred thinking of myself as a Napoleon. Napoleon was handsomer, and more dashing and brilliant, although Cæsar was more literary.

The *Chronicle's* night editor was bald, and, like Cæsar, he wished to conceal the fact. He nearly always wore his hat. One night he had removed it to mop his fevered brow. A baldheaded printer, who had come in to consult about a headline that wouldn't fit, was bending over the desk with him. Their polished domes of thought shone in the light like gigantic eggs. One of the Copy Readers, whose "night off" it was, had come to the office to borrow money. He had already spent his week's salary that night, and was feeling pretty well. He saw the shining pates together. He tottered over

to them, and, laying a hand on each, cried out: "I wish I had a couple of ostriches—I'd hatch these!"

Few newspapers care anything about how great writers use language. As a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune,* and on other papers, I had seen quotations from Milton, Shakespeare, and Macaulay changed to fit the paper's style. As a reporter on the *Chronicle,* I copied a paragraph from Hugo's "Les Misérables" into a story, to see if it would be altered. I was describing children's romps at a Salvation Army outing. Hugo had written:

"The perfume shed upon the air by flowering shrubs seemed their own outbreathings, and they gamboled about in joyous abandon, at times showing their pretty little legs with the chaste indecency of infancy."

The next morning it appeared as follows:

"The perfume shed by flowers and shrubs seemed their own sweet breaths, and they jumped joyously about, stretching their little limbs in childish glee."

I asked the Copy Reader why he had changed that paragraph.

"Why," he said, "it was too suggestive. Besides, there's no such thing as 'chaste indecency.' The very term is a contradiction. I was a little uncertain about it myself, but I asked the other Copy Readers, and finally the night editor himself, and they all agreed with me. 'Better change that,' said the night editor, and so I did. You think it over, and you'll probably conclude I was right."

Not long after this, some Copy Reader on the *Record-Herald* edited Kipling. "The Vampire" was quoted. It begins this way:

> "A fool there was, and he made his prayer,
> Even as you and I,
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," etc.

The Copy Reader was puzzled by the word "hank." He looked in the office dictionary. He found that it meant a skein of thread, or a withy of rope to fasten a gate, or several skeins of cloth tied together. But by no one, so far as he could discover, had it ever been used to mean hair. And when a Copy Reader can't find in dictionaries or encyclopædias a reason for anything, he is pretty sure to cut or change the copy. At least, that was my rule, and the rule of every Copy Reader I ever knew. Kipling's poem appeared this way in the *Record-Herald* the next day:

> "A fool there was, and he made his prayer,
> Even as you and I,
> To a rag and a bone and a hunk of hair," etc.

Besides the self-importance and self-love that copy-reading fosters, it had another effect upon me. Many Copy Readers and editors have been affected the same way. It may be called the letter-counting habit. A Copy Reader has to think up countless phrases for use in headlines. It is hard to write the kind that will fit, and tell the story, too. An exact number of letters and a minimum number of words must be used.

A necessary part of the art is the counting over, with the fingers, or by pencil-marks, in lines of five,

the letters in a phrase wanted for a caption. Five probably came to be used as a unit because there are five fingers to a hand. Thus, in a line such as "Bats in His Brain," a Copy Reader would first count it off this way: Batsi nhisb rain. Such a line would just fit in a column accommodating a line of fourteen letters of the *Chronicle's* large-size caption type, with three spaces to divide the words. So, when I was able to devise such a line, having as many as four words in so small a space, and which not only fitted and "told the story," but was alliterative as well, I felt that I had written a masterpiece.

I thought it better than the famous line, "Dash to the Pole," which I once used, and which all the newspapers put over stories about polar expeditions. Years are generally required to get anywhere near the pole. Often, in the cold regions, a mile a day is fast progress. But this makes no difference to Copy Readers. Explorers are always described in headlines as dashing for the pole. The reason is that short words are sought for top lines, and "Dash to the Pole" looks pretty, and fits well.

I completely mastered the art of headline-writing. But the joy of possessing the art is now tempered by a habit that sprang from it. Whenever I hear a catchy phrase, or see a good line anywhere, in a book, or on a billboard advertisement, I will begin counting the letters off in groups of five. Sometimes this habit has caused me serious loss, too. For instance, a wealthy man I was interviewing once, asked, "Do you prefer champagne to cider?" A waiter stood ready. Immediately I

began closing my right hand, one finger at a time, saying to myself, "Doyou prefe rcham pagne tocid er?" to see if it would fit in a headline. By the time I had finished, the man had ordered cider. And I never liked cider.

There are several kinds of Copy Readers and news editors. Among the craft are not a few gentlemen and scholars, who understand everything they edit. And these, working for salaries ranging from fifteen to forty dollars a week, with little prospect of ever getting more, have told me they regretted, after a few years, that they ever began newspaper work. But few of them, they explained, could ever get out of the life after a number of years, because they became unfit for other work —they could not concentrate their minds upon any one line of effort after working for years in a vocation which gave them a glimpse, though seldom more than a glimpse, of every phase of human life.

I knew a clever man who, after ten years of newspaper life, extending from New York to San Francisco, settled in a western town of one hundred and fifty thousand people. There he became a Sunday editor. His salary was thirty-five dollars a week, a large one for such work in such a town. He had often made more. And now he was married. His wife had much beauty, and a talent for acting, that she had often displayed in amateur theatricals. Her parents, in another city, had wealth and social position. She soon realized what a thing of chance a newspaper man's career is, and that her husband, with all his cleverness, might rise

no higher, unless some business manager or owner of a newspaper took a fancy to him. She no longer had a social position. She seldom had even her husband's company, for the paper claimed nearly all his waking hours. She became dissatisfied. She wanted to go on the stage and add to their income, for the sake of their child. She had received a tempting offer from an eastern manager.

Her husband tried to dissuade her. He feared the result to himself of her probable triumph. The lure of the footlights, the applause, the bouquets, the homage of men of wealth and fashion, the thousand and one enticements in the life of a beautiful actress, might prove stronger than the ties of love. "She may not come back to me if I let her go," he said to me. "She may never come back. But she feels that she can do so much for herself and for the child, and I can do so little for them, that it may be my duty to give her this chance."

So she went on the stage, and she succeeded.

About this time Julia Marlowe and her former leading man, Robert Taber, were divorced. Professional jealousy of each other was said to be among the causes. When one received more applause, or a more favorable criticism than the other, a quarrel would follow. The tension grew with time. Finally, Love died, and the divorce court entered its decree.

The Sunday editor got up a story about it from the news dispatches. He "featured" it with photographs of the principals and a picture of Cupid expiring in the shadows, from the poisoned dart

inflicted by professional jealousy. And he wrote clever headlines over it. One of these lines was:

"The Poison of Applause Kills Love."

Another line was:

"The Stage the Grave of Romance."

A year later the Sunday editor's wife obtained a divorce. How he must have felt the bitter truth of his own prophetic lines! For the poison of applause had killed the love that was his, and the stage was indeed the grave of *his* romance.

CHAPTER XXXVII

After a few months the glories of a Copy Reader's life palled upon me. I could slash up copy at will. I could make any item I handled read as I wished (within certain business office limitations) instead of the way someone else had written it. My headlines were works of art. They sparkled with wit, and with alliterative allusions. Epigrams glittered through them, and in them, too, was deep philosophy.

But I had to work all the time I was in the office, and I longed for the wild, free life of a reporter again. I wanted to get out and see things—see history in the making, and help make some of it, as I had so often done. Another thing that caused me to feel a distaste for the desk was the size of the salary increase granted me. I had been with the *Chronicle* fifteen months when the promotion came. I had written volumes of matter for Mr. Walsh's paper, and I had never been scooped on any important item. And my reward was a salary increase of two dollars on the week. After brooding over it for a while, I went to the *Record-Herald* office, and was hired as a reporter.

The *Record-Herald* was commonly referred to among reporters as "the haven of rest." I had heard this remark, too: "The managing editor of

the *Record-Herald* has a mind like a roller-top desk. He will put a man in a certain position, and then forget about him until something breaks loose in that quarter. If the man attends to the matter properly, all right, and he can go to sleep again."

There were many traditions about the *Record-Herald* office, and I always loved a newspaper office with traditions. The paper had been for seven years, and until the year before, the *Times-Herald*. The old *Times* was the paper of the famous Wilbur F. Storey, the Democratic Horace Greeley of the West. The old *Herald* had been a great paper, too. After the combination, the *Times-Herald* was published in the Herald Building, a beautiful structure, having near the top a statue of a herald bearing a trumpet in his hand. The *Times-Herald* had been purchased by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, the friend of McKinley, and changed to Republican in policy, leaving Chicago without a Democratic daily until the *Chronicle* was started.

The *Times-Herald* did much toward carrying the Middle West for the Republicans in 1896 and 1900. Regardless of my own political opinions, I always liked to be on a paper that stood for something and had great influence—that could overturn things politically, or cause a revolution, or plunge two nations into war.

When the *Record* was combined with the *Herald*, "Times" was dropped from the title and "Record" substituted. I found, after being on its staff a few days, that the *Record-Herald's* reporters commonly referred to it as the "wretched *Herald.*" But they really didn't think it wretched.

No reporter ever thinks a paper wretched that prints his stories. Mr. Kohlsaat had made a large fortune in the bakery and lunch-room business before he engaged in journalism. I had heard that "among bakers he was regarded as a great editor, among newspaper men as an excellent baker." He was often referred to by those of the newspaper-making craft as "Mr. Coldslaw." After half a dozen years as an editor he had now retired to attend to his real estate interests.

He seemed to be generally liked by his former employees, for while he had "played his fads to a finish," he had paid better salaries, and expected (and got) less work for the money than any other newspaper owner. Several important things had been accomplished by him as an editor. Among these were the aid given McKinley in two elections, the part he played in driving the franchise-grabbing Yerkes out of Chicago, and the appointment of his brother, C. C. Kohlsaat, to a Federal judgeship.

It was now understood in the office that the *Record-Herald* was owned principally by Mr. Lawson, who had owned the six-day-a-week *Record,* and a Mr. Noyes, who was from Washington. Mr. Noyes was the editor because, someone said, Mr. Lawson didn't want to be identified with a Sunday newspaper. Besides, he was fully enough occupied with the *Daily News,* his afternoon journal.

Of course, none of us were supposed to know any of these things. Reporters and subordinate editors should never concern themselves about the trading that results in a change of owners for the

paper upon which they labor. And when the policy is altered, they are expected to work on, as loyally as ever, for the new owner. And they generally do it, for, contrary to what may be the general belief, journalists are as often glad to hold their jobs under any master as common mortals are.

One of the first things I heard in the "wretched *Herald*" office was that a conspiracy existed to kill the paper's traveling correspondent. The correspondent took up two columns or more every day, whether he had any news to write or not. He traveled almost constantly, sometimes going around the world. He sent the results of his observations to the office in large packages. And space was scarce, as the paper had a large advertising patronage. After his letter and the Washington correspondent's signed dispatches, and other special features had been provided for, there was little room left for the staff of brilliant local writers.

The traveling correspondent was the chief offender. It was proposed to kidnap him and lock him up, and force him to read his own articles until death relieved his agonies. But the conspiracy never resulted in anything.

We all secretly envied this correspondent. He could write what he wanted to, and go wherever he desired, and put it all on his expense account. He was a great discoverer of interesting places. He would send in full descriptions of battlefields like those of Waterloo and Troy, and tell all about the causes of the wars. In letters from Madrid he set forth the reasons for Spain's decline. From Egypt he sent reports of the finding of strange

things called pyramids. From China he gave in detail the history of Confucius.

"Anyone could do those things," I heard an envious person declare one day. "I'll bet he takes a trunkful of encyclopædias along. For six months now he hasn't written about a thing newer than the grave of Mother Eve, at Jedda."

One of his specialties was the discovery of epitaphs. He must have haunted most of the graveyards of the world to produce the columns of such reading that he sent in. Once he found, somewhere in England, the grave of Amy Robsart, whom Scott wrote about in "Kenilworth." His comment was in words like the following:

"It has heretofore generally been supposed that Amy Robsart was a purely fictitious character. But here I find her tomb, and evidence in her epitaph that she once played a part in the drama of real life."

History states that Amy Robsart was the wife of the Earl of Leicester, chief favorite of Queen Elizabeth. According to historians, the Earl was believed to have had her murdered so that he could wed the Queen.

I had often admired the "tone" of the *Record-Herald.* I thought that all its editors must have learning and judgment of a high order. I had not been on its staff long when it published a cartoon showing several politicians trapped in a hen-coop. It was meant to illustrate the "coup" of some statesman.* I looked in several dictionaries, and found that "coo" was the pronunciation they all gave this word. "Coup" is a French word, and

*This was after Cartoonist McCutcheon left the paper.

should be spoken as the French speak it, said the dictionaries. The cartoon caused amusement of a kind not intended. The mistake, of course, was due to ignorant printers, as all such errors are. I don't know just how it was proved on the printers this time, but it was their fault.

I was eager to show myself worthy of approval by my new chiefs. For the first few days I worked feverishly to make a reputation. I "hustled" for news, and composed in my best style. But for a whole week nothing that I wrote got into the paper.

I was sent out to the Lincoln Park Zoo one afternoon to watch the feeding of a newly imported African python and a boa constrictor from South America. A pair of rabbits were the food. I wrote two columns describing this. The next morning I saw ten lines of it in the paper.

"I told you it would be that way," said one of the staff members. "Only the traveling correspondent can be sure of having his dope printed. Take it easy, draw your salary, and say nothing."

So I did practically nothing for a week or more. Then the strange case of John A. I. Lee kept me busy for two days. Lee, an aged real estate dealer, was accused of murder. He was white-haired, venerable-looking, dignified. He had been a Confederate Army major, and later a circuit judge in Virginia. He was a nephew of General Robert E. Lee. He had been reduced in fortune until he had no income, except what he got for managing the Chicago property of a man named Vincent Price. Price, who lived elsewhere, instructed him to sell the property.

Lee corresponded with him about it for a long time, and finally said he had a buyer in Philetus Jones, a millionaire. Weeks passed, and Mr. Philetus Jones did not close the deal. Price, anxious to hasten matters, came to Chicago. Lee owed him one hundred and fifty dollars, advanced pending the sale. He was also behind two years in his office rent. Upon Price's arrival, the old man showed him in two morning papers a notice of Philetus Jones' death. The body had been shipped out of town for burial, the notice stated.

"Just who was Philetus Jones?" "Who are his relatives?" and "How did he make his millions?" These, and many other questions, were asked. Lee became flustered. He looked guilty.

Price called in the police. They put many more questions. They demanded to know where Philetus Jones had lived and died. Lee gave a North Side address. An officer couldn't find the house. "I'll take you to it," said Lee. Detectives and reporters went with him. The address was a vacant lot. "It's on the South Side," said Lee, and he took us to another vacant lot. Lee was put in jail that night.

The next day he shed tears as he confessed that Philetus Jones was a myth. The man and his millions were a creation of his own brain, used to help him keep the agency of Price's property—to save himself from the poor-house. "Would to God that I had passed into eternity before this came about!" he moaned. "It is the first time in my life that I have felt the sting of disgrace."

There was no prosecution. What had seemed a

tragedy was only a comedy, after all. But it was a pathetic comedy.

Several days later I felt that I was to do some very high-class work when the city editor said: "We have a private tip that most of the supposed masterpieces in the Chicago Art Institute are really copies. Find out if this is true, and write a column or so of hot stuff about it."

I went first to the Art Institute, and spent twenty minutes viewing the principal pictures. They looked good to me. I thought there might be a flaw in them here and there, but wasn't sure. What I knew of art had been acquired in hearing part of a lecture, and in a half-hour interview with Verestchagin, the Russian painter of battle scenes. I had forgotten most of the lecture. I now copied several of the names from different canvases to use in the story I expected to write. Then I interviewed some of the directors of the gallery. They declared all the paintings genuine.

I next went to the customs inspectors. They proved to me that the pictures had really come from abroad. Then I consulted several private dealers, and a connoisseur or two (I always liked to write about a connoisseur of anything—it is such a pretty word). Before I got through, my head was so filled with art terms and theories that I feared I could get nothing straight, even with the help of encyclopædias. I couldn't find out anything definite, nothing that I could understand, or could have written so as to make anyone else understand, until one dealer unburdened his mind to me.

"For the love of heaven," he said, "forget it! Tell your city editor to forget it, too. He should never have sent you out on such a fool story. There is probably no one in this country who could tell whether a single picture in the Art Institute—pictures by old masters, at any rate—is genuine or not. To learn that, you'd have to take those canvases to Europe, and procure the services of the greatest experts. The best way would be to hold a council of experts, and even then the experts would disagree. Many of the old masters have been so well copied that if the original artists themselves were to return to life they couldn't tell the difference. Some of them, such as Velasquez, even copied their own pictures, or had their pupils do so, and then touched the canvases up a bit and signed the result. And between you and me—but for God's sake don't print it, or my business would be ruined—a good copy should be as valuable to a real art lover as an original. For a picture is a thing to look at, isn't it, and why should a picture be better than it looks? Is music any better than it sounds? It is the hoggish trait in human nature that causes people to want a picture because it is rare—because no one else can have it. Anyhow, you might as well give up this chase you're on, for it would cost many thousands of dollars and months of effort to get anywhere near the truth."

I repeated this to the city editor, softening down the first part. He consulted with the managing editor, who said: "I guess we'd better pass the whole thing up. I'll be switched if I know anything about art."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

My next assignment was to report a lunatic's ball, at the Dunning Asylum for the Insane. The next day after that I was sent to an outdoor horse show, held by fashionable folk at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. The reporters for all the papers were taken to and from the scene in a special car, and entertained royally for two days by the horse show association.

A few days after this I felt myself sufficiently a journalist to become a member of the Press Club of Chicago. I had often thought that my career would never be complete without membership in some such society of geniuses.

There was bohemianism in the very atmosphere of the club rooms. If you disturbed a rug, you received the scent of cigars and cigarettes long since vanished into poetic wreaths of smoke. And at times, too, you might catch the odor left by liquid inspiration that had slopped over from glasses raised to the lips of genius. On the walls hung painted portraits of Eugene Field, and of others whom I supposed must be geniuses, too. I learned that most of the others were still alive. They themselves had presented their pictures to the club. One of these portraits showed a soulful-looking man in a nice new suit of clothes, a freshly lighted cigar poised poetically in one hand.

Books by club members had prominent places in the library. There were works by Eugene Field and by several other authors of some reputation. There were more of such books as the following: "Joys of Suburban Life," "The Best Route to California," "Lake Michigan Summer Resorts," "Shall Chicago Own Its Street Railways, or Its Street Railways Own Chicago?" "The Smoke Nuisance in Chicago," "The Western Corn Belt," and "Poems to Colorado Potatoes."

There was a "Life of McKinley," and biographies of other noted men who had recently died. I was told that the biographer himself stood near. Just as he was pointed out I heard him borrow a quarter to buy a dinner with. "Is it possible that the author of so many books needs money?" I asked.

"Geniuses are ever careless of money," replied my friend. "Besides, he made only enough on any one of those biographies to pay a month's board with. Anybody could be the kind of an author that he is. When a prominent man dies, he clips what's written about him out of newspapers and magazines, pastes it all together, writes a hundred words or so of introduction, and then turns the stuff in to a publishing house. The books are given those flaming red bindings you see, and agents go out in the backwoods and into the corn belt and sell them to the Jaspers."

On my first visit to the club I had the honor of meeting the president himself. He was of noble stature (about five feet five or six), high-browed, pensive and melancholy. But his face lighted up

with pleasure as he extended his hand. His words were memorable. I afterward found that his words always were. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure," he said. He bowed so that the tails of his cutaway coat stood out poetically, matching the bulge at the knees of his trousers, which, after the manner of the trousers of geniuses, were unpressed. Then he hurried away to answer a telephone call from his wife, who wanted him to bring home a pound of steak for dinner. His particular vocation was the furnishing of news about lake shipping to newspapers.

One afternoon, soon after this, I dropped in at the club for a quiet half hour. A group of geniuses were discussing things. "Ah," I thought, "here's a chance to rest, and at the same time enjoy a feast of reason and a flow of soul." I felt that art or literature must be the topic. I sat near enough to hear, and pretended to be reading a book. The discussion was indeed about art. But it ended soon after I sat down.

One of the group rose, with a purplish face, and shouted: "If that's a sound argument on art, then I'm ready to admit that I'm crazy. But I know more about art in ten minutes than you fellows could learn in a thousand years. I haven't worked in a color-print establishment for six years for nothing, and I tell you the cover of this month's *Grocer's Review* is artistic. But there's no sense in arguing with you about it." And he walked away.

I was introduced one afternoon to a man with an English accent. I had met a number of jour-

nalists with accents, but this one beat them all. He would say, for instance: "I waws once wr-r-iting editor-r-r-ials on the London *Telegr-r-a-a-awph,* when we re-received wor-rd that Pa-a-r-rliament intended to ignor-re our-r pr-rotests on an impor-r-tant ma-ahtter-r," and so forth.

A little of his conversation was all I cared for at a sitting. After he had told, in about ten minutes, of his exploits in as many parts of the world, I managed to get away from him. The friend who had introduced us said to me: "By his own confessions, that fellow, who looks to be somewhere in the thirties, must be about eighty-eight years old. He has written editorials on London newspapers for many years, been an officer in the British navy, hunted gorillas in Africa for a decade, helped several explorers search for the North Pole, slain lions with Roosevelt in the Rocky Mountains, and worked on newspapers from New York to 'Frisco. Now he's 'temporarily' with a trade paper that he's been with five years. If it weren't for the way his dates conflict I might think him three or four times as old as he looks. There are many such persons in journalism. Isn't it a strange and noble calling?"

At another time I heard a man talking quite frankly about an achievement of which most men would have hesitated to speak. "One of the best paying jobs I ever had," he said, "was writing editorials for a big press association that furnishes 'patent insides' to country newspapers. This was from 1894 to 1896. My editorials were both for and against McKinley. McKinley's millionaire back-

ers, who started in, years before the election, to put him in the White House, paid well for this kind of thing. The object was to keep his name before the voters, and especially before the rural ones, for it is the farmer vote that elects a President. I would write one week for the Democratic papers, denouncing McKinley; the next I would string out editorials just as strong for the Republican papers, defending him. Thus, in the minds of the readers of all those papers, McKinley became the issue. And I got a good fat salary for the work."

And he didn't seem to think himself a journalistic prostitute, either.

Among the club's members there were editors and publishers of trade journals, press agents for theaters, railways and packing houses; doctors of medicine and dentistry, politicians, photographers, stenographers, authors of unappreciated books, and writers of plays not yet produced. But the requirements for admission were strict. No one not engaged in "press work" at some time in his life could hope to become a member, unless he was the author of a book or a play—or of a pamphlet of at least one hundred words or so on some subject or other.

But while the Press Club was not just what I had expected, there were not a few clever men in it. There were authors of prose works that have a sure place in American literature, and there were some real poets. When such spirits got together, I risked failure on important assignments to join them.

In October, 1902, the Press Club visited St. Louis

in a body, as guests of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Special cars were provided. Ninety members were in the party. Of these, about eighty-four were editors of trade papers, doctors, photographers, press agents, honorary members, politicians, and retired journalists. There were just six who represented daily newspapers. These included four reporters, one sketch artist, and one editorial writer. Of the nine American dailies of Chicago, five were unrepresented, as were also all the newspapers printed in foreign languages. That was why several of us couldn't keep from laughing when the president of the club, responding to a toast, pledged "the support of the Chicago press" to the fair.

On the way to St. Louis the time was mainly spent in poker playing. This lasted till the banks of the Mississippi were sighted, in the cold, gray dawn. The man who was to make the principal speech for the club won most of the jack-pots. At the dedication exercises in the afternoon of the Press Building, he delivered the most brilliant oration of the day.

Arrived in the city, we found patrol wagons awaiting us. We were carried through the streets in them, to the clanging of gongs. People must have thought that we were the inmates of some gambling house that had been raided. The wagons finally drew up at a leading hotel, and we were released. After a breakfast that was almost a banquet we were taken in special cars to the fair grounds.

A reception by President Francis of the Expo-

sition in the Administration Building, luncheon, speeches, the dedication of the Press Building, more speeches, a reception by a committee of society women, and rides in tallyho coaches, made up the day. We were hurried back to the hotel to dress for the banquet at the city's leading club.

There were about twenty-nine courses to the dinner, and so many kinds of wine that we lost count. Music, decorations, and food and drink so harmonized, that one of the verse writers said he was reminded of Poe's most poetic line:

"The viol, the violet and the vine."

Another remarked that he was thinking of Poet Munkittrick's impassioned verses:

"And thus a happy life I lead,
From which I'd not depart,
Because it quite combines, and well,
Gastronomy and art."

The toastmaster had hammered with his gavel, and was making some introductory remarks, when a flashily dressed man entered, and went up to the speaker's table. He singled out the president of the Chicago Press Club. Unwrapping a gold brick, he began, in a loud voice: "Say, cul, I'se got a good proposition here I'll let youse on to. Dis here is a genoowine gold brick, warranted troo and troo——"

"Police! Police!" yelled the toastmaster.

Two policemen rushed in and seized the man. They overpowered him and tore off his false whiskers, and we recognized James J. Corbett, former

champion prize-fighter. He received an encore as they took him out, but he wouldn't respond.

The toastmaster had begun speaking again, when a score of newsboys rushed in, yelling "Extra *Star!* All about the disappearance of the Chicago Press Club!" They distributed a paper to each guest, and then passed out. We read a sensational dispatch, dated from Chicago, and headed with big black type. It told of the mysterious disappearance of ninety "well-known but not much regretted citizens." They were said to have been last seen going in the direction of the Mississippi. An interview with Mayor Harrison stated that he didn't care if they never came back, and that while there had been a considerable falling off in the saloon business, all other lines of trade were normal.

The toastmaster started to talk again, when some Press Club members rose and sang, to the tune of "Mr. Dooley":

"O President Francis,
O President Francis,
The greatest man Saint Louis ever knew;
So diplomatic,
So democratic,
He's from Missouree-ouree-ouree-oo."

There were many eloquent speeches on both sides, but the greatest of all was probably that of Richard Henry Little, of Chicago, war correspondent and comic supplement writer. His subject was, "What's the Use?" It was not pessimistic, as the title indicated. It was just the other way. He asked what the use was of keeping up a spirit of

unfriendliness between the two great cities. His peroration was as follows:

"Some day another World's Fair will be held, greater than all that have gone before. It will be when Chicago and St. Louis have grown into one city. Chicago will expand southward and westward, and St. Louis northward and eastward, until they meet. The united city will be called Chicago-Louis, or St. Chicago, and it will be grander than Rome and Babylon, London and Paris, New York and Washington, rolled into one. And a great World's Fair will be held to celebrate the union. And a coat-of-arms will be adopted, showing a Chicago microbe holding a glass of beer in one hand, symbolizing St. Louis, and a ham sandwich in the other, typifying Chicago. And a motto will be inscribed, reading as follows:

"'Eatus, drinkus et be merrycus.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX

After music, riot and revelry in St. Louis, I returned to Chicago and work. The work was varied, but not hard. I never worked hard for the *Record-Herald*—not for more than a few minutes at a time. The paper wanted so little local news, and had such a large staff, that life was easy enough for all of us. Sometimes I would go to the Press Club and read, or take a nap, when I was supposed to be looking for news.

One day I took a hundred-mile automobile ride with a party of city officials. The next I was sent to a race track to report a threatened raid by the sheriff, which didn't take place. The third saw me riding over a new electric road from Chicago to Elgin, and writing a favorable story about it, for business office reasons. The same night I interviewed a wireless telegraphy expert about the use of the invention on the Great Lakes. The fourth day I reported a bank failure in a small town thirty miles from the city. The bank had been wrecked by the stock speculations of its officers. The fifth found me attending a political meeting that didn't displease me, but which I had to write up unfavorably because the owners of the paper disliked the politicians in charge.

And so went the round of work, until I was se-

lected as the bright particular star of the staff in the interviewing line. My friend Shayne, who had drawn a salary from the *Record-Herald* for lounging about hotel lobbies and thinking up stories, when the *Chronicle* was paying me for similar doings, had now begun working on the *Chronicle*. That paper had made him its chief interviewer. So the Hotel Reporters' Association which we had established, and which had not done as much business as usual for several months, now resumed full operations.

A few weeks before this the hotel lobby journalists had arranged a pretty good tale about the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, cousin of the Czar. In the course of his stay in town he had met some actresses. This was the basis of the tale. The Grand Duke was described as drinking wine out of a chorus girl's slipper at the climax of a night's frolic. The girl had been seen about the story in advance, and her consent obtained. It was good advertising for her. The Grand Duke's denials weren't believed.

From Chicago the ducal party went East. The New York papers' correspondents were not welcomed at the entertainment given the Duke at Newport. Perhaps for this reason they printed accounts of his leaving a dinner party in a rage because he was not given the most prominent seat. This was denied, too. It was probably about as true as the Chicago romance.

In the course of the succeeding autumn, winter and spring, many notables passed before my vision in the hotel lobbies and elsewhere. Here is a list,

made at random, of some of those I saw. I talked with most of them:

Speaker Henderson of the House of Representatives, and his successor, "Uncle Joe" Cannon; Secretary of the Navy Moody; Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston; General Shafter; Pierpont Morgan; Mascagni, the Italian composer; the Earl of Carnarvon; Senator Hoar; Joseph Jefferson; Senator Hanna; John Mitchell, head of the Mine Workers' Union; General Arthur MacArthur; Stewart L. Woodford, ex-Minister to Spain; former Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, author of "Peck's Bad Boy"; Chief Justice Fuller, of the national Supreme Court; the Rev. Reginald John Campbell, pastor of the City Temple of London; Buffalo Bill; John Y. F. Blake, scout and soldier of fortune; Archbishop Ireland; General William Booth, of the Salvation Army; Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America; the Hon. Ho Yow, Chinese Consul-General to the United States; Dharmapala, Buddhist missionary; the Crown Prince of Siam; Dr. Lyman Abbott; Booker T. Washington; President Roosevelt; Governor Otero, of New Mexico; Governor Longino, of Mississippi; Raimundo de Madrazo, Spanish artist; Sir Philip Burne-Jones, English artist; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, actress; Dr. Adolph Lorenz, Viennese surgeon; ex-President Grover Cleveland; Queen Stella of the Gonzalez, Spanish seeress and fortune-teller; Jan Kubelik, violinist; a Parsee from India, a merchant from Rangoon, Burmah, and authors, captains of industry, politicians, and globe-trotters, in large numbers.

I didn't always seek an interview because I wanted news. Often I would talk with a person from a distant part of the world merely from curiosity. This was so in the case of the man from Rangoon. When I saw his name on the Auditorium register I thought of Kipling's "Mandalay":

"By the old Moulmein pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burmah girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks of me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple bells they say,
'Come you back, you British soldier,
Come you back to Mandalay!'
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay!"

The Rangoon man was fat, commercial, and unpoetic. His skin was almost as yellow as a gourd from the years he had spent in the tropics. He had heard of Kipling, but he didn't deal in books. Was Mandalay a poetic place? Well, business was good. How about the tinkle of the temple bells across the water in the evening? He didn't mind that. This suggested religion, and he began cursing the missionaries. With many an oath he called them the worst nuisances on earth.

"If they'd only stay at home and mind their own business, we'd like it much better," he said. "But don't print that—it might get back to Rangoon, and hurt my trade. We'd all be glad, though, to see an end of this missionary tommyrot. Why,

they don't really convert those brown devils. They give blankets and provisions to the needy ones, who stay converted just as long as the goods last. If they can't get any more, they go back to their own churches—and that's where the people of every race belong, in their own churches, where the religion that suits 'em best is taught, and that's where the overwhelming majority of the human race will stay, in spite of all the missionaries will ever do."

I saw the name of the Earl of Carnarvon on a hotel register the next day. "Ah," I thought, "perhaps I can get a great interview from him about his impressions of America."

I sent up a card, and was invited to his apartments. His valet seemed surprised when the lordly hand was extended to me. The Earl was pleasant-spoken, blue-eyed, light-mustached, and ruddy-complexioned, and there were some large pits in his face, left from smallpox, I thought. He was on his way to California to attend to some of his race horses. He had opinions about racing, but seemed to care nothing about politics or art or literature.

"What impresses you most in America?" I asked.

"The barber shops," he replied. "I've just enjoyed the finest, most luxurious shave I ever had. It's wonderful the way they do the thing up, you know."

And that was the most important thing I could get him to say.

One day we saw Governor Otero, of New Mex-

ico, enjoying himself in the Pompeiian room at the Auditorium Annex. The Pompeiian room was a large apartment on the ground floor, arranged to look like the luxurious establishments of old Roman times. Many people were fond of sitting there and imagining themselves Roman potentates, as they drank expensive liquids and listened to an orchestra or watched the fountain play.

This fountain was a good source of news. It was made of onyx, and was very ornate. It had been shown at the Buffalo Exposition. It now stood in a pool about eighteen inches deep. A man, staggering near the edge, slipped, and stuck one foot into the water. With a little imagination, this made a sensational story. Other stories followed. It was generally much easier to sit there and think up things than to learn what was really happening anywhere else. The day on which we saw Governor Otero was a Sunday.

"There's Otero," remarked Shayne. "We can write a fountain story about him. He won't dare deny it, because, to judge from appearances, he won't remember to-morrow what he's doing to-day."

The next morning the papers contained accounts of a foot-race in the water around the fountain between two hilarious spirits. Governor Otero was described as sitting on the bank, betting on the result. As the racers splashed about he shouted such things as: "Go it, old boy!" and "Twenty-five dollars on the red head!"

And Governor Otero never denied the story.

"Queen Stella of the Gonzalez" was on the Au-

ditorium Hotel register one afternoon. I had never seen a real queen. I sent a card to her expensive apartments. She invited me to call. I went up, and found her to be a gypsy queen. "Gonzalez" was the name of a tribe of Spanish gypsies. She was good-looking, and not far from the age of forty in either direction. She had dark eyes and hair, and was dressed in a sleeveless red gown. Her arms were plump and well formed.

In about a minute she had seized my right hand and was examining the palm. I didn't struggle to get away.

"You have fingers like Meester Pierpont Mor-r-gan," she said. "They a-r-e long behind and shor-rt in fr-r-ont. That means you have no beez-ness abilitee."

"Has Mr. Morgan no business ability?"

"No. I have examine his palm, and the palms of many other-r famous people in New Yor-rk so-cietee. Meester Mor-r-gan's mind is illumeenate by flashes of inspir-ration, as the Emper-r-r-or Na-poleon's was. That explain his gr-reat success."

The Queen told me of many things in store for me. Most of them, including an inheritance of money, have not yet happened. She spoke several languages, and had been in many parts of the world. The publishers of an encyclopædia had asked her to write the history of palmistry for their next edition.

It was not long after this that I saw Pierpont Morgan. He had come to the city to look after his street railway interests. He was a guest at the Chicago Club, in Michigan Avenue. Attempts to

interview him were vain. We couldn't even get past the club doorkeeper. Some of us followed him in the evening to the Coliseum. Accompanied by a local financier, he had gone there to attend the Horse Show.

Seated somewhat to the rear in a prominent box, he remained for more than an hour, looking at the display of fine horses and traps in the arena, and the exhibition of beautiful shoulders and gowns in the boxes. I watched him from a parquet seat opposite. I saw a large, bulbous nose, with slightly bluish tints on the end—an old Dutch burgomaster kind of nose, set between small, keen eyes, that twinkled in the lights. I saw a pallid, unhealthy face, with a strong jaw and firm lips, a grayish mustache, a not lofty brow, and a head the top of which gleamed in the electric illumination like a smooth yellow boulder above frosty foliage on a river's bank on a sunny autumn morning.

"And there," I thought, "sits a man who is one of the masters of the American Republic. Presidents do his bidding, and the greatest rulers of the Old World welcome him at their tables. And he is only a tradesman, too—a tradesman on a gigantic scale, it is true, but still a tradesman. He buys and sells for gain, and drives hard bargains with nations and with individuals. And these rulers don't stop to inquire how much of his wealth and power was fairly won. That he is potent enough to make or break a nation by granting or withholding funds at a critical time means more to them than anything else. Material success is the important thing. For this is a material world,

after all, and life is a continual warfare of one kind or another, and 'All is fair' in that war—provided that success comes. And for some reason, this man is beyond the reach of most investigators of his methods. Why is it that official inquiries stop before they get quite to him, and that instead of being put on the witness rack he is received at executive mansions? Is it not true, as I once read in Gibbon's 'Rome,' that 'Mankind are largely ruled by names,' and that, if they are allowed to think they rule themselves by democratic forms of government, they may be plundered in the guise of laws that only the clever few need not obey? Is this man not a reincarnated Cæsar Augustus in the guise of a great financier? And why is it, Pierpont Morgan, that only occasionally some newspapers say unkind things about you? We journalists —journalists like myself, that is, who write news and editorials and headlines, and think ourselves all-wise and almost all-powerful—we are as the dust at your feet. You own or control many newspapers, which to you are but things to trade in. You can ignore us, and snub us, or do and say almost what you please to us, but how much truth can we write of you that is sure of reaching the public? But why should the public know very much? The immense majority of human beings are fools, and probably always will be. The law of the survival of the fittest seems to apply everywhere, under any government, and might—in various forms, but still physical might—is right, according to this universal law. But why—oh, well, I won't think of this problem any more—it's giv-

ing me a headache. Yet, with all your wealth and power, Pierpont Morgan, you must be far from happy, with that unhealthy complexion, that bulbous nose, and that hairless pate, and the knowledge that the grave cannot be far ahead of you. What would you give for the health, the youth, the handsome face, and the idealisms of the young man below you, in that popular-priced seat? He has a Grecian nose, a clear and beautiful skin, a mass of curls on his fine head, and, presumably, a soul in harmony."

We followed Mr. Morgan back to the club, but we couldn't interview him. We got close enough to his companion to be told that the money king positively had nothing to say for publication. That settled it. We might have walked up and buttonholed any other man in America, including even the President—but we didn't want to risk offending Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

CHAPTER XL

When Mascagni, the composer, came to Chicago, we interviewed him through an interpreter. He spoke only French besides his native language, Italian. He was tall, and as handsome as a statue of one of the Roman gods of old. He had large, luminous dark eyes, and a mass of wavy black hair, and through all his misfortunes he was as sweet-tempered and amiable as an unspoiled child.

Musicians' unions had caused him trouble as soon as he arrived in New York with his singers and players. His managers, who had agreed to give him one thousand dollars a performance, left him in Boston. From there he had started out on a Western tour, directed by a man who had been a musical critic on one of the Boston papers. This journalist-manager spoke French, and acted as interpreter. He told us Mascagni was fond of billiards, drank lots of water, and liked Lake Michigan water very much indeed. "And make him say anything else you want to, so long as you advertise the show and don't get me into trouble," said the manager. "Only," he added, "don't make it so faky that someone will break past me and reach Mascagni with it."

After this we had no trouble about Mascagni interviews. We would simply get together with the

manager and decide what the composer would say upon a given subject, and then quote him.

Mascagni gave two concerts, as advertised, and drew good-sized audiences. After the second concert, on a Sunday night, as he was leaving the Auditorium Theater, he was served with a writ in a legal action taken by his former managers. We went behind the scenes to watch the effect. The composer and a hundred or more men and women of the troupe were talking and gesticulating like the inmates of a madhouse. This was the beginning of his Chicago troubles, which lasted for weeks. After a time he sent his troupe back to Italy, himself remaining to settle the legal troubles. In a little while his new manager was quarreling with him. Signora Mascagni disliked the manager, and in high-pitched tones, and, he afterward informed us, picturesque French, she told him so, in the hotel corridor, outside the composer's room.

That same afternoon Mascagni sent word to us by an interpreter that he had discharged the manager. We asked the manager about it. "Ridiculous," said he. "Mascagni was employed by me. *I* have discharged *him.*"

A few nights later the manager had Mascagni arrested for embezzlement. The composer was keeping the proceeds of the two Chicago concerts, about three thousand dollars, asserting that the manager had not accounted for the money taken in at previous concerts. We followed the constable to Mascagni's rooms. The composer came to the door clad in pajamas. His wife shrieked, hotel at-

tendants attacked the constable, and the officer was thrown out after a fist fight.

Several days afterward Mascagni's trial took place in a dingy justice's court, filled with a crowd of the kind reporters like to describe as motley. Italian organ-grinders and fruit peddlers, curious women, loafers with unshaven faces and frayed collars, beggars and petty criminals brushed elbows with him as he entered, and crowded about him as he sat down. And amid such surroundings, friendless, a stranger to country and to language, in an atmosphere tainted by filth, liquor, and cheap tobacco, the composer of some of the divinest harmonies that human ears have ever listened to was questioned and cross-questioned for more than an hour by a bullyragging lawyer. He was in a nervous perspiration long before it was over. It ended by his being set free.

The former manager, unable to get any more money out of him, returned to Boston. Meanwhile, we reporters, filled with sympathy for the composer, had decided to get up a benefit performance for him. I suggested it to my friends, and we conferred with several persons of influence. After many efforts, we got the promise of Theodore Thomas to let his orchestra play under Mascagni at the Auditorium Theater. We wrote columns of favorable matter about it, not letting our editors suspect that it was our scheme.

The night of the concert was one of the coldest of the year. The receipts little more than paid expenses. But Mascagni afterward made up some of his losses by directing concerts in Milwaukee

and other Western cities. On the whole, however, he was out thousands of dollars as a result of his American tour. He spent several weeks of rest in California, and then went back to Italy, never to return. He spoke of his experiences as "My American Odyssey."

Senator Hoar came to Chicago to deliver a Washington's Birthday address. He had venerable white hair, a mild, grandmotherly kind of face, and a private secretary who did the talking to reporters. The secretary handed us each a copy of the speech the Senator was to make the next day. "If the people of Chicago read it all, they are kinder and more patient than they look," remarked the Senator over his secretary's shoulder, and then he disappeared in an elevator before we could ask him any questions.

"Senator Hoar really hasn't anything to say besides what's in his speech," said the secretary. "And all I can tell you of recent interest about him is that he felt so well, not long ago, that he turned a handspring while at his home in Massachusetts."

The next morning two newspapers had a story to the effect that the breeze from off Lake Michigan made Senator Hoar feel so well upon his arrival in Chicago, that he turned several handsprings in his hotel room.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, son of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, a famous English artist, came to Chicago about this time. He had achieved some fame by painting a picture which he called "The Vampire." It had been rumored that Mrs. Patrick

Campbell, the actress, was the original. Rudyard Kipling, the artist's cousin, wrote a poem about it. Many people said the poem made the picture famous. Friends of Sir Philip declared the painting brought fame to the poem. Admirers of Mrs. Campbell thought it was her likeness that made both poem and picture great.

We didn't care what the truth of this question might be. What interested us was the possibility of news-making in the visit of Sir Philip at the same time that Mrs. Campbell was in the city.

I interviewed Sir Philip the night he arrived. He had brought his picture to exhibit at the Art Institute. We talked of it and of Kipling. The author had just written a poem attacking the Germans for their attitude in the Boer War, referring to them as "the Goth and the shameless Hun."

"Your cousin seems to stir the whole world up whenever he writes of war," I remarked.

"Yes, and it's strange, too," said Sir Philip. "He's really a man of peace. So is his father, a civil officer in India. I don't see why Rudyard takes such a belligerent view of things."

Sir Philip himself was quite mild-looking.

"Well, 'The Vampire' isn't warlike, and it's a good poem, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. It's liked by many. I believe it's done much to make the picture well known."

"How about the story, Sir Philip, that Mrs. Campbell was the original?"

"You mean the actress? Why, it's absurd. I don't know the lady at all."

"But——"

"The original of 'The Vampire' was a girl I saw while in Belgium. I don't know this Mrs. Campbell."

All the newspapers printed this interview the next day. Then we saw Mrs. Campbell. We asked her if she knew Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

"Why, certainly," said she. "I know him, and I knew his father well. His sister I've always considered one of my dearest friends."

"Were you the original of 'The Vampire'?"

"That I cannot say. I have heard that the painting bears a striking resemblance to me, and that this accounts for its sensational success."

We then sought Sir Philip. He again said that he did not know Mrs. Campbell. That was all he would say.

But that was enough for us. The conflicting statements, a reproduction of the picture, and extracts from the poem, made what we called "a hot story." It was at this time that one of the sub-editors on the *Record-Herald* changed "hank" to "hunk" in Kipling's poem, so that the opening lines read:

> **"A fool there was, and he made his prayer,**
> **Even as you and I,**
> **To a rag and a bone and a hunk of hair," etc.**

We kept the story going for a week, decorated with pieces of the poem, and containing fresh statements every day from Mrs. Campbell and denials from Sir Philip. Finally, the artist asked us, almost with tears in his voice, not to mention "that woman's" name to him again.

Some well-known people in society invited both Mrs. Campbell and Sir Philip to a dance. Sir Philip went early, but left before Mrs. Campbell arrived from the theater. Nevertheless, one of the papers the next day had a cartoon showing the actress and the artist being introduced to each other. Mrs. Campbell was saying, as she walked toward Sir Philip, that she knew him very well, had known his father, that his sister was her dearest friend, and so on. But when they met, Sir Philip was saying, to the embarrassment of several persons near, but not at all to the discomfiture of Mrs. Campbell: "Beg pardon—eh—what's the name, please?"

And after all this free advertising, when Sir Philip sailed back to England, some weeks later, he denounced American newspapers in his final interview.

CHAPTER XLI

When the Crown Prince of Siam, with a name that sounded like a sneeze, a complexion the color of old copper, a retinue of servants, and seventy-nine pieces of baggage, came to Chicago, I followed him about for two days. He was on his way home, after graduating at Oxford. Society people cultivated him, giving in his honor dinners and receptions at their homes, luncheons at country clubhouses, and box parties at theaters. At a clubhouse I heard him demonstrate his musical talent by picking out "Auld Lang Syne," with one finger, on a piano. His attendants kept journalists at a distance, so we couldn't interview him, although he posed in front of a hotel for a newspaper camera man. We were told by a University of Chicago professor, however, who talked with him for half an hour, that he had no original ideas.

To make news, soon after this, I took an authoress, Hallie Erminie Rives, cousin of Amélie Rives, on a slumming tour. Her publishers were advertising heavily in the *Record-Herald,* and perhaps for that reason the city editor put my story on the first page. Miss Rives wrote me a letter of appreciation about it.

I had quoted her as saying several things which she doubtless never thought of saying, including

phrases from Hugo about slum dwellers. But I didn't quote what now seems to me the most interesting of her remarks As we entered a glittering hall where prostitutes and their admirers were dancing, I asked her how her cousin could have written so good a psychological study of a widow's feelings as she did in "The Quick or the Dead?" when she was so young that she had probably not even been seriously in love herself. "O, that was easy enough," replied Miss Rives. "Women tell each other everything."

I had to get up early one Sunday and follow Booker T. Washington on a tour of the negro churches. As I started out I was cursing my luck, but before his first speech was ended I felt enthusiasm for his cause. And I felt, too, that before me was an important scene in the drama of the evolution of a large part of the human race.

As I looked at the mass of black, dull and brutish faces, seeing only here and there a spark of intelligence, I thought, "Is this not a discouraging sight? Why preach hope to such as these?" But the next moment the speaker, his darkly yellow face lighted up by his high purpose, seemed to be answering my doubts when he said:

"I am sometimes asked if I don't despair. And in return I ask my critics to think of what we are, as compared with what we were. I point, for example, to the State of Virginia, where the black man owns fourteen million dollars' worth of property, and to the State of Georgia, where he owns fifteen million dollars' worth of property. In many other States he is making progress almost

as great, and always he is becoming more useful and law-abiding and intelligent in proportion to the ability he is showing to earn and possess property. He is building schools and cultivating farms, and making tools and using them, and studying law and theology, and science and history, and growing more industrious and enlightened all the time. Soon his white brother will cease to talk of deporting him, for he will need him too much. Since the black man, starting forty years ago, owning not a dollar, owning not even himself, with mind and body in shackles, has done so much, what may he not do in the future? And I ask my white friends, in all fairness, if his is not a record of which any race might be proud?"

But I thought, too, as I listened, of the fact that no man of pure negro blood had ever attained great eminence. Men like Booker T. Washington and Frederick Douglass were partly white. And from the dawn of history, the negro race has been inferior to the white, the yellow and the red.

The strength of the speaker seemed to lie largely in his ability to apply homely phrases in familiar dialect to illustrate his points.

"You must remember," he would say, "that to work and to save money are of first importance in this material world. Those who own their homes and have money in the bank are the kind who have the most self-respect. Don't you forget that the white man makes money off of you while he sleeps. That mortgage he holds on your property goes right on drawing interest, whether he's asleep or

awake; but, as a rule, when one of us goes to sleep, you know, there's 'nothin' doin'.' "

Everyone could get the point of that. In all parts of the audience I saw bodies shaking with laughter, and heads nodding, and heard lips repeating: "'Nothin' doin'—dat's sho right—dey's nothin' doin'."

Another story was this: "Nothing truer was ever said than 'The Lord helps those who help themselves.' I remember an old darkey who prayed for a chicken. He got down on his knees, and said, 'O, Lordy, send me a chicken!' But he didn't get any chicken. The next night he prayed again, 'O, Lordy, good, kind Lord, do send me a chicken!' But still he got no chicken. He kept on praying for several nights, but still no chicken. And finally he prayed, 'O, Lordy, send me *to* a chicken!' And he got it the same night."

I admired Booker Washington for many things. A man who had been born a slave, who had struggled up to a place in life in which he was honored by rulers and statesmen in two hemispheres, who was aiding millions of his fellows to better themselves, who had written books, and founded a college, seemed worthy of anyone's admiration. But I admired him most when he declined to talk about the luncheon at the White House, given him by President Roosevelt, and which had resulted in so much criticism of the President. He asked me not to mention the matter at all.

I reported Dr. Lyman Abbott's speeches for several days. One evening I saw his bald head and polished shirt-front glisten in the lights of the Au-

ditorium Theater's stage, as he expounded theories of government. The next, I watched the same shining pate reflect the illumination of a banquet hall while he gave his theory of God and the universe. As I listened, I couldn't help wondering whether he would not give a great deal to transfer the luxuriant growth of hair from his face to his head.

He came of a New England family that had given other great preachers and thinkers to the world, and his appearance was that of one who had done nothing but think all his life. His body was frail, his complexion pallid, his manner nervous. I thought that he would be greatly benefited physically, and not be hurt mentally, if he were forced to drink a lot of good red wine, and to wield a scythe or an axe for several hours each day in the sunshine, so as to get up a good appetite.

"Enlightened humanity," he said at the banquet, "is coming every day nearer to the belief of God as being within rather than without. As I once told a reporter in New York, I do not think God is some big man, sitting in a chair in some remote part of the universe, and ruling this and the other worlds as a temporal king would rule. God is the spiritual, the divine part of each of us, rather than a ruling force apart from us."

He said much more along this line. After he had ceased speaking, one of the banqueters turned to another and said, dolefully, "Well, he didn't leave us Christians much to stand on, did he?"

When I returned to the office, the night city ed-

itor asked: "Well, what did your friend Ly Abbott have to say?"

I told him.

"Just a few lines of that will do," he said. "Theories of God don't make such good news as crime and politics, and we've got a lot of both tonight. Besides, that kind of talk is too much up in the air for me to grasp, not to speak of the majority of readers."

But the majority of newspaper readers elsewhere seemed much interested in the subject almost two years later, for when Dr. Abbott then made practically the same speech in the East, many newspapers printed columns about it.

Dr. Abbott's talk upon government was optimistic. He said men were becoming better all the time. "We of the Caucasian race, especially we of the Anglo-Saxon branch, have no reason to despair. We have to look back only a few score years to realize what a great advance we have made in governmental methods and in public morals. And we have but to visit countries inhabited by other peoples to see how much higher is our standard of public and private conduct. For instance, when I was in Turkey, I was about to mail a letter in a Turkish postoffice, when an acquaintance said: 'If you want that letter delivered you had better use the English postoffice. Otherwise, some Turkish postal employee may steal the stamp off the envelope and throw the letter away.' "

At the end of a long lecture filled with philosophic advice-giving, Dr. Abbott said he feared he had done too much preaching. "I remind myself

of Charles Lamb's opinion of Coleridge," he added. "'Did you ever hear me preach, Charley?' Coleridge asked one day, and the stuttering Lamb replied, 'N-n-never heard you d-d-do anything else.'"

I saw a man wearing a flowing yellow robe walk across the Auditorium Hotel lobby. He had a brown skin and a black beard, and his eyes were dreamy and mystical. He was Dharmapala, a noted Buddhist missionary.

Interviewing him in his room, I asked him if he had come to convert America. He said not so much that as to get material aid from Americans for the low-caste people of India, who were being kept down by the Brahminical system. He said he didn't seek money contributions particularly. He wanted wealthy Americans, like Marshall Field, to start factories in India, or buy goods then being manufactured there. He said anyone who gave him aid in that way would reap profits in a few years.

He talked English with only a slight accent. He seemed to know more about Christianity than some of its preachers I had met. He admitted that many of its doctrines were good. "But most of them were taken from older religions," he added. "Even the Catholic altar service is a copy of the Buddhistic.

"In philosophy, we believe the universe to be 'Maya,' an illusion or phantom," he went on. "Only the spirit of things is real. The felicity at which we aim in the future life is called Nirvana, a blissful repose. The Christians have elaborated

this idea into heaven, where angels dance and sing, and play on harps. The trouble with Christians is that they don't want to be quiet, even after death."

"We don't worship idols," I reminded him.

"The Catholics have their crucifix and their statuettes of Mary and the other saints," he said. "And even the Protestants hang pictures of Christ in their churches and homes. Is not that equal to worshipping a statue of the founder of a faith? We Buddhists adore nothing tangible but that. Don't confound us with the Brahmins, who have many gods, some with eight or ten heads apiece.

"Your idea of the Saviour was probably borrowed from our Buddha," he continued. "Buddha came down from a throne to preach among the lowly, and he taught the equality of races and classes. Your Jesus was supposed to have descended from heaven, though He Himself never claimed that, and His teachings were practically the same as Buddha's."

"Do you think God rules the universe?"

"When we Buddhists are told that the universe was made and is ruled by a God, we want to know 'Who made God?' and you Christians never answer that question."

I repeated this interview to the city editor, and he said: "Write about his efforts to get American capitalists interested, but leave out Marshall Field's name. It might offend Mr. Field, and we don't want to take that risk."

"Jules Huret, Paris *Figaro*," was a name I saw on the Auditorium register one day. Unlike most Frenchmen, M. Huret was large and well

built, had an Englishy beard, and knew a great deal about other countries besides his own. He had been sent by his paper, the highest class daily of Paris, to write his impressions of the United States. He afterward made a book of these impressions. He was the author of other books, but I didn't know it then. He was a genial talker, used English with only a slight accent, and asked more questions than I did.

"What has impressed you most in America?" I inquired.

"The wonderful steel works of Pittsburg, and the American chorus girls," he replied. "Ah, the chorus girls!" he went on, rapturously. "They are grand, magneeficent, glorious, charming, graceful, with beautiful forms. The steel works are——"

"What impresses you, next to these things?"

"Well, the Americans don't know how to live. They eat anything that is set before them. I have been in many of your great hotels, and have seen what you call famous people, but never have I seen anyone send a waiter back with a dish. They powder everything with salt and pepper, and swallow it, after making an appetite with cocktails and other strong drinks. There may be epicures in America, but I have not seen any. And although they don't know how to eat, all the rich people like to dine in public. Mrs. Wanamaker, in Philadelphia, the Vanderbilts and Astors in New York, and some others whom I can't remember—there are so many rich people in America—they invite their friends

to lunch or dine with them at the restaurants. I think it must be to show their dresses."

"What do you think of Chicago?"

"The people are funny to me. They really don't live—they are too busy getting the means to live. The buildings are strange and monstrous, but amusing, too. This thing you call the Pompeiian room—I would call it industrial art. It is to attract the people to buy drinks, so it is industrial. And then the homes of the wealthy—ah, but it is funny! They try to imitate all the architecture of all the ages and countries in the world, and all on the same street. It is a nightmare, such as is caused by your American mince pie, as the advertising says, 'like mother used to make.' Especially I remember the Higginbotham home, in Michigan Avenue. It was pointed out as a masterpiece of American architecture. It is terrible! But I don't want to be quoted about it while I remain in Chicago."

He told me he had met President Harper, of the University of Chicago. "Among other things, I asked Mr. Harper what he thought of the advice of some American public man to young men to remain virtuous till they are married. He told me the advice was good. That is funny, too."

"Don't you believe in it?"

"Oh, it is ridiculous! The man who said it would be thought crazy in France. Why, it is foolish and impossible, for any young man who is not what your President would call a weakling. A young man cannot be healthy or happy or wise and be virtuous, too, unless he marries early. For

young women it is quite different. Ah, but there are funny ideas in America, or else many hypocrites."

He told me that Julia Marlowe, the actress, spoke French very well. "But I have not met many people in Chicago society who do," he added.

When I returned to the office I repeated the interview. "We won't use anything but his opinions on the steel works and chorus girls," the city editor said. "A French reporter's views aren't very important, anyhow."

A big circus came to town. In return for a large amount of display advertising, the business office of the paper had bargained to give the show a half column of reading matter. I was assigned to write a story to fill the space. I went to the show grounds, on the South Side, and wandered about among the animals—the human and the other species. I found the human freaks interesting. I was introduced to a French giant seven and a half feet tall, a fat lady of six hundred pounds, a living skeleton of less than one-tenth her weight, a legless man, a bearded lady, and a lion-faced boy.

The bearded lady's form and voice were quite feminine. So was her face, except for the whiskers. These were reddish and luxuriant, and she was combing and brushing them with great care when I was taken to her tent.

"They look real enough," I remarked, after the introduction was over.

"Feel them, if you don't think they are," she said, extending her chin. "See if you can pull them off."

I took hold, and found the beard to be soft and silky. I tugged gently.

"Oh, don't be afraid of hurting me," she gurgled. "Yank harder."

I yanked, while she braced herself by putting a hand on each of my shoulders. The whiskers were genuine. Not a strand was loosened.

"How do you account for having them?" I asked.

"My mother tells me she was frightened by a red-bearded man, who suddenly confronted her several days before my birth. Of course, I didn't know I was to be so distinguished as I now am until I was seventeen years old, when my beard began to sprout. When the growth was complete, I decided to make the best of my lot, and I left my home on a Michigan farm to join this show."

"It certainly matches your pretty Northern complexion and your sunset hair," I said.

"Thank you. You can't know how I appreciate that," she replied, gratefully.

"Do you like poetry and romance?"

A suggestion of tears came into her eyes. "I just dote on Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Marie Corelli. But no one talks poetry with me. They all think I'm coarse-natured because I have red whiskers and travel with a circus. Ah, if they only knew!"

We discussed Ella and Marie for ten minutes. Then, with a lingering hand-clasp, we parted.

When I returned to the office I wrote about a meeting which I said was held by the Freaks' Society of the show. I described the lion-faced boy as

roaring about the lack of attention he was receiving. The bewhiskered lady had sworn by her beard that he was right, and that they should all receive more consideration from the public. "I can't kick against that idea," the legless man had said. The living skeleton had clanked his castanets in approval, while the fat lady had added the weight of her opinion to the cause. And then I wrote what I thought was the crowning masterpiece of wit: "Stick me for the drinks, if I don't agree with you," I quoted from the human pin-cushion. But this last was cut out by a Copy Reader.

"Why?" I demanded to know the next day.

"Because," I was told, "the *Record-Herald* is a family newspaper, and doesn't want any unnecessary reference to the drink habit in its columns."

CHAPTER XLII

A MEETING to discuss methods of settling labor troubles was held in the clubroom of the Auditorium Annex. Representatives of capital and labor from many parts of the country were there. During the meeting I saw Senator Mark Hanna and John Mitchell, head of the Mine Workers' Union, sitting side by side, like chums. After the sessions were over they stood together in front of the hotel and were photographed for a newspaper.

An evening paper had quoted Senator Hanna as saying that Grover Cleveland seemed a strong possibility as a third-term candidate. I approached the Senator to ask about it. He was not the monster, with a coarse, lined and wart-covered face, that I had often seen pictured by cartoonists. His complexion was smooth, his eyes were mild, and his general appearance was that of a gentle-mannered business man.

"Is it true, Senator, that you think Mr. Cleveland a strong possibility for another nomination?" I asked.

"I've never said so," he replied.

"The *Evening Post* has you quoted——"

"What the hell do you suppose I care what the Chicago *Evening Post* says about me?"

"Have you anything to say about politics?"

"No. I'm too busy settling labor troubles."

His tones were firm, but kindly, even genial. His manner would attract, rather than repel. His disregard of what a newspaper might say about him seemed based on the often evidenced fact that he could command journalistic support whenever he needed it. He seemed to be a natural politician. He was as much at ease with statesmen as with labor agitators. After twice placing his friend McKinley in the White House, he was now thought to be seeking the Presidency for himself. And yet he had begun life as a grocer's clerk, and, until he became Senator, had never held office. He was the first man in American politics to acquire so much power without having been a soldier or a lawyer or a member of the intellectual class. He seemed to embody in himself the country's commerce—the spirit of the grocery business and of all other business—and by his acts to say, "It is time for *us* to have a hand in affairs. We are as fit to rule as you fighters and lawyers. *We* make the country's wealth, or at least a large part of it, and are the real bulwark of its strength, and we intend to have our share of its high offices."

If he had lived, he might have prevented the nomination of Roosevelt and been chosen instead. But he died a few months before the convention was held.

Former Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin, was pointed out to me in the Auditorium lobby. I saw a man with a tinge of white in his mustache, only a suggestion of a beard in the middle of his chin, a genial face, and a slightly more genial nose,

sitting quietly beside a pillar and gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Governor," I said, as I tapped him on the shoulder, "can you tell me a funny story this evening?"

The author of "Peck's Bad Boy" looked surprised. "Life is a very serious business with me, young man," he replied. "I am now on the way to Idaho, to attend to some gold mines in which I have an interest. They have been producing so much gold of late that we fear the market will be flooded. I'm going out now to seal up the mines, to prevent this."

I couldn't get any news out of him. After leaving him I reflected that I should have asked what he thought of the mention of Mr. Cleveland's name in connection with the Presidency. "I'll quote him, anyhow," I decided, "but I must think up something harmless, so that he won't feel like denying it."

So I wrote that Mr. Peck had said he thought Mr. Cleveland was "another Barkis," and that "Barkis was willin', you know, although he (Mr. Cleveland) probably wouldn't seek the nomination." This must have been satisfactory to Mr. Peck, for he didn't deny it.

And when I saw the former President, some time afterward, at a public reception at the Art Institute, he seemed willing enough. He stood for several hours, shaking hands. The people were let in at one end of a long gallery, where they formed a line that worked its way past the radiance of his presence, and thence on into the outer darkness.

Mr. Cleveland was pleasant to the reporters. We approached him before the populace were admitted. He cordially extended one hand to me, while with the other he brushed a long string of gray hair back to the otherwise bald top of his head. We asked him what he thought of the report that Bryan had given up his free silver views. He smiled, and said: "Not a word about politics today, gentlemen—not a word, thank you."

Some politicians who had held office under him arranged the reception to aid his boom for a third term. They hired an orchestra to attract a crowd. These men, and a score of bankers and wealthy merchants, and the common people were those who came to do him homage. And most of these common people were of the commonest kind. They were dull of face and poor of dress. They were the kind that flock to hangings and riots, street parades and free shows—that never see the great, except in public—that cannot distinguish between fame and notoriety. And now they came to touch the hand of the man who had once ordered out the troops against them. They were, in brief, the mob —the mob, that is always fickle, and that, dog-like, is ever ready to lick the hand that beats it, if that hand be the hand of its master.

But now the master's face was smiling, and the master's hand, shorn of power, was gentle and caressing. "I'm *so* pleased to meet you," the sensual lips were murmuring, and the heavy face of the one-time sheriff was screwed into a smile.

A detective stood within a few feet of him, and carefully watched everyone who approached. I

had met this detective while working on a story of crime. He now winked at me and shook his head, to indicate that I was not to recognize him. Occasionally I saw him speak to others, whom I took to be detectives, too. I had heard that the friend of Pierpont Morgan was always well guarded by secret service men while in office. At his two inaugurations every lackey who served him, and the driver of every cab that carried him, was a detective. And now that there was a possibility that the fickle populace would again choose him as its ruler, he was taking few chances of another affair such as had ended at Buffalo the life of his successor.

As I watched the passing of the people while the music played, I recalled something I had once read of this man. His White House amusements were declared to be none too refined, and the critic continued: "He is a man without appreciation of art or music. He could not distinguish between a stonecutter's graveyard decoration and a masterpiece of sculpture, between a daub and a great painting, between a Beethoven symphony and 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' He is a man who would rather talk than read, eat than talk, fish than eat."

But the story I had to write about the ex-President could contain nothing like this, whatever I may have thought. "Write a pleasant, sketchy account, about a column long, and use all the nice things you heard said about him," I was told. "We don't care much for Mr. Cleveland, but some of our influential readers do."

In the spring of 1903 President Roosevelt vis-

ited Yellowstone Park. He spent one day in Chicago, and it was a day of activity for journalists. Besides the traveling correspondents, there were at least two reporters from each of the daily papers on his trail, and, altogether, about a dozen photographers. In every office three to six editors and assistants were kept busy handling "copy" about him.

I took up his trail at the Auditorium, where one of my able colleagues dropped it at the luncheon hour. It was congenial work from there to the University of Chicago, for we had carriages in the line of prominent citizens. But we had to get back from there the best way we could. The President rode in a special car on the Illinois Central Road. There wasn't enough room in it for all of us, so most of the reporters had to take seats with the common herd in the coaches behind.

At the university the President was given the degree of Doctor of Laws. Some professors took him into a room, dressed him in a black gown, put a mortar-board on his head, and led him on to the stage of the chapel, where the ceremonies were held. After that he was taken to the campus to make a speech. He stood on a platform, on the site of a new building, while the multitude gathered about.

The photographers had seized the best viewpoint and aimed their cameras. One of these men had been forced to leave the President's box that morning at the Northwestern University exercises. But he was now closer to the President than any of the others. It is not easy to discourage a newspaper

photographer. As Mr. Roosevelt raised his hand the battery of cameras opened fire. He paused, then assumed a new position. There was another fusillade. The first sounded like the rattle of musketry, the next like a discharge of light artillery, for there were more cameras at work this time.

He was used to this sort of thing, however, and seemed not to notice it. He spoke on, twisting his face into various shapes to emphasize his points. At one moment his lips would be screwed up like a boy trying to whistle after eating persimmons. The next, the mouth would expand, the ambitious teeth clinch tightly, and the brutal jaw stick out into the air like a battering-ram. His talk was a homily on courage and character. "Goodness is important, but courage is more important," he said at one part. "If, when you are dead, the best thing that can be said of you is that you never *hahmed* anybody, it won't be very much. It won't be *very much,*" he repeated, contemptuously.

He pronounced "harmed" as though it were spelled "hahmed," and President Harper, of the University, he called "President Hawpeh," in the un-American, New York-English dialect. But while he didn't talk like most Americans, his patriotism could never be doubted. He was the American President, and he believed in the destiny of the American Republic, and in the American people—principally in himself.

If the same speech had been delivered by a man of no prominence, he probably could have found no one to listen. This man was not a natural orator. He had no graces of speech or manner. He

charmed neither the eye nor the ear, and many statesmen in American history owed all to the fact that they had captivated both. The great Senator Conkling, who used to refer to Roosevelt, then a political stripling, as "that dentifical young man," had a fascinating presence and a word-painting ability that could set conventions wild. He could thrill with such phrases as, "The election before us is the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide for many years whether the country shall be Republican or Cossack." But he couldn't be elected to the Presidency—or even nominated. He failed to win this highest prize, as many great orators failed.

The commonplace ideas, put in ordinary language, with forceful gestures, by Theodore Roosevelt, were listened to with rapt attention by multitudes, and were read by tens of millions the next morning. And these millions were eagerly waiting the chance to give him their votes for another Presidential term. Why?

Because he had captured the imagination of the people, not by words, but by his own personality. He was more than their friend and champion. He was their pet. They had given him fond nicknames. He was their "Rough Rider," their "Teddy." And when the people apply such pet names to a public man, he has nothing to fear from them.

Here was a man hard to dislike. Like Cæsar, he could both fight and write—but he could do much more. Those who didn't admire him for this could admire him as a political speaker, or as a preacher of lay sermons, or as a "broncho-

buster," or as a slayer of wild beasts, or as a courageous official, or as a husband and father, or as an athlete, who could play all the American games and learn the Japanese jiu-jitsu as well. Probably he was not great in any single line of effort. There were many hundreds of people who could write better books, many who could fight better battles, and so on through the list. But taken altogether, his wide range of activities and his broad sympathies made him invincible in politics. When not doing one thing to attract favorable notice, he was doing another. He never let the people forget him.

He had his weaknesses, too. He would make strong speeches on courage and honesty in politics, but, to gain their support, he would consort with such notorious politicians as Senator Platt, of New York, and Congressman Lorimer, of Chicago. Some time after this it was shown that while he would investigate monopolies, he would entertain Pierpont Morgan in the White House, and his investigations never led quite to Mr. Morgan's door. He would be remorseless against offenders in public life, but when one of his own cabinet officers was found guilty of having violated railway shipping laws, he shut his eyes to facts, and praised him in a way sickening to fair-minded men. In this way he resembled a famous character whom he must have read about, since he was fond of "Plutarch's Lives." This character was Agesilaus, King of Lacedæmon. A friend of the King was to be tried for some crime, and Agesilaus instructed the judges like this: "If he is innocent,

be sure to acquit him. If he is not innocent, acquit him on my account. At all events, acquit him."

As I sat on a lumber pile and watched this forceful man that day I thought:

"Who are you, Theodore Roosevelt, whose words and movements are so important? You are not tall, or handsome, or commanding in appearance. The only thing out of the ordinary in your physical make-up is your teeth, and they are not half so bad as the cartoonists picture them. What mysterious force within you has directed your physical self—the body born weak, but which your will made strong—until you stand where you are—admired, loved, envied, hated by more millions than you could ever count, and where it takes scores of journalists to report your movements for a single day? And these journalists, who like to boast that 'the newspapers made Roosevelt'—did they not unconsciously aid you in a far-seeing plan of self-aggrandizement worthy of a modern Cæsar? You made yourself and your doings *news,* and they were forced to write of you. There are a dozen men more statesman-like, and several dozen more learned-looking, within a few yards of you. Yet their voices are hushed, and their eyes are turned toward you. That professor seated at your feet, and looking up at you curiously, is old enough to have taught you your A, B, C's. He was probably versed in all the sciences before you were out of your swaddling clothes. He could doubtless write a much more able essay on world politics than you, and yet what is he compared with you?

"What philosophy of life have you followed—what secret philosophy, I mean, for almost every man has a philosophy for himself, and another for the world? I have just been reading a book which seems to have been written about you, yet it tells of a man who lived in Rome more than two thousand years ago. If there is truth in the theory of reincarnation, it may be that you were that man—unless you are Oliver Cromwell, or some other such forceful soul, returned to earth. 'Marius, the Epicurean,' is the book's title. Walter Pater is the author. He writes of Marius thus:

"Then he at least, in whom those fleeting impressions—faces, voices, material, sunshine—were very real and imperious, might well set himself to the consideration, how such actual moments as they passed might be made to yield him their utmost, by the most dexterous training of his capacities. Amid abstract metaphysical doubts as to what might lie one step only beyond that experience, reinforcing the deep, original materialism or earthliness of human nature itself, bound so intimately to the visible world, let him at least make the most of what was 'here and now.' . . . 'Let me be sure then'—might he not plausibly say?—'that I miss no circumstance of this world of realized consciousness of the present!'

". . . Not pleasure, but fullness of life, and 'insight,' as conducting to that fullness—energy, choice and variety of experience—including noble pain and sorrow, even—love, . . . such sincere and strenuous forms of the moral life, as Seneca and Epictetus—whatever form of human life, in short, was impassioned and ideal; it was from these that the 'new Cyrenaicism' of Marius took its criterion of values. It was a theory, indeed, which might rightly be regarded as in a great degree coincident with the main principle of the Stoics themselves, and a version of the precept, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'—a doctrine so widely acceptable among the noblest spirits of that time: and as with that, its mistaken tendency would lie in the direction of a kind of idolatry of mere life, or natural gift, or strength."

Surely that was the Roosevelt philosophy: even the word "strenuous" was there. It was not so clearly or directly stated as Mr. Roosevelt himself would have put it, but it was all there. And while it did not explain his election to the Presidency, it did explain in part the personality that made so widely popular an appeal.

That same evening I heard the President's famous "big stick" speech at the Auditorium Theater. In asking for a larger navy, he said that the United States, to be respected, should apply the old adage, "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

It was only the next autumn that, in the Panama trouble, he lived up to his own philosophy by doing with all his might what his hand found to do. The government of Colombia had tried to hold up the United States for an immense sum of money for permission to dig the canal. The Republic of Panama was created, and it was recognized by this nation and by some European governments almost before the Colombians knew what had happened. Then arrangements were made with the new republic for the building of the canal.

I heard a Washington correspondent say, soon after this, that he tried to get some information from the President on the subject at that time. But the situation was so critical that Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't discuss it. Instead, he said he would show the correspondent a fine poem. Taking him into his inner office, he pointed above his desk, where there hung, framed, a copy of "Opportunity," by Senator Ingalls. And under the title he read:

"Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk—I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake! If feasting, rise before
I turn away! It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more!"

Some time after this I heard a speech by Secretary of State Hay, who defended the President's action in Panama. In the course of his speech he said:

"He struck while the iron was white hot on the anvil of opportunity, and forged as perfect a bit of statecraft as this generation has seen."

CHAPTER XLIII

After eight years of ambitious effort, I was not yet sure that I was a great journalist. I feared that I might be only near-great. Opportunity hadn't come my way. I decided to create my own opportunity.

I went to Cuba, and interviewed President Palma.

I didn't "officially" represent any newspaper. I simply got a leave of absence from the *Record-Herald*, told the managing editor where I was going, and asked if he wanted an interview with the President. He said: "Well, if you can get a good talk out of Palma, all right. See what he'll say about reciprocity."

This was in the spring of 1903. After helping to conduct the campaign that resulted in the fourth election of Mayor Harrison, I started for Havana. Through a former Congressman, whose name I had often published in connection with items about noted persons, I got letters of introduction to Mr. Palma and members of his cabinet. These letters were signed by Señor Quesada, Cuban Minister at Washington. At Jacksonville, Florida, I showed them to the officer of a steamship company. He gave me a round-trip ticket to Cuba.

Before leaving for Miami to board the steamer,

I visited the office of the Florida *Times-Union,* the largest newspaper in the State. The city editor and the entire local staff, consisting of three reporters, had gone out to watch the burning of a grocery store. It was the drowsy hour of noon, an unusual time for work in Florida, but the fire was a big news story in Jacksonville. The only one left in the office was the agricultural editor. The managing editor was out of town. "He's up at Tallahassee, lobbying," I was told.

"Lobbying?"

"Yes. For the owners of the paper. There's probably more money back of this paper than behind any other in the world," the agricultural editor said, with a tinge of pride in his tones. "Except," he added, "such others as are owned by the same people."

"Who are the owners?"

"Why, the Standard Oil Company."

Then I remembered that Henry M. Flagler, one of the Standard Oil officials, was so powerful in Florida that the Legislature, at his bidding, had passed a special law so that he could divorce his insane wife and marry again.

I rode over a Standard Oil railroad to Miami, and registered at a Standard Oil hotel. Even the fish I had for dinner seemed oily. But the hotel itself was as beautiful, the palm-trees and oleanders nodding in the ocean breeze as restful, the cry of the whip-poor-will as melodious, and the scent of flowers as sweet as though the oil-stained hands of Rockefeller and his aides had never gripped the State.

Cuba first saw me on a glorious spring morning. The sun's rays sparkled on the blue surface of the bay as the steamer slowly glided under the guns of Morro Castle and passed the wreck of the "Maine," which still protruded, a gnarled and twisted mass, a dozen feet above the water.

After fighting off about fourteen "runners" for hotels and boarding-houses, who swarmed over the boat's side, I surrendered to a fifteenth, and went ashore. There a horde of ragged, unshaven human specimens welcomed me as a fellow American. Then they tried to borrow money. The guide said that most of them were drunken deserters from the American Army. By a quick run we escaped to a carriage. Through streets so narrow that pedestrians had to enter buildings to avoid being drenched by sprinkling-carts, we were driven to a fine boulevard. Thence we went to Vedado, a residential section on the west side. The hotel was there, surrounded by flower gardens. It had been the home of a Spanish Marquis. After the war he sold it to get money to return to Spain to avoid Cuban insults.

I sallied forth from the hotel to look for an American newspaper man. I knew that I could learn more about the city in ten minutes through such a medium than in any other way in weeks. There was a daily paper called the *Post,* printed entirely in English, and one of the several Spanish dailies had an English edition. I knew enough Spanish to inquire my way about and to read signs. I had studied the language on many an afternoon while I was supposed to be earning my salary.

The Post Building, a dingy white, of two stories, faced the Prado, the principal boulevard, near the bay. The managing editor, who was also all the other editors except one, gave me the seat of honor. He said that William J. Bryan, who had attended Palma's inauguration the year before, had sat in the same chair. He told me that if I had arrived the night before I could have attended the President's ball.

The city editor, who was also the entire local staff, was from Kentucky. He at once began showing me hospitality in the Kentucky way. I was doubly welcome, because so few American newspaper men now visited the Island.

"But things will get better steadily," the city editor assured me as we rambled through the quaint streets, stopping, ever and anon, for liquid cheer. "Americans already own forty per cent. of the Island. As the Spanish property-holding class gradually sell out and return to Spain, Americans take their places. Besides, this farce of Cuban rule won't last much longer."

"Is it a farce?"

"Sure! All this 'Cuba Libre' business is mummery and flummery. The officials here are puppets of Washington. The farce will be ended in about three years." (It was almost exactly three years later that President Palma resigned and the American Government again took charge of the Island.)

We drove to the President's palace, at one side of a pretty quadrangular park. We went past a uniformed guard, up a marble stairway, past a

doorkeeper, and into the office of the President's secretary. I showed my letters to him, and he arranged an audience for me, to take place two days later.

Then we went out, hired another carriage, and saw more of the city. As the fare was but twenty cents for any distance, it was not hard to keep up our dignity. Some of the Spanish newspaper offices were pointed out. They were in ordinary-looking buildings, in unimportant streets. The entrances to several were up rickety stairways, in alleys.

"The press in Cuba has never cut a great figure," said my companion. "The Spanish government didn't grant much liberty, and the Cubans, as a rule, don't know enough to appreciate a free press. But these side-street locations have often proved a good thing for the papers. The mobs can't get at them so well, and it's easier for defenders to form a barricade. More than one office was wrecked in war times."

Most of the city's inhabitants seemed to be living in jail. People looked through bars, at openings on the first floor of nearly every building. The bars were there because the warm climate often made it necessary to keep doors and windows open both night and day. There was no building more than four stories high, except one then being put up by an American syndicate. A special law had to be passed to permit of its being five stories.

We passed the cathedral where the bones of Columbus had rested for centuries. This was a gray,

ancient-looking pile. A priest, attired just as priests were in the days of the great discoverer, was walking languidly up the worn stone steps.

Negroes, mulattoes and Chinese were as often seen in the streets as were Spaniards and white Cubans. My companion told me there had been about seventy thousand Chinese in the Island before the war, and that only fourteen thousand had survived. No one knew just what had become of the others. They had not been killed in battle, for they were not soldiers. Some had left the Island, but most of them had probably died of starvation in those terrible days when Weyler tried to exterminate a people whom he could not subdue. They were of a weaker race, and in that fierce struggle for the survival of the fittest they had perished in largest numbers.

"Sometimes I think Weyler didn't do half enough to these Cubans," said my companion. "Most of them are negroes, half-breeds, and low-class Spaniards. They're never satisfied with anything. Most of them want to work for the government, and when they can't they're ready to overthrow it. Even when they're employed regularly, they'll work only two days a week—just enough to get money to live on for the rest of the week. They are a lying, treacherous, degraded lot, and it will be a wise government that manages them."

Almost all of the Spanish men I saw were undersized, scraggy, and commonplace-looking. And nearly all the women and girls were pretty of face and voluptuous of form. Their cheeks were like

"Formed for all the witching arts of love" *Page 419*

American Beauty roses in tint, their pearly teeth gleamed behind lips of coral, and their dark eyes sparkled with tantalizing fires. "Why is it," I asked, "that the Spanish women are so much superior to the men?"

"I think it must be because the men live only for the women," was the reply. "I believe I know what you're thinking about," he went on. "If you know Byron, you must be recalling the lines in 'Childe Harold,' about the maids of Spain:

"Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness, as in firmness, far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms how much more great!"

We stopped at a little wine-shop long enough to absorb some bottled sunshine. As we were entering, two voluptuous señoritas, wearing the lace mantillas which they all know how to use with so much grace, passed by. They both looked around at us, one of them with a suggestion of a smile, but they continued their walk.

We resumed our carriage ride, finally stopping at a restaurant in the Prado, and ordered a dinner to be brought along with the wine. We were joined by some of my companion's friends. Two of them were resident correspondents of New York newspapers, another was the editor of a Spanish daily. One of the correspondents was so melan-

choly that half a dozen glasses were needed to make him at all cheerful.

"He's been melancholy ever since the wreck of the Maine," whispered my new friend. "He was out of town when that happened, and got scooped on it. If you want to see a human imitation of a mad bull, ask him where he was when the Maine blew up. But for heaven's sake, don't do it now. Let nothing interrupt the present blissful harmony."

The tinkle of mandolins, playing "La Paloma," was now heard. A woman's voice soon joined in, and in musical accents, full of heart-throbs, sang the sweetly sad story of the "dove." Within were lights, music, clinking glasses, gleaming tableware, beautiful colors, wine, woman and song. Without, the moon's rays shone through the leafage and fell softly upon the moving picture of life in the Prado.

It was not strange to me that my friend forgot to go back to his office that night. When someone mentioned that the hour was growing late, he scornfully rejoined: "Time was made for slaves."

There was but one jarring note in the course of the dinner. A fine, large steak was brought in and carved. "Ah," I thought, "I will now dine upon Cuban beef. The cow from which this was cut doubtless cropped grass in some poetic vale of this fair Island, tended, perchance, by a beauteous maid with sensuous lips and eyes of light, and still carrying in her veins the passionate, masterful blood of the Spaniards of old.

"Where," I inquired, in my best Spanish, "did this steak originate?"

"We got it from a Chicago packing-house, sir," responded the waiter in English.

We fell to discussing the political situation. Everyone in the party seemed to think the Palma government would not last long; also that it was never intended to last. The representative of a commercial agency said he had gathered as much from a conversation with President Palma himself. (I afterward learned that he was really a friend of the President.) He and Mr. Palma were talking of the status of Cuba and the new American colonies. The probability that Porto Rico and the Philippines would remain colonies, or at least become no better than territories, was mentioned by the commercial man.

"Yes, but Cuba is fit for better things," the President had remarked. "She has done as well as any of the States for more than a year now. We ought to be able to keep affairs going as they are for three or four years more."

"And then what—statehood?" ventured the other.

"That's my idea," responded the President. "What do you think about it?"

"Why shouldn't that be Palma's view?" said one of the correspondents. "That's what he was put over here for. He was taken from the head of the Cuban Junta in the States, and placed where he is now. His eighteen years in the United States fairly Americanized him, although he was once before President of Cuba—during the last days of the Ten Years' War. He knows the Cuban rabble

are unfit to rule themselves, and that their leaders are as corrupt as the Spaniards, and less able.

"All of the real story of the Americanization of Cuba may never be written," went on the correspondent, becoming eloquent as another bottle was opened. "It's a deep game in international politics that is being played in Washington and across the Florida straits here in Havana. I have written what I could learn of it, and sent it to a dozen American magazines, but they're afraid of the story. It's impossible to get enough facts to base it on. But the surface indications are enough to convince me that Cuba is now practically an American State, and that T. Estrada Palma is its Governor: Cuba has no mints or coinage system of its own, and is to have none. It is surrounded by water, yet it has no navy, and is to have none. Its police force of a few thousand men is, by courtesy, called an army, while American troops are still encamped in the shadow of Morro Castle, there to remain; and the clink of the American dollar is drowning out the sound of Spanish coin, which will soon cease to circulate.

"The Cuban people had nothing to do with Palma's nomination. Less than a third of them went to the polls when he was elected. But that made no difference. American favors of one sort or another had put Masso and General Gomez out of the Presidential field, and lulled all other opposition to sleep. Palma's election was a farce, and his government is a masquerade. But it is a dignified masquerade, and its dignity is upheld by the American Government."

Another of the party said: "Why, to keep up the improvements started by the American military government, and pay the interest on the bonds issued to settle up with the Cuban army, should be enough to force Cuba into annexation; and the Platt amendment, which Cuba had to accept, binds her still closer. It's arranged that the Washington Government can interfere to preserve order at any time. That means that if there's as much as a dog-fight over here Cuba may be annexed."

"Yes, Cuba has simply changed masters, that is all," said the editor of the Spanish daily. "It's perhaps the best thing that could happen to her, too. But you Americans are inconsistent. You want Cuba, and you reason this way: 'We went to war to free Cuba, therefore we should have Cuba.' Now, if you ever really freed Cuba, she would not belong to you, but to herself. But," he went on, musingly, "it seems the destiny of 'the ever faithful isle' to become an American State. And it will be the fairest star in Columbia's diadem, too. Columbus, after first beholding its shores, wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, calling it 'the Alpha and Omega.'

"Almost a century later Sir Walter Raleigh suggested to Queen Elizabeth that King Philip might be abased by plucking his gorgeous feathers in the Indies, leaving him as bare as Æsop's proud crow, a laughing-stock for all the world. 'If you touch him in the Indies,' said Raleigh, 'you touch the apple of his eye.'

"Do you know, gentlemen," he continued, "that Cuba bore the enormous burden of Spain's attempt

to resubjugate South America, and paid, in addition, a tax that would have bankrupted almost any other equal area on earth? It is true. But if Cuba were a barren rock, instead of an almost magically rich land, it would be worth all it is costing the United States. It is the greatest strategic point in the New World. It lies athwart the sea, between the arms of Yucatan and Florida, and stands warden to the Gulf. It was the point of departure of the Spanish expeditions for the exploration and settlement of all America. It was the objective point in the international wars in which Spain shook the American bush, and England generally got the bird. Great Britain's worst mistake was letting loose of the island after capturing Havana, in 1766. Had she held it during the Revolution, the war might have ended differently."

"But *we'll* never let loose," put in the first correspondent.

"All of which goes to show," said my friend, who was now in a philosophical mood, "that, in the language of our old friend, Lord Bute, 'The forms of a free and the ends of an arbitrary government are not altogether incompatible.' "

"And all of this ends in the discovery that the last bottle is empty," added the other correspondent. "One more of these liquid sonnets, and we'll adjourn."

We had several more. Then we tottered forth and got into carriages. It was the witching hour of night when churchyards are supposed to yawn and graves give up their dead. But we saw no disembodied spirits. We drove through that part of

Havana where revelry, music and song are to be seen and heard through all the night, and where spirits are lively, but are always in bodily form.

It was two hours past midnight when my friend began a dispute with a cabman. To show his American superiority, he slapped the cabman's face. He was arrested. A policeman got into the cab with him, and they drove away at break-neck speed through the dark and narrow streets.

"Get a cab, and follow!" yelled my friend. "Tell the driver 'Vivac!' "

"Vivac" means jail. I followed my friend's cab there, and found him arguing with the night police captain. He was finally released on bond. Then we separated, he returning home, and I to my hotel, where I arrived in the cool gray dawn. I had seen Havana society from the top to the bottom—from the President's palace to the jail—in one afternoon and night, and I went to sleep satisfied.

CHAPTER XLIV

It was afternoon of the next day before the streets of Havana saw me again. I went to the American Club, in the Prado, and was registered as a guest. Then I was taken to a cigar factory. The manager showed me about, and offered me as many cigars, of any kind, as I could put in my pockets. But I sadly declined. I had long since failed in efforts to get the tobacco habit. I now realized, as I gazed, without being tempted, upon roomful after roomful of the finest cigars in the world, that smoking would never be one of my accomplishments.

In the large workroom I found the employees listening to literature while they worked. On a raised platform, near the center, sat a man at a desk, reading aloud, in melodious accents, the story of "Don Quixote." The employees—men and women, boys and girls—were working steadily but quietly at their benches. I was told that in every large factory readers were hired, by contributions from workers, to entertain them three hours a day. Not a year passed in any factory without a reading of "Don Quixote," which was the chief favorite in the fiction line. Besides the Spanish authors, Dickens, Thackeray, Byron and Hugo were often read. "Quo Vadis?" had just been chosen by ballot at this factory, and was to be read next.

The top story of the factory building was the home of the owner. It was beautifully furnished. The pictures and statuary were by masters, ancient and modern, and the floors were of marble. I was told that even the wealthiest persons lived in the same buildings in which they did business. Thus there were never any "rush hours" on the street railways of Havana.

From the factory I went to see Governor-General Nuñez, of the Province of Havana, and Secretary of State Zaldo. They, and most of the cabinet members, spoke English as well as I did. Nearly all of them had American interests of one sort or another. Governor Nuñez was a tobacco merchant, with an office in Philadelphia. He seemed to be a type of the old Castilian gentleman that I had read about in Spanish romances. He was stalwart and handsome, and his ideas were as clear and sparkling as his wine. Before I left he offered me his box for the Sunday afternoon *jai alai* games at the Amphitheater.

Jai alai is pronounced as though spelled in English, "hi-a-lie." The players were from Spain. They stood, two on a side, in one end of a long arena, and hurled little white balls, such as are used in golf, against a solid, smooth wall at the other end. These balls they caught, on the rebound, in little wicker receptacles affixed to their right wrists. The sound of the popping of the balls was often mingled with the clinking of coin being bet by the spectators. Nearly everyone made a wager. I heard that on holidays, such as the anniversary of the birth of the Republic, gambling

was allowed even in the streets. The police were instructed to look the other way, and they often joined in the betting. To have stopped it might have brought on a revolution.

From the *jai alai* games I and a party of my new acquaintances rode along by the bay on our return to the main part of the city. The water looked inviting, and I suggested bathing. "The only safe place to bathe, anywhere near Havana, is at one of the beaches, a good distance from here, where the water is shallow," said my friend of the *Post*. "There are too many sharks in the bay. A man fell off a garbage boat here, not long ago. He sank once, came up yelling like a fiend, with one arm bitten off, then sank again, and that was the last of him. It was the slave-ships, you know, that brought the sharks to these waters. They followed the ships to get the bodies of niggers that died on the trip.

"We had a good shark story a few days ago," he went on. "As the story goes, the City Council decided to put a bounty on dead sharks, to rid the harbor of them. But so many were caught that the city was threatened with bankruptcy, and the ordinance was repealed. At least, that was the tale that went out to American newspapers, to the extent of several columns. I have a slight suspicion, though, that there was just a little exaggeration," and he glanced at the correspondents in the carriage with us.

"You know as much about it as anyone," said one of them.

In the evening we went to the principal theater.

where the opera lasted five hours. Many who had spent three to four hours at the *jai alai* games remained throughout the opera. Then they passed an hour or more in restaurants. The capacity of the Havanese for amusement seemed to be as great as their distaste for work.

The day on which President Palma and I met found Nature in her happiest mood. A gentle breeze moved the leafage in the palace park and rippled the deep blue waters of the bay not far distant. In the trees, mating birds sang nuptial songs, and many flowers nodded pink heads together like blushing bridesmaids gossiping.

"The old man ought to be in a pleasant frame of mind to-day," said my friend of the *Post,* as we alighted at the entrance and dismissed the carriage, after giving the driver his twenty cents. My friend had come along at my request, and for the further reason that he feared I had planned a big scoop, and he wanted to share in it.

But I was really not certain of what I wanted to talk to the President about, beyond his opinions upon reciprocity. I had some hopes of drawing a sensational statement out of him by a lot of haphazard questions. I had sometimes succeeded in doing such things with other famous men.

The President's secretary showed us into the official chamber. A small man, with a gray mustache, only one good eye, not much hair on the top of his head, and with almost no teeth, rose and shook hands with us. We remained standing as we talked for several minutes, and then my friend said, "Sit down, Mr. Palma."

The President did not seem to hear him. I was afterward told that only intimate friends sit in the presence of rulers, and that etiquette requires the rulers also to stand throughout a formal interview. My friend appeared not to care for formalities, for after a moment he said again, in a more commanding tone, "Sit down, Mr. Palma."

This time the President obeyed, smiling. After putting the head of the nation at his ease, we also sat down. Our conversation lasted about fifteen minutes. He said about what I expected him to say of reciprocity: How Cuba was disappointed at the failure of the United States Senate to pass a treaty giving the island's principal products a better chance in the American markets—how Cuba still hoped—how the course of President Roosevelt was appreciated—how the Cuban people were grateful for the aid of the Americans in throwing off the Spanish yoke, and believed that the American people, as a whole, sympathized with Cuba's efforts for better trade relations, now that her former market was lost to her, and so on, at much length.

But I couldn't trap him into saying anything sensational. He met every question along unusual lines with polite and pleasant and very diplomatic replies. And when I thought of his remarkable history, of what storm and stress he had passed through to his present place, how his wits had been keen-edged by conflicts on battlefields both physical and intellectual, I felt that it would be only by the merest chance that I could catch him off his guard. In youth he had studied in Seville, acquir-

ing the best possible groundwork for politics and diplomacy—the law. Returning to Cuba, he joined the revolutionary party. Soon after, the storm of 1868 broke. His family estates were confiscated. His mother was among the prisoners taken. While in the hands of the Spaniards she was starved to death.

Then he must have pleaded with his God to be made the instrument of vengeance. He plunged into the war. He campaigned by day and planned by night. He became a terror to the Spanish arms. The Cubans made him President. He fought on to the gloomy end. The rebellion failed, and he was taken prisoner. He escaped, and fled to Honduras. There he became Postmaster-General, and married the President's daughter. After a few years he went to the United States, settled in a country town in New York State, and started a preparatory school for young men from Latin-America. For fifteen years he led a placid life as a schoolmaster. But the fires of hatred against Spain never died in his bosom, and during the last war for freedom, as head of the Cuban Junta in America, he did much toward arousing the sentiment that finally crushed Spain.

And now he sat in the palace where Weyler, the Butcher, and other Spanish viceroys, had misruled the fairest province Spain ever owned. He was old now, and there seemed something of melancholy in his late triumph. His body was worn, and his flesh was beginning to shrivel. Most worldly enjoyments must have passed beyond his reach, but his mind was as bright and strong as ever.

I couldn't help thinking, as I sat there, what a good story it would make if someone were to rush in and insert a knife under his fifth rib. I didn't want him killed—if he were only slightly wounded it would be enough for many columns of special cable dispatches; but if Fate intended him to die that way, some time, it might as well be just then, I thought. If General Maximo Gomez, for instance, with a band of conspirators, were to enter, and they should all stick stilettos into him, and he should look reproachfully at Gomez and say, "Et tu, Maxey!" and then expire in my arms, it would be worth all I could write—and over my own signature!

But no assassin came. I saw no one in or near the palace that day who looked as though he intended even to tap Mr. Palma on the left wrist, and say, "Curse you! Take that!"

We went out into the sunshine again. As we rode over the boulevards I looked regretfully at the Cuban señoritas, whom I was soon to see no more. "It's no use," said my friend, reading my thoughts. "You can't take 'em along with you, and you couldn't get acquainted with them, except in the regular way. They're too closely chaperoned. It would be worth the reputation of any Spanish or Cuban girl to go out on the streets alone."

As I sailed away from Havana, and watched its gray and yellowish buildings, and its church towers, with their gleaming crosses, recede in the purple distance, I thought that this should be called the Eternal City of the New World, as Rome is the

Eternal City of the Old. For Havana was a flourishing town a hundred years before Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians. It was a city a generation before the first white settlement on the North American Continent, and may have been an Indian village before that.

I looked up at Morro Castle, and saw jutting out over the bay the point of rock on which prisoners used to be stood to be shot, so that their bodies would fall into the water, where the sharks made funerals unnecessary. Further back, in behind those grim walls, in an enclosure open to the sky, victims by the score had been lined up for slaughter. One of the inscriptions told how a party of young students had been slain for a simple show of enthusiasm for liberty.

I recalled part of a speech against Spain made in the American Senate five years before. The speaker said that Spain had "erected more crosses in more lands, and under them butchered more human beings, than all the other nations in the world." And I thought, too, of the story in Cuban history of the native chief who was about to be burned at the stake, and who asked, "Are there any Spaniards in Heaven?" He was told that there were many. "Then," he replied, "I want to go to the other place."

And then I thought that those graceful and voluptuous señoritas I was leaving behind had in their veins their full share of the cruel and vindictive blood that had ruined so many lands. The Spanish race had produced many dangerous and beautiful women. Among others, it had given to

France the Empress Eugènie, who did much toward bringing on the Franco-Prussian war. It was a Spanish woman, too, Lola Montez, who corrupted the Bavarian court and scandalized Europe.

I reflected that if I were a despot, I would rather send a Spaniard to the block than anyone else—and that I would yield more quickly to the wishes of a Spanish woman than to any other influence.

I was glad to go back to a land where the air was keen and sharp, where there was winter as well as summer, and where one felt more of an incentive to do things. The warm climate of Cuba, where almost the only change was from wet to dry, was depressing. I felt that it could never charm me for a day, without its wine and women. And I would not have lived there the rest of my life if I were given the whole island—unless, possibly, I were made the Sultan.

I had mailed two articles to the *Record-Herald.* I had scattered capital "I's" through them in the manner beloved of all journalists, but possible only to the eminent few. I related what *I* thought, what *I* had been told by the President and other officials, and what *I* had observed everywhere.

But when I returned to Chicago I found that only one article was used. This was a descriptive story of my observations in the Cuban capital (with the most interesting things left out). It was used in a Sunday edition. The interview with President Palma was handed back to me. There was no explanation. I was simply told that it was

not usable. And it was in harmony with the paper's policy, too.

"The trouble is," one of the editorial writers said to me, confidentially, "that the idea of interviewing Palma originated with you, and not with the powers of the office. It doesn't do to be too original on a newspaper. The man who stands highest is generally the one who best carries out orders."

As I took back my manuscript I was filled with a sense of my own unworthiness. The article I had traveled three thousand miles to get was not good enough for the newspaper which I would have served. No, it was not good enough for the *Record-Herald.*

But it was good enough for a reputable magazine, which published it, with illustrations, under my name, the next month.

CHAPTER XLV

WHEN the magazine, with my article, was published, I sent a marked copy to the *Record-Herald's* managing editor. Whether this influenced him or not, I don't know, but I was soon receiving vastly more important assignments. (Also I got a salary increase of three dollars a week.) I was sent out of town oftener. One week I went with the Chicago Commercial Club to St. Louis, where the club was entertained by the World's Fair officials. A few days later I was in Wisconsin, writing up the political situation. And when notable persons were to be interviewed, I was generally preferred for the work.

General Longstreet, the last of the great Confederate generals, came to Chicago to get his eyes treated. He went to a little-known South Side hotel, to escape reporters. I learned his whereabouts, and was sent to see him. I could probably have got a very good interview if I hadn't become interested, on the way, in a young woman who looked like a Spanish señorita. When I arrived at the hotel the General had retired for the night. Early the next day he left town.

I was to have interviewed Sir Thomas Lipton when he came to Chicago, after his yacht failed to win the America's cup that year, but he fell ill the day of his arrival.

James J. Hill was at the Chicago Club, on his way West from New York. I knew the chances were about ten to one against my getting past the club's doorkeeper. I decided to use the telephone. From the weather bureau's observatory, in the Auditorium tower, I called up the club, which was in the same square, but seventeen stories below me. Early that evening I had reported a banquet in the new freight tunnel, forty feet under the streets. Thus I got news from the sky and from subterranean regions in a single day. Mr. Hill was brought to the telephone by a lackey. He seemed willing enough to talk. He told me he thought the high tide of prosperity had been reached. He feared an ebb. Capital was becoming timid. The outlook was rather gloomy, at best. He said much more to the same effect, and I knew at once that I had a "good story." I heard afterward that he was trying in this way to strike at the Roosevelt administration. His several newspapers in the Northwest had been attacking the President for opposing the merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads.

I told friends of mine on all the papers, except one, of the interview, and it was published under big headlines. It was telegraphed all over the United States the same night. It came dangerously near causing a panic. Mr. Hill was roundly abused by leading financiers, who gave out interviews by the score to counteract the effect of his words. He then denied the interview. He said he had not "seen" a reporter the day he was in Chicago—which was true. Then he issued another

interview, modifying a little his statements to me, but really verifying them.

I have quoted not a few notables as saying things they didn't say, but Mr. Hill was not one of them. I always made it a rule, when imagining or exaggerating an interview, to make it fit. As the Pooh-Bah would say, I simply tried "to give artistic versimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

This was so in the case of Dr. Andrew D. White, former Ambassador to Germany. Dr. White came to lecture at the University of Chicago. I couldn't see Dr. White when I wanted to, so I quoted, as from him, a statement by his secretary that he thought the talk of a possible war between Germany and the United States was "bosh."

The largest number of interviews I ever manufactured at one time were written when the Moseley Educational Commission left Chicago. Mr. Alfred Moseley, who brought the commission from England, had made an immense fortune with Barney Barnato in South Africa. He was said to be seeking a title. He had toured this country with a committee of labor leaders before he brought the educationalists over. There were about fifteen of the latter. I saw Mr. Moseley and three others, on their final day in the city. I had been told that the paper positively must have interviews with all of them.

Mr. Thomas Barclay, President of the British Chamber of Commerce of Paris, and special envoy to America in the interest of a permanent arbitration treaty with Great Britain, was one of those I

really interviewed. He was afterward knighted. He talked at great length, and as I couldn't get interviews with the other ten or twelve, I divided up what he said among them.

I was now thought worthy of promotion. I was put on the Sunday editor's staff. I had long had an ambition to write for the "magazine section." I thought it an honor next to writing for the standard monthly magazines. I soon found that I had to do only the kind of work that would aid the circulation and advertising departments. I wrote a glowing article about the spread of the automobile habit—to attract advertisements. I had to interview and get photographs from countless officers and members of women's clubs—to increase circulation.

"Go out and see what the hussies will say on this latest important question," I was told one day. The question was whether husbands could be made better by good feeding or by petting. It made a whole-page story, with pictures, and we thought we had all other papers beaten, when the *Tribune,* the *Record-Herald's* chief rival, came out on the same Sunday with a page of interviews upon whether women should press their husbands' trousers. Then we felt small.

The clubwomen were always willing to talk. They all had photographs ready whenever we asked for them. I interviewed many of them over the telephone. Some I quoted without ever having talked to them, and none ever objected—unless the statements credited to them were given a less prominent place than those of hated rivals.

I had some high-class writing to do. With the aid of encyclopædias, reference books, and a cabinet full of clippings from magazines, I often produced "features" that thrilled me with admiration for myself. I had never before realized that it was possible for me to know so much. For instance, when the German Emperor was threatened with death from cancer, I produced in a few hours, all freshly typewritten, the story of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and a masterly review of German history from the most ancient times. When someone asked me where I got all the information, I simply smiled, and said, in Delphic tones, "I was always interested in such subjects."

Occasionally I wrote criticisms of the drama. The dramatic editor may have concluded, after reading one of my Sunday productions, that I knew all about it. He got into the habit of calling upon me for aid when he had more than one "first night" to report. In one criticism I told Miss Nance O'Neill how she could improve her acting. I referred to her methods as "dramaturgic." When I could use a term like that I felt that I was an authority on the drama, and others thought so, too.

I began to read the work of contemporary critics on the big newspapers of the country, and I concluded, after some study, that the majority of them were almost—not quite, but almost—as clever as I. Mr. Bennett, of the *Record-Herald,* however, is one critic for whom I shall always have a sincere admiration.

I had to interview so many clubwomen, and to

write so much other matter to increase circulation or advertising patronage, that I grew weary. I felt sure that I was fitted for better work, and Chicago seemed to hold nothing higher for me. One day I obtained a leave of absence. I said I wanted to rest. I boarded a train for New York, by way of Washington. This was in March of 1904.

My regret at leaving was less because Mr. William A. Taylor was no longer Sunday editor. He had gone to New York to edit a magazine. Mr. Taylor missed his vocation. He should have been a diplomat. Everyone with whom he came in contact, from the office boy to the owner, found him courteous, kind, considerate, and sympathetic. Deeply read, cultured, traveled, he possessed one of the finest minds that was ever subordinated to that of a business manager.

At the Capital I remained long enough to take a look at both Houses of Congress. I had already seen most of the important officials in all branches of the Government, so they didn't interest me much. I knew they were just human beings. What I wanted most was to see how news was reported. I sat in the press gallery of the Senate for an hour.

"Don't pay any attention to that hot air," said a correspondent, as I was interestedly watching the speaker. "It doesn't mean anything. The real work is done in committee meetings, and, as a rule, it's known before the roll is called just how the vote will go. This oratory is to impress the public."

Half of the correspondents were middle-aged. Some had grown gray in the service of newspapers. Their faces expressed weariness. I had seen many journalists with blasé, world-weary airs, but they were generally the beginners. I myself used to have such airs. These men before me, however, seemed genuinely weary of life—at least of their kind of life. And they were at the top of their profession. As reporters, they had doubtless dreamed of the time when they could be correspondents at Washington. And now they were here, the daily associates of the famous and the mighty, and yet they appeared tired of their lot.

"This should be called the press galley," said one, pessimistically.

"Why?"

"Because we're about the same as galley slaves. We're all chained to our oars. There's possibly one correspondent among all of us who can sign his name to his stuff, and who writes his real opinions—and he can't do it every day. He's the last of the old school, and he's better known to the public as an explorer than as a newspaper man. Correspondents used to have individualities, but the business office is the controlling force to-day, and individuality is crushed out. Some of this bunch here haven't any opinion worth expressing, but that isn't the point. If they had opinions, they couldn't write them for their papers. Too many of the correspondents, especially those from the smaller towns, degrade their calling by wire-pulling for jobs for their friends."

He also told me life was a dull affair for most

people in Washington. A city of between three and four hundred thousand people offered too few diversions. Most of the officials, particularly the diplomats, escaped to New York whenever they could. Few of them found the American assignment interesting for long. They generally tried to avoid being transferred from Old World capitals. In their opinion, the idea of the founders of this Republic in creating a city to serve only as a capital was bad. They thought the political center of a nation should also be the center of population, and the center of art, literature, music and fashion, as well.

"But we correspondents don't have such a hard row to hoe, excepting that our souls are not all our own," he went on. "The President is a good fellow, and is nearly always accessible. Of course, we never quote him, but he will tell us anything in reason. Most of the other officials are pleasant, too. Sometimes the three branches of the Government—legislative, judicial, and executive—are all well represented at our Gridiron Club dinners. Pierpont Morgan was a guest last year, and we gridironed him in great shape, too."

He told me the salaries of correspondents ranged all the way from twenty dollars a week to ten thousand a year. He thought ten thousand the highest figure, although there had been some correspondents temporarily at the Capital who got more.

I went on to New York. I had no definite aim, but I wanted to be a journalist in the metropolis before I died. In this I was like about nine-tenths of all the reporters I had ever met. Those in other

cities dream of New York as Mohammedans dream of the Prophet's paradise. I had once been in New York, two years before, but I was frightened back to Chicago by the statements (of journalists) about the great requirements for newspaper work in the metropolis. I was two years older now. My age was twenty-eight. I feared that I would soon be so old that my enthusiasm would wane, and a journalist without enthusiasm is like a racehorse without wind. And as no New York newspaper had sent for me, I was going to the New York newspapers.

I had heard much of New York, of its greatness in many ways, but more than all else it was to me the city of the greatest newspapers. It was the city in which, a hundred years ago, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay had founded a paper that William Cullen Bryant had edited, and where many great names had ever since been identified with journalism. It was the city of Charles A. Dana and Horace Greeley, of James Gordon Bennett and Joseph Pulitzer. A newspaper in this city had sent Stanley to Africa. For another, Nellie Bly had gone around the world in record-breaking time. For New York and San Francisco newspapers Mark Twain had written of his Old World journeyings, in letters that became immortal in the book called "The Innocents Abroad." And as a New York newspaper correspondent, Bayard Taylor had won the fame that later made him Minister to Germany. At the present time, too, I had heard that there were many journalists in

the city who confessed themselves even more worthy of distinction than any of these.

And now I had arrived, and had begun to look for a job.

CHAPTER XLVI

At the entrances to all the New York newspaper offices I found heartless office boys, who barred the way. But as I had notes of introduction, I succeeded in getting past several of them.

Behind me, in each ante-room, I left a cluster of three to half a dozen human wrecks, awaiting the editorial pleasure. A few of these carried in their hands or pockets manuscripts of what they hoped was news, or "feature stuff" for Sunday papers. They were hawking these manuscripts from office to office at space rates of five to ten dollars a thousand words. Some of these men were old and gray, some were young. Most of them wore frayed garments, and were unshaven. Several had haggard features and sunken eyes, and I thought they must be morphine eaters. Others, with bloated faces, looked like hard drinkers. All were journalists.

"Some o' them people has been top-notchers, too," remarked an office boy, jerking his head toward a group. "They're all down an' out now, though, an' lookin' for jobs. Booze or dope done it, mostly, but many of 'em just wore out. Some couldn't hold a job two days now if they got one, they're that far gone. An' one of 'em was managin' editor here once, too. Poor fellers—if they was old soldiers they'd be drawin' pensions. But they ain't no newspaper pensions."

Inside, the scenes were more cheerful. In none of the offices did anyone seem very unfortunate. Some were poverty-stricken, though, for they were borrowing quarters or half-dollars of each other. This is the reportorial way everywhere, however, when pay-day is several days distant. But nearly every one was well dressed, and a few wore diamonds. And there was about the same per cent. of nervous and high-strung, and cynical and world-weary, and pompous and theatrical journalists in each office as I had seen in other cities. There seemed about the same per cent., too, of Napoleonic editors and all-knowing copy readers.

I didn't receive any encouragement the first day. None of the editors had heard of me or of my great scoops. When I referred to some of these, one remarked, "Such things are done every day in New York."

At the office of the *Times,* which I afterward heard was published in the interest of street railway and other capitalists, the managing editor told me one should live in New York at least ten years to be a competent reporter. I knew many rated as first class after having lived in the city a few weeks. "Then how long before you can be a managing editor?" I asked. "About a hundred years?"

He frowned, and said the interview was ended. As I walked out, a subordinate whispered to me: "You got too witty—and the old man never had much sense of humor."

I had long admired New York newspapers from afar. But my opinion was slightly changed at

close range. I saw what I thought must be imperfections. In Mr. Bennett's *Telegram,* the *Herald's* evening edition, "the American début" of a violinist was announced. I had manufactured a sensational story about the same violinist in Chicago at least two years before.

It was some time after this that in another great New York daily, which made a specialty of literary criticisms, I read a review that began as follows:

"This work is, to say the least, an astonishing production. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface. The prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying that it consists of about fifteen hundred closely printed pages, that it occupies twelve hundred inches, cubic measure, and that it weighs forty pounds avoirdupois. The writer might as well have left these materials in the library where he got them."

This had a familiar ring. I clipped out the criticism and compared it with Macaulay's review of the Rev. Dr. Nares' book, "Lord Burghley's Life and Times." It was, almost word for word, a repetition of the introductory phrases of that criticism.

In the *Sun,* which Charles A. Dana had made a model for many American papers, but which now, I heard, was used as a shield and a club by Pierpont Morgan, I saw in headlines and news stories such phrases as these: "The cops (meaning policemen) are sore." "Many people were rubbering (looking) at the scrap (fight)." "The Mayor

is getting wise to the political stunts that make votes." "Theatrical people never do much boosting of each other." And in a criticism of poetry, stanzas were referred to as verses.

In several evening papers I saw such headlines as "Holland Queen is Ill," "Lynch Mob Is Foiled," and "Crime Rears Its Crimson Crest," and I wondered if I had ever written anything as bad.

In one office I met an old man in a minor position. We had a long talk. Among other things he said:

"Thirty years of my life have been given to newspaper work. I have been in my present place fifteen years, and I may hold it until I die, if I am fortunate. I shall probably succeed, as I have no bad habits, my health is good, and what is more important, I have no individuality, no opinions, no idealisms. Realizing that the making of newspapers is purely a business matter, and that for ninety-nine per cent. of those who write for them the work is but a trade, I consider my work as such, and am content—or, rather, not greatly discontented. I, too, once had my dreams; but, one by one, they were all shattered. I have had successes, also. For a time I was a Washington correspondent. As I drew near the forty-year mark I began to realize that journalism had nothing beyond a mere comfortable living, even if it had that, for such as me. I was not a humorist, or a cartoonist, or an exceptional observer and descriptive writer—such are seldom wanted, nowadays, anyhow—or a man of great executive ability, nor had

I enough imagination to write dramas or novels. I was simply one of the ninety-nine. So I put aside my dreams, sank my individuality with a stone about its neck, and seized and held the job I now have.

"If I had it all to do over again, I would stay in a small town, save enough money to get an interest in a newspaper, and grow up with the community. I could then develop an individuality, and perhaps become a Watterson or a Greeley, in a way, as I had the ability to do in New York, if I had not been bound by business office chains. If I owned such a paper, I could use its influence to force a political party to send me to Congress or to the Governor's chair.

"To succeed in holding even an ordinary place on a New York paper, the most important thing is lack of individuality. The next is a knowledge of the scandal histories of the 'Four Hundred.' You must be ready at a moment's notice to play the part of social news scavenger, even on the so-called high-class dailies. There are other requisites, and they vary according to the policy or style of the papers; but these are the first.

"The material rewards are never great. Five thousand a year is a pretty high salary for even the most experienced editor or the best correspondent, and this is but a fraction of the income of a first-class lawyer or physician. Even the men who receive the biggest salaries may, almost without exception, be discharged at any time, at the whim of the owner or business head of the paper. Few are under contract. Salaries larger than five

thousand have been paid to some editors, and there is one who receives more than forty thousand dollars a year from a newspaper, or from a chain of papers, rather, but he is an exception, and he is owned, body and soul, by the man who hires him. The best reporters, who are on space rates, have been known to make as high as one hundred dollars a week, but few get more than half that. I have heard, too, that there is a system of blackmail in some offices—those who get the best assignments paying dividends to editors who favor them. But I don't believe such a system could last long, for a newspaper man who becomes known as dishonest is always discredited afterward.

"What are the papers of New York? They are money-making machines, and personal organs of the rich and powerful. It is only natural, after all, since newspapers are commercial institutions, that they can be owned by anybody with money enough. In many cases, wealthy men must have papers to protect themselves from the pirates of the business—the papers to whom liberty means license to plunder—just as once, on the high seas, merchant vessels had to arm themselves for protection."

Before I left, this man gave me a tip on a news item. I got the story and took it to the city editor of the *World,* on the eleventh floor of the building. The *World* had exposed the Cleveland-Morgan bond deal, and had done many other things in the public interest. Its owner, Joseph Pulitzer, had no political ambition. He had given a million dollars to found a school of journalism in con-

nection with Columbia University. Though an alien and a Jew, he seemed to be publishing the nearest to the ideal American newspaper. It was on this account that I wanted to work on the *World*. My story was used, and I was told to sit about the office and I might get occasional assignments.

As I stood gazing out of a window in the local room on the first day, I was joined by a staff member.

"The golden age of newspaper work in New York is over," he said, after a time, looking gloomily out at the broken sky-line. "That was from 'ninety-five to the fall of 'ninety-eight. It was just after Hearst came here, with his millions, and boosted salaries, while he cut up all kinds of capers to advertise his paper and himself. Why, almost the whole staff of the *World* was transferred to the *Journal* one week, at bigger salaries, and a lot of them were hired back again the next week, at still higher rates. A man who had any extra ability might find his income doubled in a week, there was such fierce rivalry. Even the conservative old sheets had to treat their men better to hold them.

"It was in those times that the *Journal* hired ex-Senator Ingalls to report the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Nevada. The *World* sent John L. Sullivan, whose literary ability wasn't the greatest. Ingalls saw the fight, all right, but left out the best feature in his story: the antics of Mrs. Fitzsimmons in encouraging her Bob to batter up Corbett. Sullivan fell a victim to his old habits, and never saw the fight; but the *World* had a story

of the battle by rounds, signed by Sullivan, all the same. It was written here in the office, from the regular dispatches, by Arthur Brisbane, then Sunday editor, who was afterward hired by Hearst at an enormous salary.

"About a week later Sullivan drifted back to town. He came up here and demanded pay for the story. Brisbane said he wasn't entitled to it. We could hear the echoes of the squabble out here, and knew there must be a hot time in the Sunday editor's room. Finally Sullivan came out with a check in his hand.

"Soon after this the *World* sent me to Washington to ask President Cleveland if another child was to be born in the White House. We had received a tip to that effect. What did he say? Oh, he just asked me if I wouldn't please go away. After thinking it over, I believe he treated me better than I would have treated anyone in the same situation.

"One of the best stunts I ever did in those days was to pilot Governor McLaurin, of Mississippi, and a bunch of his aides, through the Tenderloin. They had come to town to see about some engineering contracts, or something as poetic. They wanted to end up the week by doing the town. The *World* was put 'next,' and I and one other were introduced to the party as New York lawyers, who would act as guides. Well, we showed 'em the town, all right. We took 'em through the Tenderloin at a fast and furious pace, spending the paper's money and helping the Governor and his colonels to spend theirs. I think the whole bunch

did an Indian war-dance at the Haymarket, a notorious dance hall. We went through Chinatown, too, where one of the official staff hit the pipe, to see what it was like. Others dropped off along the way, and I think the Governor himself was the only one who got back to his hotel that night.

"And then I and my fellow conspirator returned to the office and wrote the whole thing up. The story, with pictures, filled a page of the Sunday paper. It was a shame to do it. It was a sort of Judas act—but it made a beautiful story. Echoes of it were heard from Mississippi for months afterward. Walter Gallaway, now a well-known comic illustrator, went along with us to make pictures of the doings.

"The good times continued through the Spanish War, but some of the papers were nearly bankrupted by that war, and none of 'em are so anxious to start trouble between countries now as they were then. Only a few correspondents were sent out of this town to the Japanese-Russian doings. And the 'special commissioners' you used to hear so much about, who traveled everywhere, and used so many capital 'I's'—you don't hear so much of them now. Some don't know yet what hit them. But I know. It was the auditing committee of the business office. It was the wrong side of the balance sheet that blanketed their hopes."

The next day I went to the Bowery, where a white woman, who had been living with a Chinese, had committed suicide. It was not an uncommon story: self-respect, lulled to sleep by frequent dis-

sipations, reawakening after an orgy, changing to self-loathing, and ending in self-murder.

In a saloon, nearby, I met "Chuck" Connors, "King of the Bowery." He made his living by showing the sights to visitors. He told me that Hall Caine, the English novelist, had been introduced to him two or three years before, and had written him letters from England. He mentioned many well-known people whom he had seen and talked with. He had a strong jaw and a burly frame, but his manner was mild, and he seemed to know a few things, too.

"Many of these near-sports that rush down here to see 'low life,' as they call it, are amusin'," he said. "They all claim to come from good families, but I can't help wonderin' at the distance some of 'em must 'a' traveled. An' they think they're studyin' types, too. Why, we have regular rehearsals of the things we do to impress 'em. While they're around, we shuffle about, an' call each other 'cove,' an' 'cull,' an' say 'soitenly' for certainly, an' so on. Some o' the most harmless loafers make out they're desperate criminals, or famous prize-fighters, an' those people stand for it, an' think they're seein' the real thing. Why, they're as much mistaken as some of us, when we go up on Fifth Avenue, an' think we see nothin' but ladies an' gents."

For a week or more I was a free-lance. I wrote stories and articles of many kinds, and peddled them about to the different newspapers, and to several magazines. As I was never successful in unearthing scandal, I succeeded poorly with the

papers. At the end of the first week my profits, after I had paid living expenses, were thirty-eight cents.

My specialty had long been interviewing, but I had a hard time finding interviewable persons that the regularly assigned journalists did not see first. Not being on any paper's staff, I had little opportunity to do as did a reporter on an evening paper of whom I heard a year later. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, was visiting the United States in connection with disputes over fisheries, in which the two governments were engaged.

The reporter started out to see the Earl, but met a reporter for another paper coming from the house where his lordship was staying. The second journalist had already obtained an interview. "What does he look like?" asked the first. When told, he at once returned to his office and copied a column editorial from a Canadian paper upon the fisheries question. He attributed it to the Governor-General, who never took the trouble to deny it.

One day I got an interview at the Waldorf with a European traction expert upon the evils of the American street-car system. He told how street cars and omnibuses in Old World cities were never overcrowded, because the laws would not permit. He said, among other things, that the packing of men, women and children into cars, like cattle, was a disgrace to civilization. He said that he felt sure it could be stopped in a few weeks, at most, if the newspapers were to make a united and insistent demand for reform.

I took this interview to several papers. At the *Sun* office I had the rare privilege of handing it to the city editor himself. He handed it back. Then, with a sardonic smile, he picked up a large steel spike which he used as a paper-weight.

"Take this," he said, "and go out and get me a good traction story. Stick it in the rail at some important corner. Then sit down and wait for the wreck. Be sure to get a correct list of the dead and injured, and hurry back."

One day I went to Hoboken to get a story. In New York, Hoboken is a name to swear with. People say "By Hoboken, I'll do it!" or "What in Hoboken is the matter with you?" Among reporters, it is known as the place where nothing ever happens. The only prominent resident it ever had was Hetty Green, noted for her money and her lack of desire to spend it. The only vehicles in the streets are beer wagons and dray carts. The sole excuse for the town's existence is that several railways and steamship lines use it as a terminus.

I came back from Hoboken without any news, but I wrote a story and turned it in to the city editor of the *World*. From a distance I watched to see what he would do with it. He glanced over the first two sheets, and then threw it all into the waste-basket. I told my troubles to another reporter. "Oh, don't worry," he said. "The city editor won't hold it against you. Everybody writes a fake from Hoboken."

As I had stood on the wharf at Hoboken, and watched a great ocean steamer come majestically

up the bay and land its passengers, a wild longing to see Europe came over me. I felt that there was so little chance of my seeing it as a paid correspondent, with an expense account, in the next hundred years or so, that to make sure of seeing it at all, I had better pay my own way for once. I looked into my possible future in New York, and saw myself writing an endless succession of crime and scandal stories, or, at best, political and other opinions that more often than not would be opposed to my own. I had about four hundred and sixty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents, the material result of nine years in journalism, and I was just this much richer than nine-tenths of the journalists I knew. Part of the money I had saved from my salary, and part, not the larger, I had received for magazine articles. I had as yet found no temptation to spend this money in Chicago or New York.

The day after my Hoboken story was rejected I went to a steamship office in lower Broadway.

"When does your next boat sail for Europe?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock—the Graf Waldersee. It leaves early on account of the tide."

"What's the fare?"

"First cabin, sixty dollars, up. Second——"

"Gimme a ticket," I said, laying down sixty dollars.

I took my suit-case on board that night, and went to sleep in my cabin, to make sure of being there at sailing time. I had been told that the Waldersee would be in Hamburg in eleven days. "Very

well," I thought. "Hamburg will do to begin with. It's in Europe, anyhow."

The next morning, at dawn, I was aroused by the notes of a trumpet, followed by the music of a band. I dressed and went on deck. I found that the great vessel was passing the statue of Liberty. Many of the women passengers had tears in their eyes, and the men were looking glum, for the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home." But I rejoiced, for I had started for the conquest of Europe.

CHAPTER XLVII

"THIS boat is entirely surrounded by water," remarked a man beside me, on a bench at the rear of the first-cabin deck. We were two stories above the main deck, and over our heads was yet another deck, where an officer paced to and fro on the look-out bridge. It was afternoon of the first day out.

"The boat is entirely surrounded by water, I tell you," he added, sadly, "and I don't want to think about it. I want to forget it. I want to forget about so much water. Will you help me?"

We went to the smoking-room, where there were other things to do besides smoke. After the first bottle he told me he was a dentist. He was going to Dresden to take the place of the man who had been compelled to leave Saxony because he had made love to Princess Louise. An agent of the steel trust, who weighed over three hundred pounds, and a thin little German Jew from Mexico sat down at the table with us. Poker chips were soon rattling.

The limit of a bet was placed at ten cents. "But we'll say dollars every time we mention money," said the steel trust agent. "Then these Germans will think we're all American millionaires."

On this basis, I soon had excuse to remark that I had won three hundred and fifty dollars. This

attracted the respectful notice of half a dozen bystanders. The next day one of these, who had meantime been introduced, told me, almost with tears in his voice, that he had lost his pocketbook. Would I accommodate him with a little change—say ten dollars or so—until the vessel arrived in Hamburg? He would then communicate with his bankers at once.

To make my remark about three hundred and fifty dollars seem real, I reached into a pocket where I knew I had eleven dollars and twenty-three cents. I handed it all to him, telling him to count it when he had time and let me know the amount later. He was most obliging in all things whenever I saw him after that—but I never saw him after the boat landed.

There were but seventy first-cabin passengers, as the spring rush to Europe had not yet begun. Half of this number were Americans, most of the rest Germans, and there were seven or eight Englishmen, two Russians, a Hungarian, and a Greek. The English and the Germans seemed naturally to hate each other, although all were pleasant enough toward the Americans. Whenever the English walked for exercise on the deck surrounding the first-cabin staterooms, the Germans openly avoided them, and they loftily ignored the Germans. There was one Englishman in particular who was disliked. The Germans referred to him as "Piccadilly Johnny." Whenever he spoke to one of them, the Germans pretended not to understand. His turn came when a German addressed him in French. He laughed in the other's face

at the guttural accents, shook his head, and resumed his walk.

"Why do the Germans and English hate each other so?" I asked an experienced traveler.

"Oh, the English are the best-hated people in Europe," he said. "They're overbearing and provincial, expecting the people of other countries to conform to their customs, instead of their conforming to the customs of the countries they visit; and the Germans especially hate them as an upstart race. The English, being largely sprung from German tribes, are regarded much as the English regard the Americans. They can't forgive England's greatness, any more than the English can forgive America's greatness. The ancient Egyptians felt the same way toward Greece and Rome. Another reason for the Germans' hostility is England's success in colonizing, while Germany can't have any colonies worth mentioning. The English are beginning to hate, in return, because the Kaiser's people, with their application of science to industry, are cutting in on their commerce at a terrific rate—at such a rate that Great Britain may soon be driven to a protective tariff."

This was interesting, but the voyage held other features more interesting. By the afternoon of the second day most of the ladies had joined the men in promenading. The weather was mild, the skies pleasant, and the heavily laden boat plowed through the waves as steadily as a railway train moves over a smooth track. The first night we were passed by one of the ocean greyhounds that carry only passengers, and make the trip to Eng-

land under six days, and to Germany in seven. But few of us cared. Our racing blood was not roused. Many had taken the slower boat for the restfulness of the longer voyage. And we had most of the comforts of the faster vessels. We had no gymnasiums, or à la carte restaurants with high prices, but there were a smoking-room, a ladies' parlor, a library with books in three languages, a barber-shop and bathrooms, a printing office where menus and concert programs were issued daily, and a photograph gallery.

"There are some pretty women aboard," remarked the experienced traveler on the second day. "About the usual proportion, it seems. By the end of the trip, though, they'll all look like Venuses. That's generally the way. You see, the steamer is, for the time being, the world to the ones on it. There are no standards of comparison, except those aboard, for the memory is faulty at sea—the memory of standards, conventions, customs, and many other things."

Even the most formal persons lost much of their dignity after a few days. To become acquainted, it was only necessary to speak to anyone. Few had known each other at the start. Soon there were cliques and combinations, and circles within circles of friendships. But there was no discord, except between the English and the Germans.

I heard that long voyages generally promoted good feeling. Human beings thus thrown together, their steps limited by the vessel's brief span, their vision narrowed to a few miles of sea and sky, and with the dangers of the deep ever near,

are naturally drawn together by bonds of sympathy. A woman on the Waldersee remarked that the only exception she had ever known in years of ocean travel was the case of the Goelets of New York—"the family that paid twenty million dollars for the Duke of Roxburgh, you know." On a certain voyage they bought up twenty deck-chairs, sat in the center of them, and would have no communion with their fellow voyagers.

The captain of the Waldersee did much to aid good feeling. His presence should have done this anywhere. There were three hundred pounds of it. He could have played Santa Claus, gray whiskers and all, without making up. And his dialect! "I realization dot I do not spoken goodt English," he explained one day. "I git der wrong oudt—but you understood me."

On the second afternoon he and the three-hundred-and-ten-pound steel-trust agent met on deck. Then there was a stomach-butting contest. They ran into each other, bounded back, and came together again.

"Shtop!" the captain cried, after the third collision had sent both reeling. "Shtop, or ve wreck der ship!"

"Der Kapitain" ate five times daily, and wanted everyone else to do likewise. Between breakfast and luncheon bouillon, sandwiches, and crackers were served on deck. Between luncheon and dinner there were tea, sandwiches, biscuits and cakes. The captain was always on hand, stuffing himself, and inviting others to "eadt a blenty." Few of the Germans needed encouragement.

In the course of my reportorial career I had found that life meant various things to various people. To Captain Krech it was a glorious succession of meals, along with jokes, laughter—and all the kisses he could get from feminine passengers. He would invite a party of ladies into his cabin, and try to kiss them all before letting them out. When husbands became angry, he apologized in so good-natured a way, and declared so solemnly that he meant to kiss the other woman, that they forgave him. He had once been reduced in rank for such conduct.

"You're a gigantic flirt!" cried the steel-trust agent one day.

"I'm nod such a vorse as you," he responded.

There was hardly anyone on board who didn't take part in the flirting game. At least three engagements became known before the sea was crossed, and doubtless many more breasts burned and yearned in vain. One woman, past the blooming period of life, who had not been walked with on deck, or talked with in secluded corners, was indignant. "I'll complain to the owners of this steamship line when we get to Hamburg," she declared. "The ladies' saloon has become a kissing-parlor, and the captain knows it, and won't stop it. That's all it is, just a kissing-parlor."

At the dinner in honor of the captain's birthday, near the end of the voyage, he referred to this state of things. He said: "I haf hear somet'ings of dis lofe-making on board, but I haf close my eyes to it."

The band, composed of the blue-uniformed stew-

ards, played on deck every morning, and in the dining-saloon during the dinner hour. Their repertoire was large. They played dreamy waltzes and blood-tingling marches and rollicking German folk-songs, sometimes singing as they played. Along the line of passengers seated on the sunny side of the deck I could often see many throats a-humming and boot-heels a-tapping in time with the band. Especially were the marches thrilling I had heard that the German army was the finest fighting-machine in the world. No wonder, I thought, if it had such bands on the drill-field.

On the last Sunday night the passengers joined in giving a concert for the benefit of a seamen's home. This developed the fact that a large number of talented persons were aboard. There were a well-known soprano singer; a beautiful Pittsburg widow, whose voice had been trained by the best German masters; a tenor, on the way to Paris to study; a clever cornetist, a German-American actress, and an accomplished woman pianist. In addition to all this, someone discovered that I knew Hamlet's soliloquy, and I had to recite it.

The next night, the last before the boat landed at Plymouth to discharge its English passengers, the captain's dinner was given, followed by a ball. Near the end of the feast the lights suddenly went out. I sat near the captain, and in the faint illumination that seeped through the port-holes from the moonlit sky, and was reflected from the sparkling waves, I could see his ponderous form rise from his seat. The shadowy mass flitted from place to place, bending over the chairs in which

the fair passengers were seated, and there followed the sound of lips touching lips. Then the music struck up at a faster gait, the captain floated quickly back, and settled in his seat just as the lights were turned on again.

The feasters looked up to see a procession of masked revelers entering. At the head were figures representing Uncle Sam and Germany, Germany being a flaxen-haired, imperial-looking woman. They were arm in arm. The orchestra played German and American music by turns. The procession went among the tables, leaving wax flowers, paper masks and crowns, printed mottoes and other souvenirs, and then passed out.

There were speeches by the captain and some by the passengers. Then someone cried, "Here comes the Salvation Army!" A man and two women, in the Army's uniform, came in. The man was the three-hundred-and-ten-pound steel-trust agent. He was beating a bass-drum. The women were rattling tambourines. They took up a collection for the seamen's home for which the Sunday night concert had been given.

Then we went on deck to dance. The night was perfect. Mild breezes blew from the Gulf Stream, and the silvery rays of a full moon shed beauty and deep softness upon the scene. Pretty shoulders gleamed in the moonlight, in and out among the folds of mantillas, and many eyes sparkled with warmer lights than the sea gave back for the moon's caress. Accompanying the notes of the orchestra was the deep but gentle throb of the

great machinery that was bearing us onward, seemingly over an enchanted ocean.

Looking over the rear rail, I saw a group of wistful-faced second-cabin passengers listening to the music and the echoes of the revelry above, in which they could not join. Still further below, in the great steerage, in narrow stalls, similar to those used for cattle and sheep, were other human beings, who could only faintly hear the sounds of the gaiety far above. Then I remembered that I had heard there was illness among them, and the thought came to me that our boat was not different, after all, from the world of men on land. It was only a floating miniature of that world, with its castes, its envies, its pleasures, its sufferings, its loves, hates, hopes, ambitions and idealisms.

CHAPTER XLVIII

With a party of art students I remained in Hamburg longer than I had intended. After five days I left the "Northern Venice," as I had heard it called, and hastened on to Berlin. I had reached that stage of my career in which I thought only the metropolis of a great nation worthy of much of my attention. I was vexed at having spent so many days in the lesser city.

I wanted to get into one of the big European capitals, so that I could write something about international politics. I was acting as the occasional correspondent of an American afternoon paper during my travels, thus making enough to pay part of my laundry bills, and I knew that a Berlin-dated news-letter about international affairs would seem much more important than a Hamburger effort.

The editor of a New York magazine had asked me to get an interview with Maeterlinck. But before I had proceeded as far as Brussels I was too much interested in a dark-eyed woman of the Spanish type to care whether I ever saw the Belgian mystic or not. I have seldom been able to resist that kind of a woman, and have still seldomer wanted to resist.

Before leaving New York I had hurriedly obtained some letters of introduction to foreign newspaper correspondents and to several attachés of

American embassies. Half an hour after arriving at one of the city's thirty-five railway stations, I was in the Berlin office of one of the largest American newspapers. To my surprise, it was in an obscure place, and didn't seem to command much respect from anybody.

The correspondent and I went driving on Unter den Linden, the main boulevard. "The name doesn't mean 'under the linen,' as some people have thought," said my companion, "but 'under the lime trees.'" At one end was the Royal Palace. From the outside it looked like a great, gloomy hospital, but inside it was like fairyland. Right in front of the palace, and not far from the Royal Art Gallery, sausages were being sold from a peddler's cart. "That's Germany, all right," said my companion. "Nothing is more important here than eating, unless it's drinking. They're a gluttonous race—so much so, that it's a wonder they ever achieve anything in art, music or literature."

We drove through beautiful streets, as clean as the polished floor of the home of a careful German housewife. Business blocks, as well as residences, were architecturally pleasing, and of uniform height. No skyscrapers jarred upon the eye, and there was statuary in every niche and corner on many of the large buildings.

Stately policemen, with swords instead of clubs, stood at crossings. They, and most civilians, had mustaches with the ends fiercely turned up, in Kaiser fashion. We passed the Reichstag building and the residences of the diplomatic corps.

My companion pointed out the home of the American Ambassador.

"The rent for that house is twenty thousand dollars a year. The Ambassador's salary is seventeen thousand dollars," he said. "The United States is the only great nation that doesn't pay its ambassadors decently."

"And the Europeans—do they think it an evidence of republican simplicity?"

"Tut! tut! It simply makes 'em think the United States is a damned cheap-skate government!"

We were driven over the Avenue of Victory, recently created by the Kaiser's order. It was lined on either side by marble statues, in pairs, representing the ruler and the greatest man of each reign, from the dawn of German history. The effigies of Frederick William I and Bismarck were just being put in place.

"Bismarck didn't think much of journalists," remarked my companion. "He knew the power of the press, though, and often used it to carry out his schemes. His system is largely in use yet. He once referred to the Cologne *Gazette,* probably the most powerful paper in the Empire, outside of Berlin, as 'worth an army corps on the Rhine.' He made use of it and of many other papers, but he looked upon the journalists who served him as menials. 'Decent people don't write for me,' he once said."

"How are newspapers and journalists rated nowadays?"

"Somewhat differently, but journalism is not a

power apart from all else. Newspaper reading, and the influence of the press, have grown much in the last dozen years, but the national government and the financial interests direct a whole lot of the influence. Hohenlohe and von Bülow have rung a few changes on Bismarck's policy. They rely upon the vanity and personal ambition of journalists more. Bismarck used the fear of prosecution and the official boycott much oftener."

I was told that there were now forty-five daily newspapers in Berlin alone. In 1890 there were but eighteen, and the population had only increased from one million three hundred thousand to one million seven hundred thousand in that time. The same proportionate increase in papers had taken place in other German cities. In the Empire there were now almost three thousand three hundred newspapers, daily and weekly.

"But all these papers are kept pretty well in hand by the government," the correspondent said. "Even the Catholic daily, the *Germania,* is influenced more or less. One of the half dozen most powerful dailies, the *Deutsche Allgemeine,* is generally known as a government organ. It would be hard to say just how many others get orders from the Chancellor's agents. The government organs act as sheep-dogs, to hold the flock together. There are many channels, public and private, for influencing and guiding newspapers in all parts of Germany. One of these is the regular statistical report by the Minister of the Interior. It's supposed to correct public impressions about certain things. In reality, it is a government edito-

rial, outlining policies to the editor who can read between the lines.

"Most of the news here has to do with world politics—'welt politik,' they call it—because Germany is the political storm-center of the world. With powerful enemies on all sides, it must have a great army, and the people have to keep alive to what's doing in international affairs. Of course, the chief ruler of such an empire wants to be taken seriously, and I don't blame him. If I were the Emperor, I'd want to be It, with a big 'I'—the 'whole works,' as they say in America. For a long while after the Kaiser had thrown Bismarck overboard, and was being lampooned and roasted pretty hard, it was the custom of some papers to have a certain staff member go to jail. This man wouldn't necessarily edit anything, or know anything, but he would take the brunt of the Kaiser's wrath. In those times many men made a good living going to jail. But there are few prosecutions now—the press is held too well in hand."

I was told that the Kaiser didn't grant interviews. The Chancellor would sometimes talk with journalists. King Oscar, of Sweden, could be interviewed, and the Czar of Russia would give audiences to men like William T. Stead, but the Kaiser probably thought no more of journalists than Bismarck did.

The Kaiser was traveling in Southern Europe at this period, but his war department was busy with a real war for the first time since Prussia crushed France. The Hereros, the half-savage tribes in South Africa, where Germany was try-

ing to start a colony, were showing such ability to use the arms sold them by German commercial agents, that regiments were being hurried to the scene.

I saw a parade of soldiery down Unter den Linden. Mobs lined the streets, and cheered and waved their arms frantically as the music played and the rhythmic beat of two thousand feet pounded on the gleaming white pavement. The same thing that I had often seen enacted even in democratic America was now taking place. The playing of bands, the waving of banners, the marching of uniformed men, was captivating a populace. Back of the scene I was witnessing a fierce-mustached man, who changed his glittering uniforms with kaleidoscopic swiftness, and dazzled and delighted his subjects by imperial posings, was to be principally glorified. The teachings of philosophers, the work of Peace Congresses, the spirit of Christianity itself, were being forgotten in the show that pleased the eye and charmed the ear. Some of Germany's three million Socialists must have been in that throng, yet I saw no face that was not lighted up with pride and pleasure, no man who was not shouting, or looking like he wanted to shout. "I must dazzle and astonish," said Napoleon, planning to keep his hold upon the people.

That evening I dined at the Kaiser Keller, the largest and most picturesque restaurant in Berlin. There were several floors and many sections. There was a German historical department, a Prophets' room, a marine division, and so on. There were paintings, statuary, designs in bas-relief, and deco-

rations appropriate to each division. Many of the Germans sat at tables without removing their hats, and, when through dining, rudely walked out, leaving the ladies to trail along behind. I was told that such things were common in Germany.

"A German woman seldom has any individuality outside of her own home," remarked one of a group of foreign correspondents with me. "There are a few women in grand opera and the drama, but with those exceptions you seldom hear of a woman in public. They are kept down so that they all shrink from even legitimate public notice. Why, for four years I have tried to beg, borrow or steal a photograph of the Princess von Bülow. It is not to be had. I have a standing offer at Essen of several hundred marks for a cabinet photo of Fraulein Bertha Krupp, 'the cannon queen,' as they would call her in America, where they are supposed to hate titles."

We talked of war. I asked why German papers didn't print much about the Herero uprising.

"For two reasons," said the correspondent of a London daily. "The government isn't giving out anything, and influences the papers to say little about it; and then the Japanese-Russian war is dwarfing it."

"How does the Kaiser really feel about the Jap war?"

"Well, official Germany is openly friendly to Russia. The people sympathize with the Japs. The cab-driver, the street-car conductor, the small tradesman—all of these would like to see Japan win. The Kaiser, too, I feel sure, in his heart of

hearts wants to have Russia weakened, because she is a menace on his eastern border. Still, as a student of history, he knows there is a real yellow peril. He remembers that Genghis Khan, in the thirteenth century, came within a few miles of where Berlin now is, and he fears another Genghis may come out of Japan. If the war should end just before the Russians are utterly beaten it would about suit him."

One of the correspondents had been in Japan and China. "I saw the oldest daily newspaper in the world at Pekin," he said. "It is called the Pekin *Gazette,* and is the official journal. It has twenty to forty pages of coarse paper, and is still printed with wooden type, on one side only. It has a colored-paper cover.

"In Japan, newspapers have become common," he continued. "They have about a thousand journals and periodicals of all kinds there now. They had some trouble in starting the first ones, about twenty-five years ago. The papers were suppressed by ministerial order. Then the editors got up mourning parades, carrying copies of their papers in coffins through the streets to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy. A Buddhist priest would say litanies, and journalists and political agitators read threnodies and burn incense. That made sentiment fast in favor of the press, and in 'ninety-seven a law was passed by both Houses of their Parliament taking off all restrictions except *lèse-majesté,* but that part isn't necessary, for no editor could afford to roast the Emperor in Japan—the people wouldn't stand for it."

In talking of German newspapers, another of the correspondents said the very latest news is used at the end of the paper, on the back page, and the front page is taken up by editorials.

"But we needn't laugh at the Germans," he added. "They had newspapers before any other people in Christendom. Of course, there was the *Acta Publica,* a daily in ancient Rome, but that was simply a register of births and deaths, and a sort of court circular, besides. But soon after the discovery of America, real newspapers were printed at Augsburg and Vienna, and elsewhere in old Germany. They were the first papers to tell the world of Columbus' discovery. I don't know which of them got the scoop, though."

After three hours at dinner we walked out upon the boulevards. Occasionally we stopped at one of the many prettily furnished cafés to sip coffee, nibble at cake, and watch the people. Then we looked in at the grand opera for half an hour. After that we had a midnight supper. I took food and drink eight or nine times that day and evening. In this I was simply doing as the Germans did, "making life one long rhapsody of gustatory delight," as one of the correspondents said.

A few days later I left Berlin for Paris, by way of Holland and Belgium. I remained in Amsterdam one night. I didn't seek out any newspaper offices or correspondents. I heard that there was one paper with the profane title of *Amsterdammer,* but I didn't read it.

I strolled out from the Victoria Hotel, and found a picture postal-card store, kept by a pretty Dutch

girl, with eyes blue as the Baltic, hair like ripe corn, and a well-rounded form. She knew little English, but she had a twelve-year-old girl as assistant who had lived in England, and who acted as interpreter.

"Tell her," I said, after a while, "that I think she's a very pretty girl."

"O," said the blue-eyed one, "I understand that."

The other said she had heard it often enough.

I don't know just how it was arranged, but I found myself promised to accompany her home. It was after ten o'clock when she closed the store, and we started forth. The little girl went part way. We passed the Queen's home, near one of the beautiful canals.

"Ah!" said the little one, "you should have been here one day when the Queen came and sat by the window. She looked so good and sweet."

After the little girl left us we walked through quaint and pretty streets, and passed dance-halls and wine-gardens. Each of us was saying things that the other couldn't understand. Finally, she stopped and said, "Good-bye," holding out her hand. The nearest house was several hundred feet distant. I wanted to go to the door with her, but she shook her head, and shrugged her plump shoulders, and smiled and gestured as she talked, in a way that made me fear that "father," and possibly "bulldog" was meant. So, with mutual sighs, we parted—forever.

And the next day I was in Paris.

CHAPTER XLIX

ALIGHTING at a Paris railway station, I drove through artistic parkways, and over broad boulevards, past beautiful buildings, stately columns and fine statuary. I heard laughter and gay chatter from throngs in the streets, and the sound of clinking glasses, music and revelry from under awnings before pretty cafés.

And I decided that Paris would do for me.

At first, I looked in vain for newspaper buildings. In American cities, many papers have built great edifices at the junctions of leading thoroughfares, but in Berlin and Paris, and in London also, I afterward learned, the homes of the most famous journals are ordinary buildings, and are often located in side streets.

I had letters of introduction to half a dozen foreign correspondents. I also had a note to Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Bennett publishes in Paris a European edition of the New York *Herald*, and spends a great deal of time in the French capital, visiting New York only once in two or three years; and, as I looked at Paris, I didn't blame Mr. Bennett.

I had heard that he was often kind to journeying journalists like me. He had been known to dine them, and wine them, in company with titled per-

sons and other celebrities; and I hoped that as he had sent Stanley to Africa, he might take a fancy to send me somewhere—to the North Pole, after André, perhaps. But at this particular time Mr. Bennett was attending yacht races on the Italian coast.

I had the great pleasure, however, of meeting Mr. Bennett's personal representative, to whom I also had a letter of introduction. In the side street where the *Herald's* Paris edition was printed I found this gentleman seated in a throne-chair, pleasantly meditating, perhaps, upon his own greatness. He had just been transferred from New York, where he had edited what is referred to among newspaper men as "Sunday dope." As there is no dignity like a new dignity, and knowing journalists pretty well, by this time, I expected to find him somewhat conscious of his own importance, as I should have been, under the circumstances. But he was more than conscious of it. He was superconscious.

He rose, and bowed in a Louis XIV manner.

"Mr. Bennett—ah—is out of the city—ah—now," he droned, fingering his beard as he spoke, "but I am—ah—his—ah—puh-h-sonal representative, ye know—ah—puh-h-sonal representative—ah—ah—er—um—puh-h-sonal representative."

I escaped as soon as I could. As upon some other occasions, when I had been allowed to enter the presence of distinguished American journalists, I felt unworthy to remain long. I thought now that I would like to go out and meet some mere ruler, or other titled person, as a relief from the

overwhelming grandeur of this vice-regal editorial presence.

Good fellowship was the rule with the foreign correspondents. The second afternoon I was riding with one of them over the Champs Elysées, the most beautiful of earthly thoroughfares, on the way to the Elysée Palace, to see President Loubet. M. Loubet, I was told, who was once a peasant, granted audiences to newspaper men as freely as did the President of the United States. As in the case of the latter, he was not quoted directly. My companion was going to interview him about some new phase of the church question.

We had just passed under the great Arch of Triumph, started by the first Napoleon, and finished by Louis Philippe a generation later. It was under this arch that the Prussians marched, after the fall of Paris, in 1871, thus administering their crowning humiliation to the French nation.

"The name of this boulevard means 'the Elysian Fields,'" said my companion, "and it must have been like the Elysium of the olden mythology in the days when it and the surrounding gardens were used only by the King and his friends. I suppose they had great doings."

Then he began talking of newspaper work, and he became pessimistic.

"In France, they say 'Journalism leads to everything,'" he said, "and some wag has added, 'if you get out of it soon enough.' The saying also applies in many other countries, especially the part about getting out. That, at least, is much truer of American journalism than of the craft in France

or England. If I were to be born over again, and had to be a journalist, I'd be a Parisian one. Paris is the journalistic heaven. Here it costs little to start a paper or to keep it going, and you can get into office easily with a paper to boost you. How many dailies do you think there are here?"

"Oh, about twenty or thirty."

"There are one hundred and forty-six to one hundred and fifty—it's hard to keep count—and over eighty are political. There are more dailies here than in New York, London, and Berlin combined, and there are about eighty-five political periodicals besides. This makes one hundred and sixty-five political organs in Paris alone. It's almost a case of every man in politics being his own editor. Of the political organs, about sixty-eight are moderate Republican, thirty are Radical and Socialistic, sixteen Conservative, eight Nationalist or anti-Semitic, and over forty independent or nondescript. One of the most important is *La Croix*, a Catholic daily, with two hundred thousand circulation.

"This is the center of radicalism of all kinds. There are only half as many papers of this kind in proportion outside of Paris, and no other French city has more than eight or ten dailies. The number here has more than doubled since 1880, and most of the increase has been in the last twelve or fourteen years. Even the women have a paper, managed, edited and written entirely by those of their sex. It is called *La Fronde*, and has been published eight years, now.

"Recently a publicist named Avenal got out a

book on the French press. He says it's becoming too powerful. It acts more on the government and on the Chamber of Deputies than it does on public opinion, and the editors get most of the offices. Jules Meline, an ex-minister, edits *La République;* Yves Guyot, who used to be Minister of Public Works, runs another important paper; and Clemenceau, a strong politician, is aiming for a big office with his paper, *Le Bloc.*

"It costs a million or so to start a daily in New York or Chicago, but it's easy to start one here, because you don't have to give Parisians much news of the world. Paris, you know, is, to Parisians, the center of the universe. Places like Russia, England, and America, are just provinces. *Le Matin* is the only French paper receiving the news of the world by special wire. It gets the London *Times* service now, but hasn't been doing so for long. When the papers print editorials, current and literary topics, social gossip, dramatic criticisms and law reports, they have given about all their readers want. Scandal news, such as the troubles of Count Boni de Castellane and his American wife, is meat for many of them, as it is for American papers. But six pages are about the limit for nearly all of the Paris dailies, for they don't have the advertising of department stores or of many big merchants, as the papers in America do. *La Petit Journal,* with a circulation of about one million a day, has almost no advertisements, and sells at a cent a copy. This is the recognized price of Paris papers.

"But all the papers are notoriously venal. I

don't think there is one in Paris that you can't buy a column in, on the first page, for almost any purpose. Public officials here are about as honest as in England or America. Maybe this is because their chief ambition is to hold office, and to stay in they need unsmirched records. But the papers —well, there's no way of proving bribery of a paper, and they take all they can get."

Our carriage stopped before the Elysée Palace. In the reign of Louis XV this had been the residence of the wicked but witching Madame de Pompadour. During the Revolution it was the government printing office, and under the Directory the rooms were left as public ball and gaming places. The first Napoleon spent much time here to escape the publicity of the Tuileries. It was here that Napoleon III, whom the banished Hugo dubbed "Napoleon the Little," planned in 1851 the coup that made him Emperor; and twenty years later the German Kaiser occupied it for three days after his armies entered Paris. Now it was the official residence of the President.

And I was about to meet and talk with this ex-peasant, who sat in what had been the chair of imperial greatness. I looked into the future, and saw page after page of articles in which capital "I's" were scattered thickly, and over which my name, in large type, appeared. I would tell what *I* thought of Monsieur Loubet, and what *I* had said to him, and what he had replied in answer to *my* queries—*my* impressions of the palace and of the French Government, and so on, to the extent of many thousands of words.

As we went up the broad staircase, past Republican guards in full uniform, my companion remarked that the official receptions of the President were simple affairs. He said those who attended were under no obligation to hire carriages, and that many came on foot, in true democratic style. We were met by an usher, a big, impressive man, wearing knee-breeches and silk stockings, who took our cards. He shook his head sadly, and told my companion that Monsieur Loubet was out driving, but that he would be glad to see him some other time. So the French ruler and I did not meet. I drove regretfully away, intending to return some time, but other things prevented.

One of these things was the annual students' ball of the Quatz' Arts (Four Arts). This took all of that night, and I had to sleep all of the next day —but I didn't care. I didn't care about seeing the President of France, or the mere ruler of any country, after that. For I had seen Paris at its best—or worst—in one night, and the world had little to offer after that. Art, music, wine, woman, and song—beauty of color, beauty of form, beauty of sound, and harmony of all, were there. A correspondent got a ticket for me from a student who needed the price of it, and who had attended before, or he wouldn't have sold it for any price. At the beginning of the ball the costumes worn represented Cleopatra's time in Egypt. None of the feminine element, who were largely made up of models and grisettes, had on too much clothes to start with. Before the ball was ended many of them had removed even these, exposing forms that

were the inspiration of the world's masters of the brush and the chisel in the world's art center. The fun and frolic lasted till daylight.

The next evening I dined with a group of correspondents at a restaurant in the Avenue de l' Opéra. For two francs and a half, or about sixty cents, a dinner with wine was served that would have cost about two dollars in New York. I found that the correspondents, particularly of the American newspapers, were very clannish. They seemed to feel that it was they against the world, and to be drawn toward each other by strong bonds of sympathy in this foreign capital.

Nearly everyone present spoke at least two languages, and several of them knew four or five; and only one of the group, who was originally from Chicago, had cultivated a foreign accent. Because of my knowledge of Latin and Spanish, I could read much of the French menu, but when it came to pronouncing the words I had to call for assistance.

I found that few American papers outside of New York had foreign representatives. Most of the dailies in other cities got their "special" dispatches from abroad through those of the metropolis by paying part of the total cost.

Pessimism was the predominant note in the conversation—not the affected pessimism of young journalists—not the kind I was once fond of expressing—but a genuinely gloomy outlook on life from the journalist's standpoint.

"If a correspondent could have the standing and influence of our late friend de Blowitz, of the

All turned to look at her, except the absinthe drinker

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London *Times,* or Sir Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph,* his efforts might be worth while," said one, moodily sipping absinthe, in Paris fashion, "but what are we but business office puppets, although the strings on us are long ones? We can seldom write our own opinions. Our offices are mainly places of registry for snobbish society people, who want to have their names cabled over to America, so that their neighbors can see them in print; and a story of scandal in high life is always worth more than anything else—unless the story is about the friends of our owners."

"We haven't had anything of importance that we could handle as we wanted to since the Dreyfus case," said another, "and the ones who did the best work on that got no credit from the public."

"I wonder," remarked a third correspondent, musingly, "if the New York *Herald* people have ever found out where the proof of the biggest day's proceedings in that case went to? It was a great story, and it was stolen out of the office of the *Figaro* by a New York *Journal* man—and the consequence was, the *Journal* scooped the *Herald* on its own story."

Just then a *chic* Parisian girl, pretty, and resplendent as a silver pheasant, passed by, and all turned to look at her, except the absinthe drinker.

"The exposition days of 1900 were pretty lively," continued the last speaker. "It was then that we cooked up stories about the doings of well-known Americans, and fed the cable with 'em on days when there wasn't much doing. I remember

that Ferdinand Peck, American Commissioner, had a son-in-law who was meat for us. The young fellow liked to see his name printed along with the statement of who his father-in-law was. So we imagined a duel for him with a French count of noble lineage—debonair, high-souled, with large estates, and so on—the kind you read about in fiction, but never see in France. The duel had all sorts of fantastic features, and made good reading in America, and the son-in-law stood for it all."

"Did you ever hear how Sam Williams, who was one of the best correspondents that ever represented an American paper in Europe, tried to get next to the Czar of Russia?" said another. "He had a beautiful scheme, and it was no fault of his that it didn't work. The Czar attended the French army maneuvers at Compiègne, in 1901. Williams had heard that he was fond of automobile riding, and that it was planned to have him and President Loubet view things from the machine of a certain rich captain. Through an influential friend, Williams fixed it up to act as chauffeur of that auto. Disguised in a chauffeur's uniform, and wearing big goggles, he got into the machine, and came tearing on to the field in it, prepared to scoop the universe. There were a hundred and seventy-five thousand troops to be reviewed, and the maneuvers would last all the afternoon. During that time the two rulers would doubtless exchange confidences of world-wide importance.

"But the Czar never rode in that auto. At the last minute it was rumored that anarchists were

going to get busy that day, and it was thought best for the autocrat of all the Russias to do his reviewing on horseback. In that way he could keep moving all the time, and thus had a better chance of being missed by any anarchistic lead pellets that might have started his way.

"A year before that, though, Williams pulled off a good beat. He got an exclusive interview with the Kaiser. The Kaiser was aboard his yacht, in the Thames, having just arrived, to show his friendliness to Great Britain while the Boer war was on—a friendliness that was mostly show, by the way. Anyhow, Williams framed up an artistic scheme. He knew he couldn't get on the yacht, so he wrote a number of queries about affairs of the day, mostly concerning commercial relations between America and Germany, I think. He enclosed these in a cable envelope, and sent it by messenger to the imperial yacht. The attendants thought it must be a cablegram, and they had it put into the Kaiser's hands at once. When he read it the Kaiser laughed, and, calling one of his officers, dictated replies to the questions. Then the officer went to the side of the yacht, trained a megaphone on the tug Williams had chartered, and shouted the replies. You never can tell when a scheme like that will succeed, and this happened to be one of the times."

CHAPTER L

One hour after the muffled roar of London first struck upon my ears, at Charing Cross station, I was walking down Fleet Street. It was nightfall, and legions of lights were just beginning to blink through the fog. I had left my suit-case and hat-box at a little inn called "The Franklin," in Craven Street, half way between the Strand and the Thames Embankment. Here, Benjamin Franklin, the first great American editor, had lived while on his mission in behalf of the Colonies. A tablet put up by a historical society on the gray, three-storied structure, informed the public that Franklin, "printer, philosopher, statesman," had dwelt within, and gave the dates of his birth and death. That was the only distinguishing mark about the house. I had heard of it before leaving New York, and had then resolved to stay there.

The great thoroughfare called the Strand is known by different names at various stages of its length. It is Fleet Street for several blocks, in the course of which are most of the big newspaper offices. Before I had pushed my way far enough through the fog to arrive at this section I became gloomy. From beautiful, sensuous Paris to cold, foggy and stolid London, with its none too genial house- and shop-fronts, was dispiriting. I was yet to learn that there was as much vice, if not as much

gaiety, in London as in Paris—that, like the Americans, the British conceal their viciousness—that the French are merely more frank about it than their neighbors across the Channel.

I went into a tavern. A half dozen loungers were seated at tables. For a time I was the only one at the bar. Some of my gloom was soon dispelled. It was pleasant, anyhow, I thought, to be again among people with whom I could talk and be sure of being understood. There was no language, after all, like the American, even if it were spoken somewhat differently by the English people. And I was finding sympathy, too. The bright-eyed, deep-bosomed girl behind the bar was very sympathetic.

"You look tired," she remarked, smiling kindly.

"I am indeed, madam," I replied.

"I am not a madam, exactly," she said, "though I'm willing to be. No one has yet proposed—marriage. But at last you are here, and I see by the light in your handsome eyes that I have not waited in vain——"

"Give me a little while to think it over," I interrupted. By this time I saw that life was not a very serious problem to her, although she was one of the kind about which "problem" plays and fiction are written.

Somehow she divined that I was an American. She said she would like to see America, or at least New York, which she seemed to think the principal part of America. She said she would rather visit New York than Paris. I told her I had just arrived from Paris.

"Naughty, naughty boy!" she said, shaking her finger at me.

"Why," I protested, "people can go to Paris without being naughty."

"Young men like you can't," she declared, winking, and before I could say more she had to hasten away to draw a mug of ale for another customer.

I walked out into the Strand again, and proceeded on into Fleet Street. Of all thoroughfares in the world, this was richest in literary and journalistic memories. Here Walton lived, here Cowley first saw the light of day, here Dickens and Thackeray had worked. And it was here that a free press was born, for it was the giant brain of John Milton, who lodged in St. Bride's Churchyard, nearby, that conceived the "Areopagitica," a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing that was declared by a great historian to be "the most splendid argument the world had then heard on behalf of intellectual liberty." And the Cocke Tavern, in front of the site of which I now stood, had been the meeting place of men of wit and genius from the time of Pepys. There was another Cock Tavern now, opposite the old site, but the original had been torn down about twenty years before.

Ben Jonson, Shirley, Shadwell, Goldsmith, Dryden and Richardson were among the names connected with this historic street, and the fame of Dr. Johnson was associated with it, too. The great lexicographer had often dined at the Mitre, and probably at the Cheshire Cheese, and the ever-

present Boswell must have jotted down many a note here to put in his wonderful biography.

I had now walked on until I was in front of the office of the *Daily Telegraph*. A cab dashed up to the curb, and a young man alighted and hurried into the building. I thought he must be a reporter, and then I remembered what I had read of Fleet Street in Thackeray's "Pendennis":

"Of us! Who are we?" asked Pen. "Of what profession is Mr. Archer?"

"Of the Corporation of the Goosequill—of the Press, my boy," said Warrington; "of the fourth estate."

"Are you, too, of the craft, then?" Pendennis asked.

"We will talk about that another time," answered the other. They were passing through the Strand as they talked and by a newspaper office which was all lighted up and bright. Reporters were coming out of the place, or rushing up to it in cabs; there were lamps burning in the editors' rooms; and above, where the compositors were at work, the windows of the building were in a blaze of gas.

"Look at that, Pen," Warrington said. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent, at this minute, giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! Here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow; funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost; Lord B. will get up and, holding the paper in his hand and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech; and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper at the Back Kitchen: for he is foreign sub-editor, and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own."

Thackeray himself had once been a newspaper writer, and his own life was much like that of his fictional hero. And here, in the office of the *Chron-*

icle, Charles Dickens, that other of the two greatest novelists of the Victorian era, had worked as a reporter, and later had been the editor of the *Daily News.* Many other great names had been associated with journalism in London, including some of the most famous of British statesmen and writers of the century just ended. John Morley, Charles Reade, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Eliot and William T. Stead had written for the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Sir Edwin Arnold and Judah P. Benjamin, the famous American lawyer and statesman, for the *Telegraph;* Andrew Lang, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy for the *Morning Post;* Rudyard Kipling, Gilbert Parker, J. M. Barrie and Anthony Hope for the *St. James Gazette;* Alfred Austin, now the poet laureate, for the *Standard;* and T. P. O'Connor for the *Star* and *Sun.* I had also heard that there was hardly a famous person in public life who had not, at some time or other, contributed to the *Times,* but that anonymity was always strictly preserved in its columns.

In a dingy office, in a side street, I found the London representative of one of the largest American newspapers. With him I walked over to the *Times* office, in another unimportant thoroughfare nearby. It was an old, dull-red building, with white trimmings. There was a small clock tower in front. We didn't go in, but stood for a few minutes before the building.

"And here," said my companion, "is the most powerful newspaper in the world. Here the bolts for 'The Thunderer' are forged. Here sits the

Jupiter of journalism, whose utterances shake the world. The circulation of the *Times* is perhaps but one-twentieth that of Harmsworth's *Mail,* a half-penny sheet that has a million or more, but the minds that the *Times* influences are the minds that rule the world—or a pretty large share of it, at least.

"I'll tell you one of the reasons why the *Times* is so powerful and so respected—one of the reasons why the whole British press is more respected than the American or the French, or any other. See that entrance there, through that large gateway on the side? That leads to the editorial rooms. The other entrance, the front one, is to the business office. They are absolutely separate. Those two departments of this paper have nothing to do with each other. The *Times'* support for anything could not be gained by unlimited advertising. Its proprietors don't seek political office. The Walter family, who founded it a century and a quarter ago, still own it. Their only ambition is to publish a truly great newspaper, and they have made the *Times* so nearly the British official organ that it is the one indispensable newspaper to the intellectual classes.

"This paper employs the best talent in the world, not to advertise itself, but because it wants to give its readers the benefit. The public never hears, except by accident, as to who wrote this or that article in it, but you can bank on anything you read in it. The *Times* alone had nineteen special correspondents at the front in the Boer war, and didn't think it enterprising, either.

"Once, when Barnum's circus was in London, it offered a big advertisement to the *Times*. The exaggerated wording caused it to be submitted to the proprietors. They rejected it. A great sum of money was then offered. The proprietors considered the matter for a little while, and then sent back word that the only way that ad. could be got into the *Times* was by buying the paper, and that the paper wasn't for sale."

We walked back into the Strand. My companion continued talking.

"Journalism is very different here from what it is in America," he said. "The craft is more respected, and it is harder to break into. It's not easy for anyone without a diploma from an English university to get on a newspaper, and the work is of a higher order than it is in America. Crime and scandal, even in high life, are lightly touched upon. I saw a well-dressed man stand on a parapet of Westminster Bridge one day, shoot himself in the head, and fall into the water. The next day some of the papers had a line or two about it, saying that the body had not been identified, but most of them ignored it altogether. American papers would have printed columns about such a thing, with pictures.

"What is known as a reporter in London is simply a stenographer. He takes down in shorthand the speeches of noted people, prefacing them with a few lines. 'Once a reporter, always a reporter,' is the rule here. There's about as much difference between reporters and editors as between privates and officers in the army. The men who write their

opinions of public events, and those who act as war correspondents are not considered reporters. They are journalists.

"When Harmsworth started the *Daily Mail,* in 'ninety-six, he shook up traditions a bit. He tried some of the American methods, and imported a bunch of New Yorkers, who worked for a time on his paper and on Pearson's *Daily Express,* another new-style sheet. But the Americans didn't last long. They caused several million dollars' worth of libel suits by their free-and-easy ways of writing. The British laws are so strict that it's an offense even to put a man in a ridiculous light in the eyes of his neighbors. The Americans had other troubles, too. Doors were slammed in their faces, and some of them were kicked off front steps by butlers. So they drifted back to America, where you can print almost anything about anybody all the time.

"Scoops or beats are different over here, too," he went on. "Social announcements, such as engagements, or the breaking of engagements, or of divorces, weddings or receptions in high life, which American papers would go to great lengths to get, have to be paid for in the advertising columns. The *Morning Post* is the favorite medium for such ads. We often get a few lines out of that, worth columns for the American papers. Why? Because the great and free and enlightened American people like to read in their great and free and enlightened and enlightening press all the gossip we can furnish them about the Old World aristocracy. They feed upon it—they sit up of nights

to gloat over it, and we spend a large share of our time gathering it for them.

"And when, in the pursuit of this branch of our noble calling, we offend some of our owners' friends, we may be sacrificed to appease their wrath. Only a year ago this happened to one of us. When William K. Vanderbilt married his second wife, an American correspondent, in a cab, followed the bridal party, to learn where the ceremony was to take place. This offended Mr. Vanderbilt, who is a friend of the owner of that paper —you can guess which one—and the correspondent was transferred back to New York."

We went into the Press Club. It was located in an alley, and opposite the famous Cheshire Cheese. We remained in there half an hour, and I was introduced to but one man. I was told that introductions in England were very formal affairs. Persons asked to social functions are seldom introduced there, being supposed to know each other beforehand.

The clubrooms were well furnished, but smaller and less luxurious than the quarters of the press clubs of Chicago or New York, but the membership included only journalists. Editors and publishers of trade sheets, physicians, politicians, authors of advertising pamphlets, and magazine poets, were not eligible. Those in whose midst I now sat sipping bottled gladness were men who had represented great newspapers in all parts of the world. They had seen the interior of statesmen's cabinets in many capitals, and had been bronzed by the sun on many battlefields. They knew South Africa,

the Soudan, the Balkan peaks, the rocky passes of Afghanistan, as well as they did the boulevards of European cities. To them, journalism was a career. They were permanently on the staffs of the papers they served. They were not thrown aside, or set to writing news of crime and scandal, or political opinions not their own, when a war or a cabinet crisis ended. They had individualities. They were, in brief, real journalists.

We adjourned to the Cheshire Cheese after a time, and there met a group of Americans. Some were correspondents, others were men wealthy enough to dabble in literature and art without danger of starving to death. The ale-mugs were emptied several times. Then we ate stewed steak, grilled ham with peas, and pickled salmon, finishing off with some of the cheese that gave the place its name.

"You may think this is good, but you ought to be here some Wednesday or Saturday night in the winter," said one of the party. "Then they serve 'ye rumpe steake pudding.' The praises of this pudding have been sung the world over, and it has been ordered shipped to distant parts of the earth for Christmas feasts. It contains rump steak, kidneys, larks, oysters and mushrooms cooked together in a way fit for the gods."

After dinner we looked through thickening clouds of smoke at quaint decorations on walls hoary with age. This was the oldest tavern now existing in London, for there must have been a tavern on the spot, of like name, before the great fire of 1666, as there was a notice on an antique

sideboard stating that it was rebuilt in 1667. The floor was still sanded in the ancient way, but the napery was as white, and everything else was as clean as in the best of modern hotels.

We tried to imagine the shades of Johnson and Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dick Steele, Pope, Bolingbroke and the others of those famous geniuses hovering about us. And soon I saw a heavy form rolling toward our table, the face huge and massy, the eyes and mouth twitching convulsively, the lips puffing, and finally bursting into words such as, "Why, no, sir," and "Not at all, sir," and "That is not the question, sir." "Surely," I thought, "this must be the materialized spirit of Dr. Johnson himself, in an argument with the shade of Goldsmith or Garrick."

But as the figures came closer, I saw that the Johnsonian one was merely a cabman who had followed his "fare" in from the street to dispute over the amount of his bill.

We lingered half an hour longer in the classic atmosphere, yet none of the old-timers came in any visible form. But we talked of them, anyhow.

"I've heard," remarked someone, "that Ben Jonson and a few of his friends were here one night, when it was proposed to see who could make up rhyming couplets the quickest. A poet named Sylvester got there first with

> "'I, Sylvester,
> Kissed your sister.'

Jonson responded:

> "'I, Ben Jonson,
> Kissed your wife.'

" 'But that isn't rhyme,' protested Sylvester.

" 'No,' said Jonson, 'it isn't rhyme, but it's the truth.' "

"It must have been here, or some place like this," put in another, "that a certain great improvisor of rhymes, of a generation or so ago, used to get up some of his best ones. He was asked one night to make verses for the words 'Sennacherib' and 'Jehosaphat.' It was thought this must stump him, but he instantly responded:

" 'The valiant King Sennacherib
Of any man could crack a rib,
But could not of Jehosaphat;
I'll tell you why—he was so fat.' "

CHAPTER LI

THE next day I went to see Mr. H. Clay Evans, the American Consul-General, to get some information for a news-letter. His office was in one of the oldest sections of London, not far from the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor.

We were soon talking politics. The Consul-General laughed over the Hearst Presidential boom. He spoke of Colonel Henry Watterson's description of it as "a candidacy as fantastic as the ebullitions of the late George Francis Train, or the unsexed whims of Victoria Woodhull," and then guffawed over the description. After that he read me from a New York paper an account of the ill-luck that had pursued many holders of the United States Senatorship from Kansas, the last case being that of Senator Burton.

We left his office together, and walked through Bishopsgate Court and on into the great street where stands the Bank of England. A newsboy, seeing us, yelled "Hurrah for America!" This was not strange, as Mr. Evans looked somewhat like the figure that cartoonists everywhere draw to represent "Uncle Sam." If he had been thinner, his goatee longer, and he had shaved his upper lip, he could have passed very well for a living embodiment of the American Government.

We paused near the Mansion House. Rivers of

humanity were flowing toward this great center from all directions. These rivers had been flowing past this point for many centuries, and they would probably flow on for many more, changing at times in their outward appearances, but essentially the same streams of human life, bearing the same hopes and dreams, loves and hates, joys and griefs, onward to that mysterious destiny for which the race is bound.

In the center of the square stood a helmeted police officer, his right hand raised, thus keeping in check one of the endless streams of street traffic. He stood so for a few minutes, then wheeled, with a soldierly movement, his hand still raised, and now pointed toward the intersecting line of traffic. This stopped obediently, while the other resumed its course. He repeated these movements at intervals of several minutes.

"Watch that hand," said the Consul-General, "for there you will see one of the great world forces in operation. In that hand reposes, for the purpose of keeping order at this crossing, the strength and the majesty of all the British Empire. To disobey the silent command of that upraised arm would be to oppose the machinery of the imperial government, and the one who attempted that would be crushed in the attempt."

I rode in a 'bus back to Fleet Street. I passed an ancient-looking house, before which was a sign stating that luncheon could be had for a few shillings in the one-time throne-room of Richard III. But I was so tired of sightseeing by this time that the sign made no appeal to me.

While in the 'bus, I glanced over some of the daily papers. Most of them printed "Want" advertisements on the first page. Only one, a half-penny sheet, had illustrations, and those were the ordinary "cuts," which the largest American papers had long since displaced by half-tone photographs. Several of the evening papers printed cartoons. In the important journals were authoritative cable dispatches on world politics from every quarter of the globe, and in editorials, or "leading articles," were set forth, in strong but graceful diction, opinions that rang true—that seemed to express the real views of the writers.

The news items were, to me, oddly written. One was headed, "The Honorable So-and-So's Views," and began thus: "I was strolling down the Strand yesterday, when I met the Honorable So-and-So (So-and-So being a man of great political prominence). He spoke of the beauty of the morning, and told of a bird's nest he had just seen in one of the trees in Mayfair." I thought this would be only a description of the charm of a morning stroll, and glanced hastily down the column till I came to a discussion of politics ending with: "The honorable gentleman assured me that he feared the Conservative party would be wrecked on the Hellgate of Chamberlainism. 'The Liberals will certainly get back into power if this goes much further,' he added."

An item like this would have received sensational headlines in any American paper, and the first paragraph would have fairly shouted the statement that was here put at the end.

I looked a long time for news of crime and scandal before I saw, on a back page, an item headed, "A Family Slain." The following is a conscientious attempt to reproduce it from memory:

"A man reported at the Bow Street police court yesterday that his neighborhood had been somewhat upset by a regretable occurrence. It seems that a brewery manager of the name of Edward Judson, who resided in Russell Street, had been having many disagreements of late with his wife and her relatives over a division of property. Judson, who appears to have been of a rather morose disposition, came home in an angry mood. He began quarreling with his wife over the way the potatoes had been cooked for their mid-day repast.

"As the meal progressed the quarrel grew in bitterness. Just how hostilities started is not known, as there were no eye-witnesses left alive. Finally Judson, so our informant reports, seized the carving-knife and slew his wife and six children, and then killed himself."

And that was all there was to it. But it was enough.

In Fleet Street I found a congenial acquaintance of the night before. I sauntered with him along that thoroughfare, and into the Strand. I heard a street piano playing "Hiawatha," and in some of the shops I saw American flags, sometimes entwined with the British colors, sometimes alone. "You can see more American flags in London now than ever before—in the shops and hotels patronized by the Americans," said my companion. "The hands-across-the-sea policy is becoming more popular than ever before—mainly because the Americans show such a willingness to fill the hands. But, on the whole, the British people, officially and unofficially, feel less unfriendly toward Americans than they ever have. They don't like us more—

they dislike us less, and since the Spanish War they respect us a lot more. And it pays 'em to cultivate us, commercially and politically, especially in a political way, for there is no other people in the world that don't hate the British.

"And, between us, no sensible American will discourage their advances. It's not a bad thing to have the British fleet behind us, as it was at Manila. Anyhow, for the sake of commerce and politics, the British are more and more desirous of seeming friendly and of claiming us as kin. As matters are now drifting, our cousins over here may eventually admit that a book or a painting made in America is good, without first learning whether the author or artist was imported from Great Britain."

We arrived at one of those important crossings where helmeted policemen are constantly needed to direct traffic.

"An officer like that played an important part in an international murder story a few years ago," said my companion. "A woman in Connecticut had committed a number of crimes and fled to England. My paper cabled me to watch for her arrival on a certain steamer. I and an assistant met the boat. We had no time to notify the authorities. All we could do was to follow her to some place where she would stay long enough to enable us to get word to the police. She learned before arriving in London that we were on her track.

"She got into a cab at Charing Cross station, we hired another, and a chase through the streets began. For more than an hour we trailed her, and

the pursuit might have lasted until one of the horses died of exhaustion if we hadn't been stopped at this same crossing. Her carriage had not yet passed when the officer cut the line of traffic in two, but her cabby told him he had an invalid aboard, and he allowed them to go through. Then he halted us and held us.

"There we had to wait while we saw her carriage fade away into the distance. We shouted and pleaded and swore, and almost wept, but it was like butting our heads against a stone wall. When we finally got past, the trail had been lost. But a few days later the woman was caught through our efforts. We had seen the number of her cab, and we got Captain Froest of Scotland Yard, to order the driver to be hunted up. They forced him to tell where he had taken her. She was arrested, and was returned to the United States and convicted."

We were now passing Charing Cross station, where we saw signs of unusual excitement. Masses of people stood looking expectantly toward the carriage entrance. Traffic had been stopped, and people were standing in wagons and on the tops of omnibuses. Soon a red-coated man, on a fine horse, came down the driveway. He was an outrider, and he was soon followed by another, and then a splendid carriage, pulled by several pairs of horses, came into view. A hoarse roar broke from ten thousand throats, and my companion said: "It's the King and Queen, returning from Denmark."

I looked, and saw a fat, chunky man, with a jovial face and a well-trimmed beard, in the uniform

of an admiral. He lifted his hat, showing a head almost bald, and, with good-natured smiles, nodded in response to the roars of the populace. Beside him I saw a handsome, queenly-looking woman, who smiled graciously, and, I think, a little sadly, as she inclined her head toward the multitudes.

In a moment the picture had faded. The royal party crossed the Strand and vanished into the distance, and I found myself with my hat in my hand. I had taken it off, for fear it might be knocked off, more than from respect to royalty. Still, if I had it to do over again, I think I would cheerfully doff my hat to Queen Alexandra.

"The King's a good fellow," said my companion. "There's no doubt that he's really popular, too, because he believes in good living, and wants everyone else to have a good time; and that kind of a ruler is generally popular. He isn't really a monarch, because the Prime Minister can edit his speeches to Parliament and blue-pencil anything he doesn't like, and all the King can do is to stay away if it displeases him. That's what Queen Victoria used to do occasionally. The King is simply the social head of the nation, and, between us, I think the system is fine. Human beings everywhere must have someone to look up to, and be looked down upon by, and the best system of government is one that provides a glittering titled beast, with its claws extracted, for worshipping.

"King Edward is just a good-natured old sport, who's willing to keep his mouth shut and spend the money the people pay him for playing at royalty.

He will probably be out at the race-track to-morrow. He enjoys racing and hunting and card-playing, but goes to sleep over grand opera. But while he's none too intellectual, or moral, he has so many good points that his bad ones—if they are bad—can be overlooked. I feel sorry for the Queen, though. She passes over some of his shortcomings only for state reasons, and once, when he was Prince of Wales, she did leave him for a time and return to her mother, the Queen of Denmark.

"There was an important feature in a story that we had about the King, three or four years ago, that we left out just because he's a good fellow, and was the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton, who's a still better fellow. It was when Sir Thomas was trying out his yacht, Shamrock II. You may remember about how a mast broke, and that, as the boat almost keeled over, the King was thrown to the deck, and nearly went overboard. We correspondents were nearby, in tugs, and Sir Thomas called out to us, 'Stand ready to save the King!'

"It looked pretty ticklish for his royal and imperial highness, Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, and so on, for a few minutes. Some of us pulled off our shoes and coats, and stood ready for a plunge, but the yacht was righted in time to keep the King out of the water.

"That part of the story, excepting any reference to the correspondents, was published everywhere, but the part that was not published was the most interesting one. On board the same yacht was the favorite feminine friend, to put it gently,

of his majesty. She was Mrs.—er—well, you've heard the name—and she was very much excited, too, and we could hear her screams above the wind."

We walked on until we were opposite the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

"There," said my companion, "you see an illustration of how American republicanism sometimes works out. That paper was a great Liberal organ. It was great as a newspaper as well as in political influence. Among its famous achievements was its beat on the surrender of Napoleon III at Sedan, in 1871. John Morley and William T. Stead were among those once identified with it. Mr. Stead spent three months in jail on account of what he wrote for it about the criminal law amendment bill. But in 1892 William Waldorf Astor, with part of the great fortune made possible by the liberty for which our American forefathers bled and died, bought this paper, and changed its politics to Conservative, to please the British aristocracy. However, I'm glad to say, it no longer has the influence it once had.

"There are about forty dailies of all kinds in London, about a dozen more than ten years ago," he went on. "This isn't as many as in New York or Berlin, and is less than a third of the number that Paris has, but I think that when the British press—or the London press, which is the principal part of it, for the provincial papers are few in number, and mainly echoes—when the British press speaks, it has more weight than the press in any other country. It is less influenced by business

office reasons, or by political or social ambitions of editors, than is the case anywhere else. In the time of Warren Hastings, a century and a quarter ago, Edmund Burke charged in the House of Commons that about twenty thousand pounds—a large sum in those days—had been used in bribing the press. But I think most newspapers here were not corrupt, even then.

"The American style of interviewing was tried here for a while by many papers. It was imported by Mr. Stead. But now it's dying out. People of importance got tired of it. I have had to pay several men in public life for articles to use as interviews. It's hard to get next to eminent men in any field, but when once you do break past the crust you find them, as a rule, delightfully simple and unaffected. The really great are the simplest in manners everywhere. Not long ago I wrote to Herbert Spencer, asking for an interview. He responded with a most kindly letter, explaining at length how a recent illness and the pressure of certain affairs made it impossible for him to see me for some weeks.

"The Prime Minister and the Cabinet members simply won't give out opinions to newspapers. This rule was broken but once, by Gladstone, who talked on Home Rule to an American correspondent, at Hawarden Castle. Joseph Chamberlain, while traveling in the United States, was interviewed to a finish, but when he came back here he refused to talk to reporters, because tradition forbids. If you approach a Cabinet member in the Parliament House lobby, or anywhere, and start

to talk to him, he will ignore you. If you keep on, he'll have you arrested. So you may know about how a correspondent felt, several years ago, when his editor in New York cabled him for interviews on the New Year's outlook with most of the Prime Ministers, as well as the crowned heads, of the Old World.

"One of the big New York papers, a few years ago, had the Duke of Manchester on its staff here —the duke that afterward married a Cincinnati girl. By the way, he almost let the paper he represented get scooped on his own engagement, but I'll tell you of that later. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, then, and a democratic sort of fellow. He needed money, and saw no reason why he shouldn't make some by writing articles for the press. He wrote fairly well, too, but he would never set the world afire in that way. Of course, the only reason his articles were wanted was because of his name, since the liberty-loving American masses do like to be brought next to titles in one way or another.

"The paper that hired him could get news through him that no other paper could land. One night the New York office wanted to know what the House of Lords was doing, and the chief correspondent turned to the Duke and told him to go over and report the meeting. The Duke, being a member, of course could sit among the peers of the realm and get all the information he wanted. He came back with a good story, too. It was after midnight when he finished writing. All the restaurants were then closed, and he went with a bunch

of us correspondents to an all-night lunch-wagon patronized by cabmen, and ate a ham sandwich and drank a cup of coffee, in real bohemian style."

Before that afternoon and evening were over I had seen London from its depths to some of its heights—from the misery and squalor of the East End to the dining-room of the Carlton, where nobilities were among the guests.

In the poor districts I saw, in a few hours, more hopeless poverty and degradation than I had ever seen in all my life before. I saw people of all ages, and both sexes, with forms wasted and twisted from disease and deprivation, who dressed in rags and tatters, and lived in mouldy cellars and cheerless attics, and, when the weather permitted, in the streets. In one place I saw an entire block filled almost from curb to curb with a moving, jostling mass.

"What's the matter?" I asked my companion. "Is there a riot?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "Those people are simply walking about to get the air. They have no place else to go."

I was told that poverty and its attendant ills had grown alarmingly in London in the past few decades—that where there were tens of thousands of paupers fifty years ago, there were now hundreds of thousands; that in the city which had doubled in population since the time of Dickens, there had multiplied by ten the miserable creatures his powerful pen had pictured; that it was the wretched, stunted soldiery dragged from the slums that cost Britain so dearly in the Boer war; that

Parliament didn't know what to do, or wouldn't do it if it did know; that the press seldom took the side of the poor; and that all the relief boards and religious missions, and transportation-to-colonies schemes, and model tenement buildings could not stem the rising tide of pauperism.

I thought of a speech made seventy-three years before by a great parliamentary orator, on the Reform Bill, in which he said: "Save the greatest and fairest and most highly civilized community that ever existed from calamities which may sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory." The Reform Bill was passed, and other reform bills had since been passed; the aristocracy now had little political power, and the King had none; but still the wealth and power were in the hands of a few, and the rich grew richer and the poor poorer and greater in number.

"The greatest and fairest and most highly civilized community that had ever existed" had been saved for this! The present masters of the people, though so largely sprung from among them, were as cruelly heedless of their needs as ever the tyrants of old. It really seemed worse to treat one's fellow creatures this way—to degrade and starve and enfeeble them so that they filled untimely graves—than to kill them quickly on battlefields, or to set executioners to cutting off their heads.

I reflected that this people was in many respects the most wonderful and the most contradictory in the world. From it came the most masterful and the most servile of Caucasians. These were the modern Romans, in that they ruled territories al-

most one hundred and thirty times greater in area than the island on which they lived, and peopled by twelve times their own number. Yet this same people gave to the world its best servants—the servants most highly prized in Europe and America for their respectful and submissive obedience—the kind that were ever ready with a "Yes, sir," or an "As you wish, sir," or a "Kick me right here, sir, if you will, sir—thank you, sir." These people could build up empires, and then lie down to be walked upon by their more fortunate fellows. The main trouble, even now, was that there were not enough places, by many hundreds of thousands, for all who would serve.

From these gloomy scenes, and the problems they presented, we went back to the West End, and rode in a carriage down Piccadilly. Then we drove down to the Carlton. Among the nobilities I saw in the dining-room that evening was one whom I had shaken hands and talked with in America. But I didn't go over to his lordship's table, slap him on the back, and recall our acquaintance. I had heard that such things are not tolerated from journalists in England. In England, journalists, like everyone else, must know their place and keep it. Persons of high rank who travel in the United States often conform to the country's customs, but they put on their dignity again when they recross the Atlantic.

From the Carlton we went to a theater, and thence to the Continental. I was told that the Continental was a high-priced restaurant, but it was more. There I found art, beauty and music, as

well as fine wines and food well served. Amid luxurious furnishings, shone upon by soft colored lights, were lovely women, whose bare arms and shoulders gleamed above the rich gowns that clung closely to their shapely forms. I had not been there long before I realized that this was mainly a meeting place for men who had money and worshipped the physical charms of women, and of women who possessed such charms and worshipped money.

This was my last vivid glimpse of London. Six days later I sailed for the United States, with a shipload of stupidly slow and conventional Britishers. I landed with a capital of about two dollars and twenty-three cents. I began newspaper work in Chicago again, and continued in it for most of the year. I reported many phases of life, including State and national political conventions, but wrote no more of what I really thought about anything than I had ever done in my nine previous years in journalism.

Then I was offered a position in New York, in another vocation. The salary was a third larger than I had ever received. I accepted, with some reluctance. Thus ended my journalistic career.

CHAPTER LII—Conclusion

Not until three years after my retirement from journalism did I think of putting my career in type. It was that long before I realized that my life, as I planned it, had been a failure; that, as a failure, it was typical of the lives of the immense majority of journalists, and that, therefore, it should be more interesting than a story of success. For I started out to be a great American journalist, and I failed, as nearly everyone does who attempts this.

Only in one thing have I succeeded: in quitting journalism before journalism quitted me; and so, almost without exception, do others "succeed in journalism"—by getting out of it.

For nine years I pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of journalistic greatness, and my eyes were so blinded by the foolish fires I gazed after, that thirty-six months of meditation have hardly taken away the glamour. I have just begun to see journalism as it is—and myself as I was.

I did not capture all the heights of journalism, but I have viewed them all, and they are no longer attractive to me.

I now reluctantly admit that newspaper owners, editors and reporters are not gods, demi-gods or heroes. They are just human beings. I now reluctantly confess that I, too, am just a human being.

I am not even an agent of divinity. I have no heaven-born message; and, if I had, I could not deliver it through the columns of newspapers.

Journalism and journalists are of this earth—earthy.

Journalism touches nearly all things, and is nearly all things—except divinity.

Olympus is not in journalism.

Journalism, like other earthly institutions, has its sanctuaries. I have penetrated into the inmost of these, and have learned that many others could penetrate as far as I, often in less time; and in these sanctuaries I have found that sacrifices must be made, not to Themis, beautiful goddess of right and justice, but to Mammon, god of riches, and to other idols of earthly power and glory.

I could not see, or, when it was pointed out, I would not see, the hideousness of these idols. Or seeing it, I thought this hideousness simply a temporary expression. But now I can see these false gods as they are, and can see, too, the fatuous faces of the young votaries who are wearing out their lives, as I wore out the best part of mine, in serving them.

I engaged in journalism with the belief that I was entering the noblest of professions. I found American journalism mainly a joke—a hideous joke, it is true, but still a joke—and the joke is on me, and on the immense majority of the American public.

Journalism in America is, in nearly every case, but a business to newspaper owners and managers, and a trade to writers and editors.

No "journalist" has any rights which owners or business managers are bound to respect, except in the almost unknown case of the journalist being himself an owner.

A journalist can have no individuality worth mentioning until he becomes independent of journalism.

To the individual who "engages in journalism" it offers nothing in itself, and asks everything. No vocation can bring him into contact with so much that is great, and, if he remains true to it, none will leave him so small.

Many geniuses have found it a stepping-stone on the way to Fame—but only a stepping-stone.

Anyone can engage in journalism in any American city. Into it have come, and can come, persons from every grade of life. Out of it have gone persons into every grade of life.

Into it have come, and out of it have gone, fewer idealists than is true of any other occupation.

Yet from its ranks have issued great poets, artists, dramatists, novelists, statesmen, explorers and military heroes, as well as many financiers, lawyers, physicians and other professional men.

But from its ranks have come, in larger numbers, press agents, politicians, private secretaries, grocery keepers, druggists, theatrical managers, street car conductors, gamblers, blackmailers, drunkards, opium fiends, paupers and lunatics.

Anybody with enough money can own a "great" newspaper in America. The men at the head of railroad companies, of oil companies, of steamship lines, and of other large interests, including the

trade combinations known as trusts, are often also owners of newspapers, secretly or openly. The proprietors of the papers I worked for included a multimillionaire politician, two ex-printers, one ex-baker, and three bankers, one of whom was an ex-keeper of a peanut stand. They hired, at mechanics' wages, the best of journalistic talent, including mine. "Journalistic talent" is one of the cheapest and most commonplace of commodities.

To "engage in American journalism," the first requisite is lack of individuality; and beyond a certain point, the more one knows, and the higher his aims and purposes, the less are his chances of keeping on the pay-roll—and the less should be his desire to stay on it.

Office encyclopædias, reference books, cabinets full of clippings about notable persons and things, and a list of the owner's patrons and enemies—these are the handmaids of the priests in the temples of American journalism.

The owners and managers of newspapers are simply business men and politicians. Among them may be found, proportionately, as many low-browed, red-necked persons as in other branches of trade and commerce. Their ideal of success is money-making. Many of them have amassed princely fortunes, and dwell in mansions. Editors and reporters live anywhere they can, and many of them find it hard to live at all.

The majority of these owners and managers have no more poetry in their souls than have wholesale grocers, or dealers in other merchandise. They are concerned about such things as art and

learning, about public morals, about the fate of the American Republic itself, as much as are other business men—no more.

Editors, reporters, and correspondents, are but puppets on strings, the other ends of which are in the hands of these men.

The biggest newspapers much resemble department stores, their chief patrons, and their twin product of American commercialism. These papers have departments of all kinds—of crime, scandal, sport, religion, markets, women's clubs, drama, art, society, politics, foreign affairs—and they handle and display the most of what is most profitable. Many of the goods are shoddy and have a false glitter; but the principal concern of the managers is to avoid damage suits. It is impossible to work long on any American paper without dealing in shoddy goods of one kind or another —in news or in political opinions. The employees, with less than one-half dozen exceptions in all America, have no more individuality than have department-store workers.

The reporters and correspondents, who go to many places, and see many things, are as clerks. While they have more bodily liberty, they have less mental liberty than clerks. The editors and their assistants, who arrange and display the results of the writers' work, are as window-dressers. The business managers and chief editors are as floor-walkers. They may discharge the subordinates at any time. All the profits go to the stockholders.

And to such literary serfdom I gave nine of the very best years of my life. I gave, and gladly gave,

my physical and mental energies, my enthusiasms, my dreams; and as a result I have only a head full of chaotic memories, and a weakened constitution, from the irregular life I had to lead.

When I became able to do really important work —when, with added ability as a writer, I had acquired opinions and ideas worth expressing—I grew less valuable to my masters. What they wanted from me was what they want, and what they get, from other journalists.

And what I was, other American journalists are, and must be, in greater or less degree. I was a Paul Pry, a tattler, a crime- and scandal-monger, a daily Boswell to anyone and everyone—all to promote the business interests of others. I realize, now, though I could only occasionally, and vaguely, realize it then, that at times I was worse than all this —in politics I was a veritable Hessian of the press, even a hired assassin of character, striking from the dark, or from behind the mask of journalistic zeal for public welfare—all to promote the political interests of others. At other times (though not in the last two years of my experience) I was an aid to piracy, helping to hold up commercial enterprises, and firing broadsides of abuse until the booty was won. Often I had to attack men and measures that I secretly longed to champion. On occasions, however, when it was not unprofitable to my masters, I favored good laws and good men.

While "engaged in journalism" I was always thinking of its mission. I never heard this mission clearly defined, but I felt it to be something high and noble. I now realize that it is chiefly

money-making. The United States census of 1900 showed that almost ninety-six million dollars was the sum spent for advertising in newspapers and periodicals, principally in newspapers, in that year. The subscriptions and sales amounted to seventy-six millions. The disproportion between the receipts for advertising and those for subscriptions was much more on the side of the former in the case of newspapers than in that of the periodicals, since the latter charge several times as much per copy as the newspapers do.

As long ago as 1880 the census said that there was "no business which shows such large gross receipts with so small an actual investment of capital." When the nineteenth century dawned there were but one hundred and fifty journals of all sorts in the new American Republic. Less than two score were dailies. They were supported mainly by subscriptions. Now there are more than two thousand three hundred dailies, over fifteen thousand weeklies, and five hundred semi-weekly newspapers in the country. This exceeds half the total number in the world. And these newspapers, particularly the dailies, are maintained principally by advertising.

And so it was the advertiser, spending his tens of millions annually, who was my real head master all the time. It is the big advertiser (and there is more than one kind of advertising) who is the golden-sceptered king of American journalism—the king who can do no wrong.

I seldom thought of these things before. I used to regard them as the mere sordid details of my

profession. They were beneath my journalistic dignity to notice. But now I see them as the most important facts of a business which is mainly sordid.

Yet I don't like to think of these facts, even now. I would like to go on dreaming of journalism as a noble profession which I once adorned. I would like to think that I was born to be a great journalist, and only by accident missed being one.

I hate to think of journalism as a treadmill—as a great money-making machine that grinds out the lives of its workers in a few years, and then throws them aside, with even less care than is used when waste material is cast upon a dumping-ground. I hate to think of most of these workers as very ordinary human beings, as sciolists rather than scholars, as philistines rather than philosophers,* as persons without individualities, without backbone, almost without souls of their own, or as blind, foolish votaries, doing the most degrading work for a mere living, and fortunate only when they escape from their slavery.

I hate to think that the American press, which could have done so much for humanity, is so human that it has done so little. I hate to think that it has often kept silent while corporations plundered provinces. I hate to think that a large part of it has sold itself for a mess of pottage. I hate to think that it has not only not prevented the

*Yet, with Omar Khayyam, I can say that there were some I knew

" . . . the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest."

building up of an oligarchy of wealth in the American Republic, but is largely the mouthpiece of that oligarchy.

And even now, when my eyes are no longer blinded by the glamour of journalism, there is still a certain witchery for me in printers' ink, still a lure in the midnight lights of a newspaper office, and the hum of a great press is to my ears a siren song. At such times I feel that I would gladly serve it again.

For I cannot help thinking upon what none can deny: that American journalism, though more and more dominated by sordid motives, more and more bound by the chains of commerce, has done much for civilization, and may do much more. It has righted many wrongs, and driven many wicked men from office. It helped to bring on the American Revolution, the war to preserve the Union, the conflict that drove Spain from the Western Hemisphere. It has explored continents and opened vast territories to civilization, and may yet find the North Pole.

And to me it has given what no other vocation could ever give—it has shown me human life in multifarious phases. By aid of its kaleidoscope I have viewed the heights and the depths of humanity. I have seen a thousand dramas, a thousand comedies, a thousand tragedies in real life.

I have walked with rulers and statesmen, and with burglars and pickpockets. I have entered the palaces of the mighty and the huts of the lowly; halls of legislation, and dens of anarchists; sanctuaries of religion, and houses of prostitution; the

homes of bishops and archbishops, and the dressing-rooms of actors (and of actresses); the banquet halls of the elect, and houses of grief and suffering; the chambers of jurists, the cells of the condemned, and the courtyards of hangmen; temples of justice and of injustice; the camps of gypsies, the lairs of train robbers, the studios of artists, the studios of authors, the laboratories of scientists, the tents of circus freaks and performers, the resorts of opium smokers—churches, jails, hospitals, asylums, monasteries, statesmen's cabinets —into all these have I penetrated, through doors opened by the almost magic aid of journalism.

I have shaken hands with every grade of human being, from ruler to pauper, and including saints and sinners. I have even gazed upon royalty itself, white, black, and brown.

I have been received as a social equal by some of the greatest people in the world, and have been snubbed and mistreated by some of the most insignificant. I have been wined and dined with the rich and famous, one day, and ordered off front porches by butlers, and chased by bulldogs, the next.

I have heard the shouts of victors in horse and automobile and yacht races, on football and baseball fields, at athletic tournaments, in prize-fight arenas, in political conventions, and I have heard the groans of the dying in train wrecks, in hospital wards, in holocausts of fire and flood.

I have reported meetings of spiritualists, of scientists, of airship inventors, of socialists, of anarchists, of sane religious workers and of religious

fanatics, of lawyers, of clubwomen, of physicians, of mental healers, of undertakers, of labor unions, of butchers, of bakers, and of electric-light makers, of miners, of milliners, and of millionaires.

I have attended balls in villages and in great capitals, in slums, in lunatic asylums, and amid palatial surroundings—balls where thugs and thieves, bartenders and prostitutes danced, and balls where royalty was among the guests.

I have heard lectures on every conceivable subject, and I have listened, man to man, to the repartee of wits, the philosophy of sages, the theories of theologians of a hundred different creeds, the confessions of criminals, the confidences of politicians, the plans of statesmen, the vanities of authors, the aims and dreams of great geniuses.

I have reported trials for arson, for murder, for mayhem, for abduction and for seduction, for bribery, for assault and battery, for division or restitution of property, for the proving of insanity, for bigamy, for breach of promise of marriage, and for divorce.

I have reported cyclones and tornadoes, and suicides and infanticides, matricides and parricides, and the killings of wives by husbands and of husbands by wives. And I have reported heroic deeds, and feastings, revelries and joyous gatherings of many kinds.

I have reported automobile shows and bicycle shows, horse and dog and poultry shows, flower shows and flour shows, exhibitions of the art of pastry cooks and of dressmakers, and preparations that were being made for a great World's Fair.

I have reported the banquets of the great, and the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts of newsboys and of convicts; the sham battles of soldiers, and the real battles of strikers; the weddings of gypsies in tents, and the marriages of millionaires in mansions; the births of babes in famous families, and the deaths of persons notable and notorious, and their funerals.

I have seen laws made and broken, reputations made and unmade. I have seen men become rich or famous by a stroke of genius or by the vagary of fortune, and have seen lives ruined by speculation, by wine and women, by love for others, and by self-love.

I have talked with men on their way to the Presidency, and with others on their way to prison. I have seen men nominated for high office, and inaugurated, and others condemned to death and executed.

I have seen joy and sorrow hold the stage in high life and low life. I have seen many glorious pageants in the world's greatest cities, and I have reported more funerals than I can remember. I have seen men and women happy in the receipt of unexpected inheritances. I have seen wives restored to husbands, and husbands to wives, after years of separation—sometimes after it was thought that the grave itself had come between. I have watched victims of tragedies give their dying gasps, and heard the wails of newly made widows and orphans. I have seen children torn from the breasts of mothers by decree of court, and

weeping wives bidding farewell to husbands who were on the way to the gallows.

I have seen condemned men pardoned on the brink of eternity, and, too, have seen the hangman's black hood shut out the sad light in the eyes of others to whom pardon did not come on this side of the grave.

Yes, I have seen life; and if I had been the genius I thought myself—that almost every young reporter thinks himself, but which about nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are not—I would long ago have written a great novel, or a great poem, or a great play. But I am not a genius. I am just one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine. I tried to be a great American journalist, and I find that I have been but a dreamer of foolish dreams, a seeker after the impossible, a worshipper of false gods, a pursuer of phantoms.

THE END

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